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THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1844.

NO. I.

ON THE SIGNS AND PROSPECTS OF THE AGE.

[We copy from the Christian Examiner, with a slight omission, the following article which, we presume, is from the pen of Rev. Dr. Dewey. We think it suited to the present time, when, perhaps, nothing is needed more than a word of prudent encouragement and Christian hope. As we shall devote our journal among other things to the cause of human progress, and to the maintenance of those great principles which lie at the foundation of our national institutions, and belong to the best movements of the age, we deem this an article peculiarly appropriate to our pages, and heartily commend it to the consideration of our readers.—ED.]

We wish to offer in this paper some thoughts on the great controversy of the age, and in particular some reasons why we believe that the cause of human welfare is gaining ground amidst all the perils of the time.

We would not be thought to give utterance to a mere sounding sentence, when we say, that in the history of the world there never was a time when all thinking minds were so pressed to the contemplation of a Providence over nations, as at the present moment. Human affairs seem to be approaching, if not actually passing through another of those great crisis, which determine the fate of after centuries. To us, we confess, it appears, if we may venture to express our thought, like the winding up the last act, in the great drama; to be followed by a thousand millennial years, or by ages of disaster and blood. All the grandeur of a momentous epoch is foreshadowed to us in the future, and with a form the most distinct, though less exact in time.—Less violent and tremendous, less wild and tumultuous than the overthrow of the Roman empire; less brief and bloody than the French Revolution; the coming change will spread itself over a wider theatre and through remoter times.

What is the great controversy on which this change is turning? It

is the controversy about freedom; freedom political, social, religious. The conflict of men's minds already rages around this point. The warfare of opinion, long since predicted, has come; and we are in the midst of it. Nor ought it to surprise us. One single element introduced into the bosom of modern society warranted, and has fulfilled the prediction. That element was popular education. Everything was sure to follow from that. Every school, every printing-press, every book, every newspaper, gave omen and certainty of the result. Whoever likes this result, whoever likes it not, one thing is clear; nobody could help it. If it offends us, that men should ask for more freedom, for freer government, freer and fairer action of society, and more independent exercise of opinion, let us go back to the true cause of offence, education. Nay, truly, we should go back one step farther, to be consistent, and find the original offence to be human nature itself; and the very creation of it a mistake! So true it is, that hostility to human freedom cannot stop short of impiety; and, in fact, of atheism.

But now, that in this natural, enlightened, human tendency to freedom there are perils, it is not to be denied. Peril ever goes hand in hand with progress. It is greatest where man is greatest; that is, in his spiritual relation. It can be reduced to nothing; but only by bringing down humanity to the level of animal instinct. In short, this element, danger, *must* ever mingle with the action of imperfect natures, and it is for courage to meet and master it, not to succumb and sink beneath it.

This heart-sinking, however, is a striking feature of the present time. Within a few years past, the party to fear has been growing apace, and is stronger at this moment, perhaps, than it has been at any time since the world was temporarily shocked and alarmed by the outburst of the French Revolution. Even in America this party is strong; and in Europe, of course, it is far stronger. The retrograde movement of the English Church is partly of this nature, and even in the little republic of Geneva the same thing is witnessed. In England, indeed, it has connected itself with High-Church principles, and has proceeded farther than any conservative or panic movement of the day. But it is not merely in the Church that this fear is found, nor in the courts of absolute monarchs, nor in the pledged ranks of legitimacy, but in the secluded studies of philosophers, in the minds of many liberal thinkers. Many such are to be found, who have, in fact, given up the cause of modern freedom; who have relinquished their high hopes and aspirations; who have fallen back upon the single prayer for security; who have come to the sad conclusion that the world, that human nature is not good enough to be free. We have sat in the studies of such men and have listened to their mournful discourse. 'We had thought better things,' they said; 'we had hoped better things; but it was all a dream. No, it will never do. Innocent beings might have liberty; angels may have liberty; but men are not fit to be free. No; a strong, even an oppressive government must we have; one that will hold in check the struggling elements of our wild, reckless, depraved humanity.' Nay, not to speak of par-

ticular instances, we have thought in general, that the liberal party in Europe, under the combined influence of disappointment and exasperation, is, at this moment, a harsher judge of the popular tendencies, if possible, than any other party. Even in Americans resident abroad, as well as at home, in those whose position called for a faithful support of their national principles, we have found a deep-seated distrust of them. On every account, therefore, this subject demands from some pen a thorough consideration; a more thorough one, doubtless, than we can now give it. And yet we have thought too, that in the present emergency, the humblest mind, if it have any thing to offer, might justly throw its contribution into the scales of this great controversy.

We proceed, therefore, to point out some of those signs of the time that seem to us to warrant good hope and confidence.

In the first place, then, it is a good augury, that this is a war of opinion, and not of force. Concessions to the popular cause are bloodless. There seems to be a feeling abroad in the world, that this great controversy is to be decided, not by arms, but by arguments; that the only force to be relied on, is the force of opinion. What the people demand, is not blood, but reform. They know that violence will not help, but must hurt their cause. They know that reform, from its very nature, must be gradual. They can wait. They have waited. They will wait. They have a habit of waiting. This has been most remarkably evinced, during the last twenty years, all over Europe.— Every body sees that the popular cause must advance slowly. There is a tremendous weight of institution, usage, prejudice and actual power against it. It must take a long time to bring down the mountains and raise up the vallies; it is like changing the visible face of the world. It must be a work of toiling patience. There are no crises in it; at least none such as bereave men of their judgment, and drive them, maddened and despairing of other resource, into the conflict of arms. In short, the warfare of opinion, while it can be kept such, is one on which we can look with calmness and hope. We have that confidence in human reason, that we have in the individual mind.— Give it light; give it freedom; give it a chance; and it will rise to truth, virtue and happiness. He that thinks it will not, surrenders the cause not of freedom alone, but of humanity and of God.

In the next place, the intelligence that has brought on this controversy is every where powerfully pleading the cause of truth and order. The mass of intelligence has not gone over to the wrong side, but is on the right side. Look at England, at France, at Switzerland, at Germany, at America. The great names are on the right side.— The strong men are *not* demagogues. If it be true that opinion propagates itself from the higher minds to those beneath, here is a principle and pledge of safety, a power that will always bring back the many from their temporary aberrations. It is not as in the French Revolution; when the most powerful minds were hurrying the multitude to misrule and madness. Let any gross and monstrous injustice be proposed to be done now on a large scale, such as the repudiation of the national debt of England or the spoilation of a privileged class,

and we believe that the world would hear such a burst of indignant and eloquent remonstrance as it never heard before. Great reliance, it appears to us, may be placed on the cultivated intellect of the world in an age when opinion, not the sword, is the all-swaying power. It is naturally cautious, conservative, averse from violence, distrustful of popular impulses and afraid of brute strength. Would this intellect of the world fairly place itself at the head of the popular movement, truly sympathizing with what is right in it, and thus enabled to restrain what is wrong, it would fulfil a glorious office, and one ever to be rightfully demanded of superior intelligence. But, if it will not take the lead of the age; if, instead of guiding the chariot of the morning, it will forever hang on its wheels, we may take the comfort of reflecting that it is a powerful safeguard of the world, if nothing better.

In the third place, that better reliance, the religion, the faith of the world, is not dying out, as is often alleged, but is growing purer, and deeper and stronger. We must dwell upon this topic a little; for, in truth, the allegation, if it can be sustained, is fatal to all hope.

We have always been hearing, ever since we could read, of the decline of religion, and the dying out of faith. And not faith only, but all reverence, all enthusiasm, all poetry, eloquence and liberal art, it is said, are giving way before the rude step of utilitarian vulgarity and an iron materialism. A decadence of genius; a dead faith and a dead Christianity; a poor, barren, lifeless Church, shaken by the hands of a hundred contending sects; a weak, inert, unwieldy creed, fast sliding down to the gulf of utter oblivion; an old, decayed, nerveless authority, whose sceptre is just dropping into the clutching hands of a mad and reckless multitude; such is the picture of our time, with which not a few persons entertain their fancy and adorn their pages.

This complaint, we might say, carries with it its own refutation. — A dead Church would be scarcely so alive to its condition. A prevailing materialism would be found to be a much quieter thing, we imagine, than the dissatisfaction that is now stirring in the bosom of all communities. No; when Christianity dies, nobody will know it! When that majestic presence passes away, it will pass unquestioned, unchallenged, unseen; for then will the spiritual eye of the world be closed in midnight slumber!

But what, then, is the truth in regard to the matter of this complaint? This we hold it to be; that creeds, dogmas, formulas, implicit reliances, unexamined opinions, are losing their hold of the world — but not faith. It is the failure to make this discrimination that we object against the eloquent chapter of Jouffroi on this subject; the chapter, we mean, on Skepticism in his *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*. It is true that faith in the lower sense, superstitious faith, nursery faith, Church faith, is losing ground, is losing vitality; but, of the higher, the genuine Christian faith, we deny that this is true. So of all lofty aspiration, of poetry and enthusiasm, it may be truly said, that they have changed their form, but not that they have lost their power. They are not aroused at the clash of arms, at the Crusader's call, at deeds of chivalry or shows of kingly grandeur, as they once

were. We do not think that they pay the same kind of homage even to great and noble men as formerly ; the homage is less reverential, more hearty, as we judge. But assuredly we may ask without fear, — when, ever since the world stood, was such a flood of enthusiasm, of sympathy poured into all the channels of universal human well-being ? We do not believe that the admiration for noble architecture, for beautiful paintings and statues, is failing in the world — not at all ; but we are certain that the admiration for noble hospitals, for comfortable asylums to receive the blind, the deaf, the insane, the forlorn and miserable, for institutions of learning and education, from the lofty University to the lowly Sunday school, is growing and spreading in the world beyond all former example.

The present state of the world in regard to faith may be illustrated, we think, by the condition of many individual minds in it. Many of us know, doubtless, what is to be understood by a decay of old *faiths* in our minds. The impressions of our childhood, the teachings of our catechisms, the dogmas of our earlier creeds, have, to a certain extent, been yielding and giving way before maturer examination and better lights. To all free and intelligent seekers after truth, this result is inevitable. To maintain the contrary of this, would be to aver that our manhood is no wiser than our childhood. But we know, too, that all this while, our confidence in eternal truth, in vital religion, in essential Christianity, has been growing deeper and stronger. And is this, then, to be represented as a decay and a dying out of faith in our minds ? And yet this is a type of what Jouffroi calls a decline of faith in the world.

In truth, it was the latter part of the last century that might bear, more justly, the burthen of this reproach. Now, there is every where a reaction against the coldness, and skepticism and scorn of the last century. We see it in science ; how much more reverential and alive to spiritual truths, than in the days of Buffon and La Place ! We see it in philosophy ; which takes its point of departure, not as it did a century or two ago, from the outward world, but from the inward world ; not from the facts of sensation, but from the facts of spiritual consciousness. We see it in ethics, in moral essays ; compare Coleridge and Taylor and Channing, with Addison and Steele. We see it in poetry ; how much deeper is the spiritualism in Southey and Wordsworth, than in Pope and Dryden ! But especially in religion, strictly so called, there is the most manifest reaction. — We find it in various parts of Europe. We find it in France ; least and last to be expected there. For France seemed determined, at one time, to solve the problem whether a nation could live without a religion. Yes, and the problem *has* been solved, in the teeth and to the mouth-stopping of all its infidel boasts. The regeneration of faith and piety has commenced in that country, with most striking and encouraging omens. The Protestants are arousing and combining for the propagation and protection of the Reformed Religion. It is a remarkable fact too, in connection with the Protestant effort, that Bibles are circulated, by special agents appointed for that purpose, all over France. But the most striking indication of this change, perhaps, is

seen in the resurrection of crushed, despised, and neglected Romanism in that country. Two years ago we found the Catholic churches of Paris, unlike what we had witnessed ten years before, crowded with worshippers; and we heard from their pulpits constant and familiar allusions to the great reaction. It was to us a striking fact, during the same winter, that a peer of France, in his place in the Chamber, came out with a strong denunciation of the Government and country for their neglect of religion, saying that it was the basis of everything sound and good in a State and in society, and that as France had departed from that ground, she was suffering calamities, and continuing to swerve from it, must expect to suffer them. It was a strange language to hear in the Chamber of Peers. It was a high and solemn protest against the experiment which France had made to live without a religion. At the same time, we found the Archbishop of Paris, in his annual New Year's address to the King, urging a stricter observance of the Sabbath, and denominating the Queen, on account of her piety, 'the tutelary genius of her family.' Of a similar character is the attack of the Bishops upon the University of Paris. Whether justified by circumstances or not—whether Cousin and his brother professors are or are not infidels and atheists—it is certainly a very remarkable onset of religion upon philosophy.

To take a wider view, for a moment; the Catholic religion is everywhere arousing itself to new efforts; doubtless with the intent in part to recover its lost powers and provinces, but certainly in a spirit accordant with the lights and claims of the age. Thus we find its leading writers admitting that in the time of the Reformation there was need of reform, and only maintaining that that reform should and could have taken place in the bosom of the mother Church. In Rome we found, last winter, Sunday schools in every church, and free schools in every street. Mr. Laing states in his *Journal*, that there are 14,000 children in the common schools of Rome, under the care of 485 teachers; not a small number certainly in a population of an hundred and fifty thousand. In Lent, we observed that the religious instruction of the children was the *daily* care of the churches. We often saw groups of children passing through the streets to the churches; a small wooden cross, the emblem of Christianity, borne by one of their number, to lead them to the holy place; and when assembled there, we saw them in apparently the most happy and affectionate intercourse with the priests and catechists. It was a striking thing to witness; in the broad aisles of St. Peter's, beneath those majestic arches, amidst that marble world of magnificence—the music of the vesper hymn floating through its solemn domes, and kneeling worshippers all around—to witness, we say, these companies of children gathered within temporary palings; the lambs of the flock in the fold of the shepherd; not gazing in innocent wonder upon the splendor around them, but rather with a look of gay unconsciousness, like that with which we, grown up children, stand amidst the majesty and music and wonder of the earth and sky.

In the last place, let us consider, not merely the corrective and saving principles of the age, but the positive results at which it has ar-

rived ; manifested in the increase of comfort, the spread of happiness, and the elevation of virtue ; and springing from the advances of mechanic art, philanthropic enterprise, and a gradual reform in the whole ideal of life and duty. And these results, too, have not come out of the bosom of chance, but out of the freer mind and freer heart of the world.

There is one power then, much misapprehended, seemingly inert, at most material, which is helping and heaving the world onward, and that is the power of mechanism. Promotive of human comfort, knowledge and intercourse, diffusing these blessings beyond all former example, it must be a power for good — a power friendly to justice, freedom and happiness. It is a power without passions ; it works with the certainty of fate ; and it is a lever strong enough to lift the world. In the war of opinion, we hear of many obstacles, many foes to the right, to justice and freedom. We hold the locomotive steam-engine alone to be an argument good against them all. It is a battering ram to beat down all the barriers of caste, of proscription and oppression. But it will not beat down alone ; it will bear, through the breaches it makes, knowledge and comfort, over the wide realms within. It is like the wheel in Ezekiel's vision, ay, a wheel in the midst of a wheel ; and ' I looked and behold,' says the prophet, ' a great cloud, and a fire unfolding itself, and a brightness was about it ; and it ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning.' The locomotive engine is the very type and fulfilment of the promise that " many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

It were making but a poor and literal induction to say, that the age grows more mechanical because mechanism is increased. In fact it grows more spiritual. Such, at least, is the natural tendency of mechanic invention ; and that by a very obvious process. First, it takes off the pressure of labor. That is the primary object of all mechanism ; to relieve the toiling hand. The hoe, the spade and plough do that ; but the cotton-gin, or the steam-engine enables one hand to do the work of hundreds. But we hear it said, that labor is not relieved. Nay, we answer, the amount of product being the same, it is relieved. What then ? Next, then, we say that mechanism multiplies indefinitely the comforts of life ; and with the increase of comforts, not luxuries, we believe, that usually the mind's freedom and culture rise. It is plain that if the production of comforts and conveniences stood where it did a hundred years ago, the pressure of toil *would* be lightened. If the demand for comfort has kept pace with improvement in the arts, nay, and has even surpassed it, that, we hold, is not a degrading, but an elevating tendency. Individuals, classes, may temporarily suffer ; but the mass, in the long run, must rise.

Is it, however, an unreasonable anticipation that the time will come, when art and labor together will obtain the complete ascendancy ; when art will so help labor as effectually and inevitably to relieve it ? There must be some limitation to physical comfort. There must come a time, when there can be no better fabrics for apparel ; no more nor better furniture for our houses ; no more nor any more perfect accommodations for travelling ; no more minis-

trations to comfort of any sort. But to art, to improvement, there is no limit. We confess therefore, that we do not feel ourselves chargeable with any extravagant anticipation, when we see the labor of some future time accomplishing all that can be demanded of it, by the devotion of six hours in a day.

What then shall be done with the surplus time? This brings us to another point; and we say that mechanic art ministers to the promotion of knowledge. What is wanting for the high intellectual improvement of mankind? Time to read, and books to read. Art will give both. It will give leisure; it will give some hours every day for reading. And it will give books at so cheap a rate, that they will come within the reach of all. But we check ourselves; we are not to draw upon the future. Nor is it necessary. Books scarcely need be or can be cheaper than they are now.

What a change has the printing-press wrought! There have been times when an estate was bartered for a manuscript volume; when a hundred crowns of gold were pawned for the loan of it. A book of homilies, that could now be printed for two or three shillings, once cost the countess of Anjou, we are somewhat minutely told, two hundred sheep, a quantity of martin skins, and we know not how many bushels of wheat and rye into the bargain. We read of a poor grammarian who rebuilt his house that was burnt, with two volumes of Cicero. And now works as voluminous as those of Cicero, could be bought in this country with the labor of two or three days. The lever of the printing-press is, in the world of mind, the very lever of Archimedes; it will lift the mind out of the sphere of all past imagination.

One further point under this head remains to be noticed, and that is the tendency of mechanic inventions to enlarge human intercourse.

The arrival of steam-ships in this country from England, some years since, naturally and powerfully excited the public mind. In fact, it opened to us a new world. This grand achievement of mechanic art is undoubtedly to make a new world. It is to bring all nations into neighborhood, and we trust, into amity. The Atlantic and Pacific seas are hereafter to be but great bays, and all around their spreading shores the chain of intercourse is to extend, and to bind cities and countries together.

One tendency of this new communication will be, we say, to bring to an end the bloody wars that have desolated the world. It will not be easy to enter into these destructive conflicts with neighbors and friends; and these must more and more become the actual relations of different countries. We know that there have been *civil* wars, and that they have been among the most relentless and sanguinary. But the truth is, that people of the same nation have had less acquaintance and sympathy with one another, than the people of different nations will yet come to have. Besides, as has been observed by a distinguished statesman, all defences of cities and shores must become vain and useless before the activity and force of steam-vessels. They can penetrate into all inlets, estuaries, bays and harbors, at all times; and thus war at sea, as well as war on land, is likely to be destroyed by

that which has enabled it to destroy nations — the perfection of its own tactics.

The extension of intercourse, too, must be beneficial, by keeping each nation informed of all the improvements and better modes of thinking that prevail among the rest. Human thought, the grand improver, shall now have utterance. The winds of all seas and all shores shall take it up and bear it over the world. It shall no longer sleep in the wise man's study or brain. It has been said that there has always been wisdom enough in the world, could it have been expressed ; that diffusion was what the dark ages needed, more than light ; that enough knowledge was sequestered in obscure laboratories and dim cells, to have renovated the world, could it have had the potent aid of the printing-press and the rail-road and the steam-ship. — But now shall it be diffused ; and if men do not see, it shall not be for the want of light. But was light *ever* opened to the eye and the eye did not turn to it? Never. Then shall men see, and learn, and grow wise.

We do not regret nor dread, that our own country shall, by this means, be better known. We do not regret that the waves of the Atlantic are bridged over, and that the curtain of the wilderness is lifted up, and a theatre here opened on which the eyes of the world shall look. If the great experiment which we are making here, on the basis of a free state and a free religion, is to come to naught, the sooner the world knows it the better. But if, as we believe, this experiment is to come to a happy and glorious issue ; if it can help, happily, to settle the questions that are agitating, and may yet rend, the bosom of Europe ; if a nation can be free and sober — can be free and self-restrained — can be free and happy ; ay, and can improve under this condition beyond all former example ; then is it meet that the world should know this to be true ; then is there no knowledge of the human condition in the world so important as this very knowledge. — May our American example — and we say it with no personal exultation, but in humility ; nay, and in the solemnity and depth of prayer do we say it — may our American example go forth to be a light and a blessing to all mankind !

The next great feature of the age is philanthropic enterprise. This is one of the positive results of the new principles that are now abroad in the world. Can that be a very dark age on which such lights are thickly rising? We will not point them out in detail. We will not tamely enumerate the charitable institutions of our time ; but we ask triumphantly — what class of our unfortunate, suffering, and hitherto neglected fellow-beings has not come under this humane consideration? What wanderer upon the sea or upon the land, doth not Christian pity now follow and offer to relieve? We are speaking of the general direction of philanthropy, and of classes of men too in general, and so speaking, we say — who now in the world is pining in hopeless and forgotten misery? Who is blind, and the hand of mercy is not stretched out to touch his eye-lids and make him see, or to supply by all possible means the destitution of sight? Who is deaf and dumb, and that hand had not clothed itself with skill to devise for him the

means almost of speech and hearing? Who is in prison, and his gloomy cell hath not been visited—not as of old, with the despot's prying eye, through loop-holes, to gloat upon his misery—but visited to make comfort and correction go hand in hand to reform him? Who is there that hath had the light of reason stricken from the watch-tower of life—and that hath said, when he felt that light to be departing from him, "Oh! pity me and use me gently!"—who that is such an one, hath not had the oil of gentleness poured into the wounds which the galling chain had made? And again; what land hath not been visited by the Christian missionary? And how many at home, who sat apart, in the cheerless and long unvisited dwelling of poverty, have heard a voice, strange and almost startling—strange and melting in its tones—the voice of brotherly sympathy and counsel! Almost, might we think, there is a second advent of mercy into the world. "The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

But the greatest enterprise and the most hopeful omen of the age perhaps, is the Temperance Reform. Here is a moral miracle. A nation, a world was fast sinking into the gulf of sensual perdition. How stupendous, and almost hopeless, must have seemed to the first reformers, who stretched out their hands to stay that downward course, the work they had undertaken! But they entered upon it; they went forward; and what is the result? Within five years the entire conscience of the world, of the Anglo-Saxon world at least, is penetrated; a new sentiment, a new fear, a new set of moral maxims is wrought into the heart of nations; millions have joined in this work,—for we do not reckon the pledged men alone; new laws have been framed, new legal restraints devised, new domestic usages have been introduced; and it may be hoped that the plague is stayed. We do not intend in these remarks to make ourselves responsible for every proceeding that has been adopted in this reform. What most strikes our attention and fills us with astonishment, is this,—that such an impression in behalf of morality could have been made upon whole countries, in so brief a space of time. It is altogether more surprising than the effect produced by the preaching of Peter the Hermit. The Crusades to the Holy Land, which he recommended, were entirely in accordance with the warlike, chivalric and superstitious spirit of the age. But here, our reformers have made head *against* the settled habits and, often too, the incensed passions of the people. If *this* could be done, *any thing* can be done. The success of the Temperance cause, is a signal and glorious pledge for any thing reasonable and just, that good men may desire to undertake.

In this representation of the philanthropic labors of the day we have had no desire to exaggerate. We are sensible of many defects, and some dangers in our benevolent systems. We believe that they have yet far to advance in their wisdom and efficiency. But still we must say that this is a most extraordinary spectacle—the philanthropy of the world, awaking and arising to remove all evil, to relieve all sorrow. In such an age, and in regard to such an age, we cannot be cynics.—

We cannot sit down in some dark corner, or amidst old habitudes of thought, and find nothing to do but to bewail the evils of the time. — No; we must rather thank God, that we live to see a day like this. — Amidst all the beneficent principles and agencies, and all the benefited classes around us, we must thank God, and take courage.

We have spoken of a gradual reform of the whole ideal of life and duty. Have not fallen upon new times in this respect? Are there not many who are saying, 'Life is a new thing to us; labor is a new thing; business is a new thing; the world is changed; other heavens are spread over us. If we could have taken these views in our youth, how different would have been to us the whole course of our existence?' All this has come from better knowledge, from wiser teaching; and the next generation will grow up under that better teaching. The world will not always be looked upon as the dwelling-place of a being who finds it only tedious to live and hard to die; the mean abode of the drudge and slave, or of the idler and voluptuary; but it will yet come to be regarded as the theatre of lofty energy, of noble heroism, of a spiritual and sublime action. That action indeed is to be wrought out through a struggle with sense and matter, through daily labor and patience and endurance; but for all that, it is none the less spiritual, and all the more sublime. A Utopian dream this may be accounted, we know. Be it so accounted; still we say, let it be ours. But we do not dream. Human nature cannot always stand, where it stands now. Not always did we say? Not at all. — It is essentially in a state of transition. This perhaps is the most remarkable feature of the time. The powers that move it lie deeper; but this is the most noticeable result. The complaint of a dying faith and a dead church was far more just twenty years ago, than it is now. The world, we say, cannot stand still; with so many powers of knowledge and spiritual action to urge it forward, with six thousand years of painful experience to teach it, with all God's promises as pledges for its progress.

We scarcely hear a lecture in a Lyceum, upon any practical interest, but it has something moral and religious in it. We heard lately a Discourse introductory to a Course of Law Lectures, and it closed with an earnest exhortation to the students and young practitioners to make their Sunday reading religious, and especially recommended, as food both for their minds and hearts, the noble old English divines — Barrow and Taylor, Leighton and South. Public speakers, in fact, on all sorts of occasions — the National Anniversary, Temperance Celebrations, and many others — are becoming preachers. Great indeed, is the company of them; and great must be the effect.

In fine, we believe that a higher ideal altogether — of religion, of duty, of human worth, dignity and greatness — is entering into the world and taking its place among those mighty powers that are to mould and shape the future. Christianity indeed held that ideal in its bosom, but could not spread it effectually, till general education and enlightenment had provided a medium for its diffusion. The great *idea* of the True and the Right has ever been struggling on and advancing through the mist and darkness of past ages, but now it has "a

free course and is glorified." Hermits, anchorites, monks have had their day; professional religion and technical philanthropy have had their day; the priest, the statesman, the warrior, the monarch has been great; but now we have come to learn that *the man may be great*; that he who stands in the common path of daily duty may live a high, holy and heroic life. The *mass of mankind* are laying claim to the highest honors of humanity; and they will soon challenge princes and nobles to the lists. Christianity indeed has always been saying that it had honors to confer on man, nobler than earldoms and principalities; but we have not believed it. Our Christian devotees and fanatics have seized upon the idea, and have constantly falsified it by placing it upon the narrow basis of their own technical sanctity. Men have not felt it to be true. But now is not this idea coming up on broader grounds and with a deep-felt reality? Let it come, and it will be the advent of a new era. Let the slave become greater than the master, the serf than the lord, the peasant than the prince, and universal man greater than isolated and aggrandized man; and towering distinctions and high-seated oppressions shall topple down to make way for the broad grandeur of humanity. Nay, and to bring the matter nearer to ourselves, let the humbler classes, as they are called, become as intelligent, cultivated and wise as those who are above them — and to this all our education systems, our Lyceums and lectures are tending — and a social revolution shall be effected to which all political revolutions are mere forms, or mere instruments at the most; the artisan, the tradesman, the toiler, shall find his way into carpeted saloons; and it shall not be thought remarkable!

This is no doting fancy of dreaming enthusiasts and book-men. — There is no matter of fact in the world more real than this tendency of our present thinking, to elevate the mass of mankind to higher virtue and to higher honor. And every ideal of every sort, that is seated in the heart of the world, is clear and authentic prophecy of what is to come. It will fulfil itself.

The very thought, the very hope of progress, is the most certain omen of progress. And that thought is deeply seated in the heart of the world; it is most familiar to the mind of the age; and the age, the world will never let it go. No reform is now deemed impossible; no enterprise for human improvement, impracticable. Every thing may be made better; the veriest conservative admits that. All the mental activity of the world converges to that point. It is the very point of the wedge, which the whole power of cultivated man is now driving into the long-accumulating mass of human ignorance, error and wrong. — Nor is there any indifference about this great task of the age. Discontent with the present, sorrowings of the past, mingle with the hopes of the future. Man universal civilized man, is rising in his might, and is ready to say, "This burthen of old injustice and inhumanity, this heritage come down from erring and suffering generations, I will bear no longer!" God help thee, great human brotherhood! brotherhood in the griefs and woes of the past, and in the prospects of the future! Be not discouraged. The prophecy is in thy heart, and shall be fulfilled. Nay, and it is echoed back in the voice of holy predic-

tion; "the voice of him that cried in the wilderness,"—yes, that cried out from the dark wilderness of the past—"saying, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it!" This one further, final reason we have for hope, though all other reasons failed us; *we believe in God!* We believe in Him, as the Creator and Governor of the world. We believe that his designs for the world are benevolent. In all nature we read that language; in holy writ we see its impress; and its seal we find in the sufferings, for the redemption of the world, of the Son of God. To all discouragements, to all alarms, to all predictions of evil, we say, *WE BELIEVE IN GOD!* O. D.

THE LESSONS OF DEATH.

An Address delivered at the Funeral of Bro. JOSHUA A. DILL, Feb. 9th, 1844. He died of Consumption, February 7th, 1844, aged 45.

BY REV. BRO. O. A. SKINNER.

As I look around upon the multitude here assembled, I see on every countenance an expression of deep sadness. Tears stand glistening in the eyes of many, and down the cheeks of some they course in streams. What has spread this gloom over so vast a number? What has caused grief to take possession of so many hearts? Alas! death has been walking in our midst. A Husband, a Father, a Brother has been called away from the scenes and enjoyments of earth. A happy home has been made desolate, and the tenderest ties of affection have been sundered. The voice of one esteemed has been hushed, an eye that beamed with kindness has been closed, a hand ready to extend relief has been palsied. Such an event is not only afflictive, but full of instruction; and I propose to call your attention to some of the lessons it teaches. And I begin by remarking that death, more than any thing else, shows our dependence upon God. When all the affairs of life are moving on with their accustomed order, and nothing occurs to interrupt our plans, we are strangely prone to be lifted up with self-confidence, and to feel as though we need no aid from on high. Then we boast of our prudent foresight, of our far-reaching calculations, and of our unerring judgment; and we become strong in our own strength, and wise in our own wisdom.

How many when favored with great prosperity, when rapidly accumulating wealth, or rising in honor, have felt like the king of Baby-

lon as he looked from his costly palace upon his vast city, with its glittering spires, towering domes and hanging gardens, and exclaimed, *Is not this great Babylon that I have built, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my name?* God was not in their thoughts, a feeling of dependance had no place in their hearts. But let death enter their families, and cut down one whose life is linked with their fortune, or let it lay its paralyzing hand upon them, and how are their proud souls humbled, and their thoughts turned to Him who gives life and who takes life away. It is then they realize that there is a Power above all the powers of earth; and that however highly life may be prized, and great the skill employed for its preservation, it must be yielded up at the command of God. O, how does this thought make them realize their dependance! And well it may; for who can feel death's fearful ravages, and not own that he lives by Divine permission? Or who can see it hurling its fatal arrows at a friend, or at a rich man in his palace, or a professional man on the summit of human attainments, or at the ruler in the chair of state, or at even the humblest citizen who moves in society, without feeling that his times are in the hands of God? Why, we cannot sit down and calmly reflect upon death, without owning that we are like the grass that withereth. This remark is verified by an eastern king, marching to imagined conquest. Led on by the inspiring strains of martial music, and attended by proud and brave soldiers with their arms glittering in the sunbeams of heaven, his soul was lifted up with pride and the thoughts of his greatness. "He boasted not only of burning cities, and of subduing kingdoms, but of levelling mountains and fettering the sea. But when he retired to an eminence for the purpose of gratifying his vain-glory, by a wider survey of all this pomp, the feeling was changed, utterly changed, and he burst into tears to think how soon the conqueror death would smite the vast multitude, and spare not one of all their marshalled numbers."

If reflections upon death can awaken such feelings, what must be our emotions when we hear his voice speaking to those with whom we have toiled and counselled and rejoiced? O hearer, if there is aught of presumptuousness in your heart, look, look upon this faded form, and remember that not wealth, station, honor, usefulness, skill, or friendship can save you from lying as low as he now lies. How dependent then is man! Justly did the Savior ask, *Who by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?*

2. Death teaches us how to estimate things temporal. Mankind no sooner begin to mingle in the pursuits of life, and think of its treasures, honors and amusements, than they look upon them as the only real blessings of earth. Go where you will, and you will find this to be the case. See with what eagerness a portion of the world seek for wealth. They could not strive after it with a greater energy and constancy if it were to be their passport to heaven, and constitute their unending felicity. See with what perseverance another portion seek for honor. If to obtain it they must traverse the globe, and fight their way through seas of blood, the sacrifice is deemed as

nothing. The devotees of pleasure are equally as ardent in the object of their pursuit. Nothing has a charm for them but the song and the dance, and the sports of the gay and the giddy. Not one of these classes have a true vision. They can see nothing in its proper form, its just proportions, its true light. Those who have set their hearts on wealth can discover in it diamonds of more value than all the treasures of infinite grace. Those who have idolized earthly honor, prize it higher than the honor which adorns the brow of the Savior, sitting in heaven, at the right hand of God. And those who have given themselves to pleasure look upon it as an immortal good, which can alone send forth the sparkling waters of unmingled joy. — God, by his word of truth, may declare to them the greatness of their deception, and tell them how falsely they have estimated things temporal, but they will heed it not, and continue to despise him, and mock at his counsel, and rebel against his law, until that voice against which no ear can be closed, shall be heard. Then wealth will instantly diminish to its true value, the fading nature of the crown of honor will be seen, and pleasure will be disrobed of its painted gaieties.

Go to the dying man, and tell him of his vast estates, of his wide fame, or of the festive throng, and he will turn from you ; his only concern is about his title to heaven ; the only honor for which he cares is that which cometh from God, and the only throng in which he has any interest is that gathering in the name of the Redeemer. Dust, dust is all that he can now see in riches ; a bauble is all that is left of honor, and idle pleasures awaken only painful recollections of time wasted, affections misplaced, powers perverted, blessings abused. O let us not leave this house until we have learned to place a juster estimate upon the things of earth. Why wait till the great messenger speaks to us ? Ah ! is he not now speaking, speaking through those motionless lips, and louder than in any voice which ever came from the living ?

3. Death teaches us the true character of sin. In the day of health, and when death seems afar off, we can give ourselves to sin with a careless heart. We can engage in scenes of dissipation, devise measures to wrong the unsuspecting, and we can trample upon the best and holiest laws of God. Look at the millions of earth, and see the excesses into which they run, the wrongs of which they are guilty, the wars and contentions in which they engage. Alas ! how wide spread is sin. If you go to the cold regions of the *North* where man lives amid perpetual snows, sin is there in all its aggravated forms. If you go to the sunny regions of the *South*, where the air is soft and balmy and the circling seasons as they roll around, let no blight fall upon the vine clad hill, or the ever-blooming vale, sin is there, cursing man, inflaming his passions, and rendering his home dark and wretched. If you visit the classic East where lovely isles have seen man's proudest works of art and strength fall to decay, and look around from the summits of mouldering monuments and moss covered towers, you will see that sin has divided and enervated and destroyed

the people. How strange that any should follow that which has such power to enfeeble the reason, waste the physical energies, and blight the affections of man! How surprising that any should give themselves up to that which strips men of their wealth, robs them of their peace, and plunges them into the deepest misery! Why is it, that we cannot learn its nature from its dark history, and read the doom which will await us if we hearken to its voice, in the desolating woes that have come upon all who have lived in transgression! And especially when God adds his voice to that of history and observation; when he sends us prophets, apostles and even his own Son to disclose the terrible nature of sin, why will we not understand? Alas! appetite is strong, and blinds the judgment; passion inflames the blood and makes us reckless; our vision becomes diseased, and we can see nothing as it is. How many men of genius and wealth and learning and renown are the playthings of that fiend who delights in the work of ruin, who rejoices when others weep, and whose life is man's destruction! And yet, they will not curse the tyrant who holds them with an iron grasp; they will not cry out against his usurpations, but passively wear his oppressive yoke, uncomplainingly toil in his degrading service, and even seek to enlist others!! How wonderful that man, thinking man, made but a little lower than the angels, can be so infatuated, so deceived! Death however has power to restore him to his right mind. Ah! who that has seen the proud sinner laid upon his dying bed, has not heard him lament that his life should have been wasted; that he should have been so ungrateful to a God so kind; so faithless to those who had such a claim on his love and attention; so hardened when his heart should have been so tender. There was hardly ever a human being who was conscious that death had come to call him away, but what found his sins rising up before him in a form most hideous, and never before seen. The dying behold a wrong in oppression, deceit, falsehood, injustice and intemperance never beheld before; they experience a bitterness in reviewing the past which no others can experience; for they not only see sin as it is, but realize that they can make no amends for what they have done, repair no injuries and repay no slighted kindness. Let us then gather wisdom from this lesson of death, and seek to live in such a manner that the memory of the past, as it rushes upon us in our last hours, shall be sweet.

4. Death teaches the value of Religion. Those who have examined the claims of Religion and duly considered its benign spirit, its wise laws, its precious promises and its glorious hopes, are filled with astonishment whenever they see man treating it with scorn, and seeking its destruction. And what, let me ask, can be a greater cause of astonishment, than to see men of superior judgment, great shrewdness in regard to the business of life, bitterly opposed to Christianity? It comes to us having the special sanction of God; it was brought to us by his well beloved Son who died on the cross for its establishment; and it has been proved divine by prophecies the most wonderful, miracles the most stupendous, and achievements the most mighty. All who have listened to its voice have been just in their dealings, faithful in

all their relations, kind in their deportment, and affectionate in their feelings. It has taught nations how to govern themselves, aided in the erection of schools and colleges, provided asylums for the poor, thrown an arm of sanctity around the domestic circle, and taught man to love his enemies. It has unbarred the gates of the grave, and revealed a world where sin cannot enter, where pain cannot be experienced, and where death will not be endured — a world where all will be perfect bliss. And yet this Religion is despised, despised by the young, despised by the old, despised by the rich, despised by the poor!

The day will come however, when we shall feel its necessity pressing upon us with such urgency that we cannot despise it if we would. — That day will be the trying day of death. Then shall we realize that no hope save hope in God can sustain us. O how precious then will be the truths of religion! How comforting the assurance that though we have been vile and unthankful, God still loves us with all the ardor of infinite affection. How cheering the promise that he will never leave nor forsake us. How inspiring the faith which unfolds the gates of immortality, and beholds the glories of that world to which all men will be at last exalted!

Bonaparte felt this necessity of religion as he drew near the gates of the grave. While in the height of his glory he had scoffed at religion, and used the language and lived the life of an atheist; but when he felt that life was drawing to a close, his early religious impressions arose with all their power, and he sought the society of the ministers of the church in which he was educated. In reference to his feelings he says, "Last Sunday evening, in the general silence of nature, I was walking in the grounds of Malmaison. The sound of the church bell of Ruel fell upon my ear, and renewed all the impressions of my youth. I was profoundly affected, such is the power of habit and association; and I considered if such was the case with me, what must not be the effect of such recollections upon the more simple and credulous vulgar? Let your philosophers answer that. The people must have a religion." Extending his hand towards heaven, he asked, "Who is it that has created all above us and around us?"

If anything farther be required to show the necessity of religion, let me ask you to mark the difference between those who die in faith and those who die without faith. I have read of the last hours of a lawyer who had risen to great eminence in his profession, and who was a resolute, hard-minded, scheming, ambitious man. He was attacked in the prime of life with a sudden illness; mortification ensued; there was no hope; he had some six or seven hours to live before him; and no more. He was perfectly sensible of his fate, and wholly unreconciled to it. "Come hither," he said to his physician, holding out his arm, (he was a man of remarkable physical strength,) "look at these muscles; they are not wasted by illness; I am still, at this moment, in the full vigor of manhood, and you tell me I must die." He ground his teeth as he spoke. "Mark! I am not resigned; I will battle with this enemy;" and he raised himself up, called for food and wine, and died with the same dark struggles and fiery resist-

ance that he would have offered in battle to some imbodied and palpable foe." *

Turn from this sad case to that of the dying Christian. He is ready and willing ; his faith is strong ; his hope in heaven. The language of his soul is, " God is wise, gracious and good ; he orders all things in mercy ; and I know that I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, into which my spirit will be ushered, when freed from its house of clay ; come, blessed Savior, and receive me to thyself. Farewell, friends, we shall all meet in the kingdom of glory ! "

Such, brethren, are some of the lessons taught by death. They are lessons we all need, and happy will it be for us, if they are treasured up in our hearts. As I stand here and look upon this emaciated form, and reflect that as he has fallen, so I must fall, I cannot refrain from exclaiming :

How transient and how vain
Is all this world bestows !
How fleet, how full of pain,
And void of sweet repose !
All earthly joys are unrefined,
Nor give contentment to the mind.

But I must close this already too protracted address. I cannot, however, do this without offering a word to the widow of the deceased. God, my sister, has filled your heart with a sadness never before experienced ; he has cut down, in the meridian of life, your husband. The painful event was not unexpected. Gradually did he sink into the grave. As you saw him wasting away, you felt that you must soon be separated. You have much to comfort you in this hour of sorrow. — You had strength to watch by his bedside and minister to his wants. You heard his oft repeated expressions of confidence in God, and a willingness to go whenever he should call. You were a witness of his interest in prayer, and in the general subjects of religion. It must be a pleasure, a great pleasure, to know that he died willingly and cheerfully, and that he felt as though death would release him from his sufferings and introduce him into the joys of heaven. But your greatest and highest source of happiness must be derived from the confidence you have in God, and from that cheering faith which teaches that he is good unto all, and that his tender mercies are over all his works ; that he is the righteous Governor and the Savior of all men. Nothing could be better fitted to give you true consolation than such a faith. I commend you, therefore, and all the mourners, to God, and the word of his grace, which is able to fill your hearts with peace, and inspire you with true submission.

The Order here assembled to pay the last sad office of respect to a departed Brother, will suffer me to exhort them to give heed to the lessons of this painful occasion. It is but a few days since you followed to the grave one of your number, one who was called away in the commencement of active life, and from the wide scenes of usefulness rapidly opening before him. † And now while his grave is

* See " The Student ", by Bulwer.

† Dr. A. G. WILEY, who died Feb. 4th.

yet fresh, you are called to follow another Brother to his long home !
How loud is God's warning voice. O do not let us close our ears
against it. Let us be kindly affectioned one toward another, cherish
the virtues which our institution enjoins, visit the sick, protect the
widow and guide the orphan, and God will bless us, and give us un-
failing peace in every hour of sorrow ; and when death comes, he
will light up our souls with a faith which triumphs over all his rava-
ges, and assures us that we are always secure in the arms of Infinite
Love. AMEN.

O D E .

The following was written for the occasion at Saco, (Me.,) at a late celebration of I. O. O. F.

BY MRS. L. A. QUINBY.

FATHER, see here a social band,
Link'd heart with heart, and hand with hand ;
They seek not for the world's applause,
But join'd in mercy's melting cause,
Go forth, the stricken heart to soothe,
In peace and " Friendship, Love, and Truth."

Surely, thy loving care surrounds
The man whose charity abounds ;
Who aids his brother when afar
From home, he pines with want and care,
Go forth ye loved-linked, brethren, go !
Rise up your brother bowed with woe.

Go quick to him in sickness low,
Watch, while his life is ebbing slow ;
Your hand his burning brow may press,
You've power his aching heart to bless ;
Assure him when life's struggle's o'er
His wife and children, want no more.

" Blest are the merciful ;" in need
Mercy is theirs ;—" the bruised reed "
" Shall not be broke ;" and raised again
Bright as before, th' expiring flame.
Go forth ye loved-link'd brethren go !
Give joy for sorrow, peace for woe.

Father, safe keep this little band
Within the hollow of thy hand ;
In peace and union may they move,
Their deeds of love wilt thou approve ;
And when thy mandate calls them home,
May their blest welcome be " well done !"

THE ODD FELLOW'S FUNERAL.

THIS week, for the first time in our lives, we witnessed an Odd Fellow's Funeral procession. We have seen them in procession when celebrating some anniversary; and although we admired their order and their appearance, and as we thought, fully appreciated the noble purposes for which their society was instituted, yet we were never so forcibly struck with the meaning of their motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth," as we were on the day which called them forth to pay the last token of friendship, the last assurance of love, and the final declaration of fidelity to a deceased brother.

We know nothing of the Order except that which the world is permitted to know, and that is sufficient to satisfy us that there are no hollow pretensions, but all is firm reality. The subject of their late mournful meeting was one which must have worn out any friendship unconnected with the ties of consanguinity or friendship similar to that of Odd Fellowship. The illness of their late brother was one of long duration, requiring close attention and great care; and although natural relatives were ever ready and ever willing to bestow the least acts of kindness, yet the Order was ever ready to smooth the pillow, or aid in any way, the brother who had been laid upon a bed of sickness and death.

It was not possible in the case of which we are speaking for Odd Fellowship to present itself in all its beauties. Here friends and relatives were present, ever ready to attend to the wants of the invalid during sickness, or after death, to have the remains decently deposited in the cold grave. Not so with the unfortunate being who is stricken with the hand of death in a strange land. Cold neglect may bring death when care or some slight brotherly kindness would banish it at least for a time; a rough box may contain the remains of a worthy brother, a parent or a son; and in some lonely spot, unmarked and soon forgotten by those who placed it there, the body of one who was dear to his friends, and to home, may crumble to dust. But the Fraternity suffers no such neglect. Every want is attended to, even though nothing more is known than that he is a brother; and if death comes, friends and relations could not have paid more respect to the remains of the deceased, than those who surrounded him. "Friendship, Love and Truth" direct them to do the last honors in this world, and when they have silently placed him in the tomb, they leave with him their best and greatest hope, "in God we trust." — *Rising Sun Blade*.

HE that pleases himself, without injuring his neighbor, is quite as likely to please half the world, as he who vainly strives to please the whole of it; he also stands a far better chance of a majority in his favor, since upon all equal divisions, he will be fairly entitled to his own casting vote.

ADDRESS

Delivered before Ancient Brothers' Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., Portland, (Me.,) January 24, 1844.

BY REV. BRO. WM. F. FARRINGTON.

OFFICERS AND BRETHREN : It is with great diffidence I appear before you to deliver an address on this interesting occasion ; partially because it is a constitutional infirmity, but principally because of my limited acquaintance with the Order of which I am to speak, and of which I have but recently had the honor of becoming a member. — One thing, however, is clear, and I mention it with great pleasure, that the general principles of the institution by which every Odd Fellow is to govern himself in his associations, are purely benevolent, being based upon the Royal Law of Heaven, that we should do to others as we would have them do to us. Therefore, these being "known and read of all men," cannot but commend themselves, at first sight, to the minds of all candid and unprejudiced men, as being highly moral and beneficial, not only to the Order itself, but to community at large. And whatever tends to call up, *practically*, those sympathies of which our nature is capable, and which our Heavenly Father commands us to cultivate — those kind, fraternal feelings which grow out of the relation that exists between man and man — in fine, whatever tends to elevate the standard of morals and make the world better, should receive the hearty approval and co-operation of every benevolent and good man.

That there are good men who withhold their approval — nay, are very liberal in their objections to the Order — not professing, however, to doubt the *character* of our principles *untrammelled* in their operations, is beyond question. "But," say they, "you have secrets, and we do not know but those secrets conflict with, or annul the legitimate influence your principles are designed to exert. At any rate, you hold them, and you do those things in your Lodges which you are unwilling the world should know." All this is very natural. Some men have inquisitive minds. They wish to know all things, and if there is any thing they do not fully comprehend, at once they are jealous and suspect it.

But is it *wise* for us to condemn what we do not fully understand ? The same objection presented itself to my own mind, when my attention was first directed to the principles of Odd Fellowship. But when I instituted the inquiry, "Where is the individual, the family, the neighborhood, or even the church of Christ, which has no secrets ?" and answered it ingenuously, the objection vanished from my mind immediately. They all have their secrets, and nobody objects to it, or has any right so to do. It should not be otherwise ; and the only difference we can see, is, that the last named make no profession of secrets, while Odd Fellows do. With what show of reason, then, or

good sense, can any one object to the Order because it is honest in its professions? Our Constitution, By-Laws and other regulations, published to the world, ought to convince every man that our secrets are not a cloak for our sins. They are necessary to the existence of the Order. They are its glory. They enable us to search out the impostor — to prevent the imposition of unworthy intruders — and to bestow our benefits upon the worthy brother, in need. They are emphatically, the *SHIBOLETH* of the Order. If we should ever find ourselves in trouble or distress, in foreign lands, far from those who know us, we have signs as Odd Fellows, by which we can make ourselves known, and if they should meet the eyes or ears of an Odd Fellow, we instantly find *relief—a friend—a brother*.

But have we not precedents in the Bible? Is not "the *secret* of the Lord with *them that fear him*?" Solomon said, "God's *secret* is with the righteous;" that is, a certain class of men God entrusts with his secrets. Heaven has ordained them that they might be a line of demarcation between the righteous and the wicked — between "him that serveth God and him that serveth him not;" and these secrets the world cannot know, and Christians cannot reveal them. As the Bible has it, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, neither can he know them," until he enters that "straight gate," and passes along that unknown, narrow way, (for, saith the Prophet, "He will lead the blind by a way they know not,") and takes upon himself the vows of Heaven, and pledges himself to God, his Maker, for time and eternity. Then it is, the scales fall from his eyes, and a voice, sweet and cheering as the notes of mercy from the heavenly world, lights upon his despairing ears, "Restore him to light and liberty!" "Thy sins are forgiven thee! go in peace, and sin no more." At first he sees appearances of men, or "men as trees walking;" but a second view presents every man clearly as he is. And it is *then* he knows what no man can know, until he witnesses the same scenes himself.

As there is no other objection to the Order, of any weight, we pass to other things.

We said that our principles were purely *benevolent*. And who that witnesses what passes every night in the Lodge-room can doubt it?

When we hear the inquiry from evening to evening from our N. G., "Does any Brother know of a Brother who is sick or in distress," it falls pleasantly upon the ear, and speaks loudly of the *feelings* and *actions* of benevolence peculiar to the Order. And when we hear the arrangements for daily visits to the Brother who may be sick or in need of help, we are forcibly reminded of the good Samaritan in the Bible. Moreover, when we read in the Constitution and By-Laws our obligations to remember *practically* the widow and children of a deceased Brother, and that the *orphans* of a deceased Brother of this Lodge shall be watched over with paternal solicitude — affording them such facilities as may render them intelligent and useful members of society, when their earthly parents are removed to the other world, we cannot but remember what the inspired James said, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the widow

and fatherless in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world." Does not such a course heighten the joys of the sainted ones who have left their fatherless alone in this world of weeping orphans? And does it not increase our own happiness here to be the almoners of Heaven's bounty to the *peculiar* objects of charity? And may we not so "make to ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when we fail" here they may speak in our favor, and welcome us to everlasting habitations? This is a world of affliction, and it is our work to lessen the amount of wretchedness, as much as in us lies, and increase the amount of rational felicity.

Let us go on, brethren, in our labor of love, though we may be called to endure the same scenes to which I have alluded. From the cradle to the grave we pass rapidly along through scenes of trial and affliction; disappointments and bereavements, almost without number, perplex us on our journey, and throw around us a sombre gloom, which the sunny and cheering rays of hope can scarcely penetrate.

But, notwithstanding we are strangers and pilgrims here below, passing through a wilderness alternately dark and light, with only here and there an oasis on which we may repose, yet we are not left without hope. No, thank Heaven; there is a voice that reaches us, melting as the lutes of Heaven — louder than the roar of the tempest — and, in the still night, sweet as the music of angels. It comes from our Heavenly Father, and is tuned to the sympathies of those who suffer. Its language is the eloquence of mercy, when she appears stretching her broad pinions over suffering humanity, soothing the desolate, and calming the heaving bosom of the weary and afflicted. The Bible says, "God is love." Here we may rally our spirits; and while we utter this great and consoling truth, we hush every discordant passion. If we should become sufferers, bowed down under the chastisements of our Heavenly Father; if we should ever writhe under the pangs of a smitten heart, broken off from all that is held dear upon earth; if the world should look like a blank to us — a shadow, and within the compass of our vision, hopeless and despairing; still, there is a remedy. The word of Jehovah is, "He that watereth, shall be watered;" "He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he had given, will he pay him again." Again, I say, Brethren, let us go on and carry out, practically, the great principles of our institution, and we shall not lose our reward.

Good Odd Fellows, like those silver lamps which God has hung up in the blue welkin above us to cheer the lone traveller by night, "receive to give."

But still further; whatever exerts a chastening, correcting influence — especially upon the youthful mind, and prevents dissipation in all its varied forms, must be classed among the benevolent operations of the age. We claim all this for Odd Fellowship. Such is the process of initiation — such are the obligations we take upon us, on passing the veil into the mysteries of Odd Fellowship, though none of them compromise the exalted duties we owe to God, our neighbor, ourselves, or families, that a thorough mental discipline is almost necessarily instituted, which cannot fail to be of great service to each individual, in

the formation of his future character. Thousands of young men, for want of such a discipline, have been easily led away into the paths of dissipation, and been engulfed in the vortex of ruin and everlasting disgrace.

But if, on the contrary, they had put themselves upon discipline — if they had taken upon themselves solemn obligations to do right, and to do good according to their power, then would they have been able, by grace, to have kept themselves from vice and wickedness, and saved to themselves and their friends, a good name and an untarnished character. Let all the world become good Odd Fellows, and it would be a paradise, comparatively. We do not mean to say, that becoming Odd Fellows we thereby become Christians; but we do say that it is designed to call into vigorous exercise many of those charitable emotions and fraternal affections required by our holy Christianity. In a sense it is the right hand supporter of true religion. It institutes a spirit of watchfulness and caution which will be of great service to us in our intercourse with men. Moreover, it requires us to employ many hours in the cultivation of those virtues that ennoble and elevate humanity, which might otherwise be spent in improper places, drinking in those vices peculiar to the youth of our cities.

It not only is benevolent in its operations, chastening and elevating in its influence, but it exerts a redeeming and saving influence on all its votaries. It is designed to elevate the general character of the great fraternity of man.

And now, brethren, allow me to congratulate you, with myself, on entering our new and beautiful Lodge-room, so neatly and elegantly fitted up for our accommodation and comfort.

We have now assembled in this place for the first time. Here, we are to cultivate that friendship which we hope will be consummated in Heaven. Here, we are to devise plans of relief and comfort for suffering humanity — to make glad the widow's heart and wipe away the orphan's falling tear — to take the friendly hand, and offer up our united prayers to the God of Heaven for blessings on our souls. Let our beautiful motto, "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH," ever be seen in the mind's eye, blazing in gold letters on all these walls. Let us ever furnish to the world, in our lives and conversation, lucid proof that we have not assumed a contradictory title, when we call ourselves "*Ancient Brothers*," but, like David and Jonathan, watch over each other for good, always being careful to deposit the arrow promptly and correctly. Brethren, let us guard the entrance to this Lodge with a vigilant and prudent hand — cultivating an abiding remembrance that it is not numbers that will give respectability, prosperity and permanency to our Order, but the amount of *moral character* we secure.

Let no private pique or petty prejudice, or pecuniary considerations, govern us in the reception of members. And may it never be said in reference to us, that *Odd Fellows* have become *bad fellows*.

We are here to cultivate those virtues which embellish human nature; and never may these walls witness a wicked or disgraceful deed in any member of this Order. Let us ponder the solemn obligations that are upon us, and never forget the pledges we have given.

And now, Brethren, we are to consecrate this Hall sacred to the purposes of Odd Fellowship. May the hours and evenings we pass in this place be many and pleasant. May the present incumbents in office, and those who shall hereafter officiate, receive Divine aid in the discharge of all their duties. And, finally, may we all be furnished with grace from on high, to conduct us to that "unfrequented path," which alone leads to true felicity. And when our connexion on earth shall be dissolved, and our places in this Hall forever vacated, may we all, clothed in heavenly regalia, and with our pass-word furnished us, be conducted safely through the dark valley of death, and renew our intimacy on the other side of "Jordan's dark, rolling billows," among the sanctified in Heaven.

THE FIRST-FLOOR LODGER.

There are two lodged together.—SHAKESPEARE.

"AN Englishman's house is his castle:—I grant it; but, for his lodging, a comparison remains to be found. An Englishman's house may be his castle; but that can only be where he consents to keep the whole of it. Of all earthly alliances and partnerships into which mortal man is capable of being trepanned, that which induces two interests to place themselves within four walls, is decidedly the most unholy. It so happens that, throughout my life, I have had occasion only for half a house, and, from motives of economy, have been unwilling to pay rent for a whole one; but—there can be on earth, I find, no resting-place for him who is so unhappy as to want only "half a house!" In the course of the last eight years, I have occupied one hundred and forty-three lodgings, running the gauntlet twice through all London and Westminster, and, oftener than I can remember, the "out-parishes" through! As "two removes" are as bad as a fire, it follows that I have gone seventy-one times and a half through the horrors of a conflagration! And, in every place where I have lived, it has been my fate to be domiciled with a monster! But my voice shall be heard, as a voice upon the house-top, crying out until I find relief. I have been ten days already in the abode from which I now write, so I cannot, in reason, look to stay more than three or four more. I hear people talk of "the grave" as a lodging (at worst) that a man is "sure of;" but, if there be one resurrection-man alive when I die, as sure as quarter-day, I shall be taken up again.

The first trial I endured when I came to London, was making the tour of all the boarding-houses—being deluded, I believe, *seriatim*, by every prescriptive form of "advertisement."

First, I was lured by the pretence modest—this appeared in *The Times* all the year round. "Desirable circle"—"Airy situation"—"Limited number of guests"—"Every attention"—"No children."

Next, was the commanding — at the very "head and front" of the *Morning Post*. "Vicinity of the fashionable Squares!" — "Two persons, to increase society;" — "Family of condition" — and "Terms, at Mr. Sam's, the bookseller's!"

Then came the irresistible. "Widow of an officer of rank" — "Unprotected in early life" — "Desirous to extend family circle" — "Flatters herself," etc. Moonshine all together! "Desirable circle." A bank clerk, and five daughters who wanted husbands. Brandy and water after supper, and booby from Devonshire snapped up before my eyes. Little boy, too, in the family, that belonged to a sister who "had died" I hate scandal; but I never could find out where *that* sister had been buried.

"Fashionable Square" — The fire to the frying-pan! The worst *item* — (on consideration) — in all my experience. Dishes without meat, and beds without blankets. "Terms, two hundred guineas a year," and surcharges for night-candle. And as, for dinner! as I am a Yorkshireman, I never knew what it meant while I was in Manchester Square!

I have had two step-mothers, Mr. Editor, and I was six months at a preparatory school, but I never saw a woman since I was born cut meat like Lady Catharine Skinflint. There was a transparency about her slice which (after a good luncheon) one could pause and look at. She would cover you a whole plate with fillet of veal and ham, and not increase the weight of it half an ounce.

And then the Misses Skinflints — for knowledge of anatomy — their cutting up a fowl! — In the puniest half-starved chicken that ever broke the heart of a brood hen to look at, they would find you a side-bone, pinion, drumstick, liver, gizzard, rump, and merry-thought! and, even beyond this critical acquaintance with all admitted — and apocryphal — divisions and distinction, I have caught the eldest of them actually inventing new joints, that even in speculation, never before existed. I understand the meaning now of the Persian salutation, "May your shadow never be less!" I lost mine entirely in about a fortnight that I staid at Lady Skinflint's.

Two more hosts took me "at livery" (besides the "widow" of the "officer of rank") — an apothecary, who made patients of his boarders, and an attorney, who looked for clients among them. I got away from the medical gentleman rather hastily, for I found that the pastry-cook who served the house was his brother; and the lawyer was so pressing about "discounts," and "investments of property," that I never ventured to sign my name, even to a washing bill, during the few days I was in his house. On quitting the which, I took courage, and resolving to become my own provider, hired a "First Floor," accordingly ("unfurnished") in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury Square.

"Mutatio loci, non ingenii."

The *premier coup* of my career amounted to an escape. I ordered a *carte blanche* outfit for an upholsterer of Piccadilly, determined to have "apartments" unexceptionable before I entered them; and discovered,

after a hundred pounds laid out in painting, decorating and curtain-fitting, that the "ground-landlord" had certain claims which would be liquidated when my property "went in."

This miscarriage made me so cautious, that before I would choose again, I was the sworn horror of every auctioneer and house agent (so called) in London. I refused twenty offers, at least, because they had the appearance of being "great bargains." Eschewed all houses as though they had the plague, in which I found that single gentlemen "were preferred." Was threatened with three actions for defamation for questioning the solvency of persons in business. And, at length, was so lucky as to hit upon a really desirable mansion. The "family" perfectly respectable; but had "more room" than was necessary for them. Demanded the "strictest references" and accepted no inmates for "less than a year." Into this most unexceptionable abode, I conveyed myself and my property. Sure I should stay forever, and doubted whether I ought not to secure it at once for ten years instead of one. And before I had been settled in the house three-quarters of an hour, I found that the chimneys—every one of them! smoked, from the top to the bottom!

There was guilt, reader, in the landlord's eye, the moment the first puff drove me out of my drawing-room. He made an effort to say something like "damp day;" but the "amen" stuck in his throat.—He could not say "amen," when I did cry "God bless us!" The whole building, from the kitchen to the garret, was infected with the malady. I had noticed the dark complexion of the family, and had concluded they were from the West Indies,—they were smoke-dried;

"Blow, high, blow low."

I suffered six weeks under excuses, knowing them to be humbug all the while. For a whole month it was "the wind;" but I saw the wind veer twice all round the compass, and found, blow which way it would, it still blew down my chimney!

Then we came to "Cures." First, there were alterations at the top—new chimney-pots, cowls, hovels, and all making the thing worse. Then we tried at the bottom—grates reset, and flues contracted—still to no purpose. Then we came to burning charcoal; and in four days I was in a decline. Then, we kept doors and windows open; and in one day I got a fit of the rheumatism.—And in spite of doors or windows, blowers, registers, or Count Rumford—precaution in putting on coals, or mathematical management of poker—down the enemy would come to our very faces—poof!—poof!—as if in derision! till I prayed Heaven that smoke had life and being, that I might commit murder on it at once, and so be hanged; and, after throwing every moveable I could command at the grate and the chimney by turns, and paying "no cure no pay" doctors by dozens, who did nothing but make dirt and mischief, I sent for a respectable surveyor, paid him for his opinion beforehand, and heard that the fault in the chimneys was radical, and not to be remedied without pulling the house down!

I paid my twelvemonths' rent, and wished only that my landlord might live through his lease. I heard afterwards, that he had himself been imposed upon; that the house, from the first fire ever lighted in it, had been a scandal to all the neighbourhood. But this whole volume would not suffice to enumerate the variety of wretchednesses—and smoky chimneys the very least of them!—which drove me a second time to change my plan of life; the numberless lodgings that I lived in; and the inconveniences, greater or lesser, attending each. In one place, my servants quarrelled with the servants of "the people of the house." In another, "the people of the house's" servants quarrelled with mine. Here, my house-keeper refused to stay, because the kitchen was "damp." There, my footman begged I would "provide myself," as there were "rats in his cockloft." Then somebody fell over a pail of water, left upon "my stairs;" and "my maid" declared, it was "the other maid" had put it there. Then the cats fought; and I was assured, that mine gave the first scratch. On the whole, the disputes were so manifold, always ending to my discomfiture,—for the lady of the mansion would assail me,—I could never get the gentleman to be dissatisfied, (and so conclude the controversy by kicking him down stairs,)—that seeing one clear advantage maintained by the ground possessor, namely, that I, when we squabbled, was obliged to vacate, and he remained where he was, I resolved, once for all, to turn the tables upon mankind at large, and become a "landlord" and a "house-keeper" in my own immediate person.

"Sir, the grey goose hath laid an egg.—Sir, the old barn doth need repair.—The cook swelleth, the meat doth burn at the fire.—John Thomas is in the stocks; and every thing stays on your arrival."

I would not advise any single gentleman hastily to conclude that he is in distress. Bachelors are discontented, and take wives; footmen are ambitious, and take eating-houses. What does either party gain by the change? "We know," the wise man has said, "what we are; but we know not what we may be."

In estimating the happiness of householders, I had imagined all tenants to be like myself,—mild, forbearing, punctual, and contented; but I "kept house" three years, and was never out of hot water the whole time! I did manage, after some trouble, to get fairly into a creditable mansion—just missing one, by a stroke of fortune, which had a brazier's shop at the back of it, and was always shown at hours when the workmen were gone to dinner—and sent a notice to the papers, that a bachelor of sober habits, having "a larger residence than he wanted," would dispose of half of it to a family of respectability. But the whole world seemed to be, and I think it is, in a plot to drive me out of my senses. In the first ten days of my new dignity, I was visited by about twenty tax-gatherers, half of them with claims that I had never heard of, and the other half with claims far exceeding my expectations. The householder seemed to be the minister's very milch cow—the positive scape-goat of the whole community! I was called on for house-tax, window-tax, land-tax, and servants'-tax! Poors'-rate, sewers'-rate, pavement-rate, and scavengers'-rate! I had to pay for watering streets on which other people walked;

for lighting lamps which other people saw by; for maintaining watchmen who slept all night; and for building churches that I never went into. And—I never knew that the country was taxed till that moment!—these were but a few of the “dues” to be sheared off from me. There was the clergyman of the parish, whom I never saw, sent to me at Easter for “an offering.” There was the charity-school in the parish, solicited “the honour” of my “subscription and support.” One man came to inform me that I was “drawn for the militia,” and offered to “get me off” on payment of a sum of money. Another insisted that I was “chosen constable,” and actually brought the *insignia* of office to my door. Then I had petitions to read (in writing) from all the people who chose to be in distress; personal beggars, who penetrated into my parlor, to send to Bridewell, or otherwise get rid of. — Windows were broken, and “nobody” had “done it.” The key of the street door was lost, and “nobody” had “had it.” Then my cook stopped up the kitchen “sink,” and the bricklayers took a month to open it. Then my gutter ran over, and flooded my neighbor’s garret; then I was served with notice of an action for dilapidation.

And at Christmas!—Oh! it was no longer dealing with ones and twos!—The whole hundred, on the day after that festival, rose up, by concert, to devour me!

Dustmen, street-keepers, lamp-lighters, turncocks, postmen, beadles, scavengers, chimney-sweeps—the whole *pecus* of parochial servitorship, were at my gate before eleven at noon.

Then the “waits” came—two sets! and fought which should have “my bounty.” Rival patrols disputed whether I did or did not lie within their “beat.” At one time there was a doubt as to which of two parishes, I belonged; and I fully expected (that to make sure) I should have been visited by the collectors from both! Meantime the knocker groaned, until very evening, under the dull, stunning, single thumps—each villain would have struck, although it had been upon the head of his own grandfather!—of bakers, butchers, tallow chandlers, grocers, fish-mongers, poulterers, and oilmen! Every ruffian who made his livelihood by swindling me through the whole year, thought himself entitled to a peculiar benefaction (for his robberies) on this day. And

“Host! Now, by my life, I scorn the name.”

All this was child’s play—bagatelle, I protest, and “perfumed,” to what I had to go through in the “letting off” of my dwelling! The swarms of crocodiles that assailed me, on every fine day—three-fourths of them, to avoid an impending shower, or to pass away a stupid morning—in shape of stale dowagers, city coxcombs, “professional gentlemen,” and “single ladies!” And all (except a few that were swindlers) finding something wrong about my arrangements! Gil Blas’ mule, which was nothing but faults, never had half so many faults as my house. Carlton palace, if it were to be “let” to-morrow, would be objected to by a tailor. One man found my rooms “too small;” another thought them rather “too large;” a third wished that they had

been loftier; a fourth, that there had been more of them. One lady hinted a sort of doubt, "whether the neighborhood was quite respectable;" another asked, "if I had any family;" and, then, "whether I would bind myself not to have any during her stay." Two hundred, after detaining me an hour, had called only "for friends." Ten thousand went through all the particulars, and would "call again to-morrow." At last there came a lady who gave the *coup-de-grace* to my "house-keeping;" she was a clergyman's widow, she said, from Somersetshire; if she had been an "officer's," I had suspected her; but, in an evil hour, I let her in; and — she had come for the express purpose of marrying me! Sometimes she heard a mouse behind the wainscot, and I was called in to scare it. Her canary bird got loose, would I be so good as to catch it? I fell sick, but was soon glad to get well again, for she sent five times a day to ask if I was better; besides pouring in plates of blanc mange, jellies, cordials, raspberry vinegar, fruits fresh from the country, and hasty-puddings made by her own hand. And, at last, after the constant borrowing of books, the eternal interchange of newspapers, and the daily repair of crow-quills, the opinions upon wine, and the correction of hackney coachmen, I determined to get rid of many troubles at once; I therefore presented Mrs. F—— with my house, and every thing in it, and determined never again, as a man's only protection against female cupidity, to possess even a tooth-brush that I could legally call my own.

This resolution, gentle reader, compelled me to shelter myself in furnished lodgings, where the most of accommodation, (sublunary!) after all, I believe, is to be found. I had sad work, as you may imagine, to find my way at first. Once I ventured to inhabit (as there was no board in the case) with a surgeon. But, what between the patients and the resurrection-men, the "night-bell" was intolerable; and he ordered the watchman, too, I found, to pull it privately six or seven times a week, in order to impress the neighborhood with an opinion of his practice. From one place I was driven away by a music master, who gave concerts opposite to me; and at a second, after two days' abiding, I found that a madman was confined on the second floor! Two houses I left because my hostess made love to me. Three, because parrots were kept in the streets. One, because a cock (who would crow all night) came to live in the yard at the back of me; and another, in which I had staid two months, (and should perhaps have remained till now,) because a boy of eight years old, (there is to me no earthly creature so utterly intolerable as a boy of eight years old!) came home to pass "the holidays." I had thoughts, I don't care who knows it, of taking him off by poison; and bought two raspberry tarts to give him arsenic in, as I met him on the stairs, where he was, up and down, all day. As it is, I have sent an order to the seven Dials, to have an "early delivery" of all the "dying speeches" for the next ten years. I did this in order to know when he is hanged — a fact I wish particularly to ascertain, because his father and I had an altercation about it.

Experience, however, gives lights; and a "furnished lodging" is the best arrangement among the bad. I had seven transitions last month, but that was owing to accidents; a man who chooses well may

commonly stay a fortnight in a place. Indeed, as I said in the beginning, I have been ten days where I am; and I don't, up to this moment, see clearly what point I shall go away upon. The mistress of the house entertains a pet monkey; and I have got a new footman, who, I understand, plays upon the fiddle. The matter, I suspect, will lie between these two.

I am most nervous myself about the monkey. He broke loose the other day. I saw him escape over the next garden wall, and drop down by the side of a middle-aged gentleman, who was setting polyanthuses! The respectable man, as was prudent, took refuge in a summer-house; and then he pulled up all the polyanthuses; and then tried to get in at the summer-house window! I think that—

Eh!—Why, what the deuce is all this?—Why, the room is full of smoke!—Thomas!—[*I ring the bell violently.*]—Thomas!—[*I call my new footman.*]—Tho-o-o-mas!—Why, somebody has set the house on fire.

Enter THOMAS.

Indeed no, your honour—indeed—no—it's only the chimney. The chimney! you dog!—get away this moment and put it out. —Stay!—Thomas!—Come back, I say,—what chimney is it?

Thomas. Only the kitchen chimney, sir.

Only the kitchen chimney! how did you do it?

Thomas. I was only tuning my fiddle, your honour; and Mary, the housemaid, flung the rosin in the fire.

Where's the landlord, sirrah?

Thomas. He's not at home, sir.

Where's his wife?

Thomas. She's in fits, sir.

You'll be hanged to a certainty!—There's a statue for you, caitiff! there is—Come, sir—come—strip, and go up the chimney directly—strip! or I'll kill you with the toasting fork, and bury your body in the dust-hole.

[*Enter the cat, with a tail as thick as my arm, galloping round the room.*]

Zounds and death, what's to be done?—My life's not insured!—I must get out of the house. [*Rattling of wheels, and cry of "Fire!" in the street.*] Here comes the parish engine, and as many thieves with it as might serve six parishes!—Shut the doors below, I say.—[*Calling down stairs.*] Don't let 'em in,—Thomas! The house will be gutted from top to bottom!—Thomas!—Where is that rascally servant of mine! Thomas!—[*Calling in all directions.*]—I—I must see, myself.

[*Scene changes to the kitchen. The house maid in hysterics under the dresser.*]

Pooh! what a smell of sulphur!—Thomas!—I remember, it was on a Friday I hired him!—Thomas!—take a wet blanket, you ras-

cal, and get through the garret window. — Crawl up the tiles, and muffle the chimney top!

Thomas. [*Down the chimney.*] sir!

One more peep [*I run up stairs*] from the window. Hark, how they knock without! Rat-tat-tat-tat! As I live, here are a dozen engines, fifty firemen, and four thousand fools! I must be off! *Thomas!* [*He enters.*] I must escape. *Thomas!* show me the back door.

Thomas. There is none, sir. I've been trying to get out myself. No back-door!

[*Enter the Cook, with the monkey on her back. The knocking continues.*]

Cook. Oh law, sir. We shall all be destructed, sir! — Oh dear, where is your honor's double-barrelled gun?

My gun? up stairs. What d'ye want with the gun?

Cook. Oh, sir, if it was to be shot off up the chimney, it would surely put it out.

She's right. Run, *Thomas!* At the head of the bed. Away with you. Mind — it's loaded — take care what you are about.

There they go! They have found it. Now they are down stairs. Why, the woman has got the gun. Take it from her! He don't hear me. *Thomas!* She's going to fire it, as I live! Yes, she's sitting down in the grate! — *Thomas!* — with her body half way up the chimney. Bang! bang! [*Report heard.*] Ah, there she goes backward. It's all up! Here comes the soot, in cart-loads, all over her! She's killed! — No, egad! she's up and running. Don't let her come near me. — *Margery!* — What's her name? — She's running towards the street door! — *Margery!* — Why, she's all on fire, and as black as a soot bag. — Why, stop her, I say. — Ah, she gets into the street. — *Thomas.* — *Margery.* — Every body. — The woman will be burnt to death. [*Shouts without, and noise of water.*] — Ha. — [*I run to the window.*] — Huzza. — The engines are playing upon her. . . Oh that footman, he is my fate — and I thought it would be the monkey.

Enter THOMAS.

Come in, you villain. — Is the woman burnt?

Thomas. No, sir, — she's only frightened,

Only frightened! you unfeeling creature — but see the monkey — stop him — he's gone off with my gold spectacles.

Reader, if you have compassion, hear a man of five-and-forty's prayer! I can't stay here! — where am I to go to? — If you should think — *Thomas!* — I must get into a hackney coach! — If you should think — Call me a hackney coach, sirrah — and ask the man what he charges for it (d'ye hear) by the week.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"ODD FELLOWS."

BY BRO. D. RUSSELL.

I LOVE the name, it has a charm
Which thrills through every noble breast ;
For there affection, pure and warm,
In mystic words is well exprest ;
"What's in a name?" hath oft been said —
I answer *much*, but wouldst thou know,
Go, ask the young and artless maid
If she an answer will bestow ;
With vermilion cheek and downcast eyes,
Her *heart*, but not her lip, replies.

I love within the peaceful Hall
My brethren ever dear to join ;
To hear the N. G.'s manly call,
And bow before the sacred shrine
Of Love and heaven-born Charity ;
To lift the humble, fervent prayer
Where all is peace and unity,
And there dismiss each worldly care,
And every selfish, sordid view,
The pledge of Friendship to renew.

I love to raise the joyous song,
And swell the tuneful chorus there,
It cheers the soul, those notes prolong,
The themes which loftiest thoughts inspire ;
I love to hear the solemn charge
Which none through life can e'er forget ;
And see our band each week enlarge
With hearts unmoved, though oft beset
By wily foes, or zealots fired,
Who long our downfall have desired.

Beside the sufferer's couch I love
To watch through the long, "stilly night,"
Well pleased the moments to improve
To cheer his heart, and make more light
The lonely hours, — to soothe his mind,
Remove his fears, dispel each care,
With feelings true, with accents kind
The words of Peace and Faith declare ;
Till soothed, forgetting all his woes,
His wearied frame finds sweet repose.

My heart with saddening sorrow filled,
 Throbs by the form in death laid low;
 Where brothers meet, and all is stilled,
 Unchecked affection's tear may flow,
 For earth to earth, and dust to dust
 Must now return — the soul ascends
 To that tribunal where the just
 A welcome find, — there Mercy blends
 With Love and Peace and Harmony,
 The pass-word there "Salvation free."

February, 20, 1844.

OBITUARY.

DIED in this city, Feb. 4, 1844, Bro. HENRY G. WILEY, M. D., aged 29 years.

THE subject of this necessarily brief sketch was born in Lynn, Mass., March, 1814. Having pursued the studies requisite for his admission into Brown University, he entered the same in 18—. During a part of his collegiate course, he was compelled, from a severe pulmonary affection, temporarily to relinquish his studies. This disease, for a time, threatened to undermine his constitution. He happily recovered from it, however, and finally graduated in 18—. Soon afterwards he commenced the study of medicine — received his medical degree at Harvard, in 1836, and immediately thereupon established himself in this city as a practitioner. Here he remained engaged in the duties of his profession up to the moment of his last illness.

Of course, the incidents in a life so short, and so free from variety, can afford scarcely any interest to the greater number, even of those whose eye may meet this notice.

A useful life, however, is not, necessarily, a striking one. The current of life's dearest, best affections and joys is one of peace and gentleness. The really useful men in society, are those who unostentatiously, with uprightness of intention and firmness of purpose, pursue their honest avocations. Such men are the true Conservatives of the social order. Their influence cannot be measured; like the invigorating air we breathe, it is diffused unseen, yet beneficently on all around.

To this class belonged the friend, whose untimely death we deplore. He possessed no one characteristic that placed him conspicuously above his fellows; but he possessed that happy combination of excellent qualities which rendered the course of his life gentle, lovely, diffusing goodness wheresoe'er it flowed.

One quality he constantly evinced in all his actions. This was *uprightness*. No one could accuse him of meanness or hypocrisy. —

What he was and what he did, he was willing the world should know. He was always fair and frank. Dissimulation he could not brook.— The deceit and craftiness of men met with no favor in his eyes.— When he acted, he acted uprightly; and, therefore, feared not the observation and scrutiny of those about him.

In his deportment towards his professional brethren, he was honorable in every respect. He strove to live aloof from all petty contentions and disingenuous policy. To him his vocation was an honorable one; into which should never be brought the low artifices of the cunning, or the paltry schemes of the designing.

Confidence easily won, is easily lost. Success, for the medical practitioner, needs the confidence of the discerning and intelligent. Time can only accomplish this. To deserve and gain this confidence was his object. He knew what it would cost; but he knew, too, the reward. No one saw more clearly, or despised more heartily, the shameless effrontery that sounds forth its own praises; or the mean insinuation that would detract from another's fair reputation. Kind, conciliatory in his intercourse, he was ever ready to acknowledge the merits of others. In the contests and struggles attendant upon the medical, as well as every other profession and calling in life, his motto was, — Honesty is the best policy — an honest man will come out best at last. So he acted; living out, to the letter, his belief, and remaining true to it always.

Fidelity was another element of his character. What he promised, he scrupulously fulfilled. He did not speak to the ear, to deceive the heart; but he always spoke right to the heart, so that the most suspicious felt he would be faithful to his word, and that nothing could deter him from keeping it most sacredly. In his social relations, too, he was ever constant. Prejudices he had, undoubtedly — for who has not? But his friendship, once gained, was abiding — he was true to its spirit — unceasing in its exhibition. And how peculiarly happy did this one trait show itself in the exercise of his professional duties! — Fidelity to the sick — fidelity to the afflicted in the ever-varying phases of human suffering! Alas, how little does the world know how much is required to act, at all times, and under all circumstances, with fidelity to this great calling — with fidelity to the pain-worn and the dying — with fidelity to one's self! Who, but he who has labored in this field of toil and anxiety, can estimate the uncertainty of art, the sad ravages of disease, the caprices and prejudices of the afflicted — their miseries, their prolonged sufferings, or the unlooked for and sudden severing of the chord of life! But all this did not discourage him. The responsibilities he assumed when he entered upon the duties of his profession, he well knew, and he determined to remain faithful in discharging them. Neither occasional illness, nor a naturally weak constitution, could prevent him from exerting himself sometimes beyond his strength. The welfare of the patient committed to his care, was with him paramount. To act with scrupulous fidelity toward those who looked to him for relief and advice, was his great aim. Ay, while we write, how forcibly are we reminded of the lamentable cause of his truly painful death! He died, acting out this very fidelity to the high interests of his profess-

sion. He fell a martyr in its cause — a more honorable death one cannot die. *

As a member of the I. O. of O. F., from the time he joined the Lodge till his death, he was active in its duties and desirous of promoting its interests. He believed it to be a truly useful and beneficent institution; and, as such, requires of every member fulfilment of its obligations, and exertion in the advancement of its great purpose. To the writer of this notice he has frequently expressed the satisfaction he felt that his name was enrolled with so many others upon the records of an Order which was intended to confer so much mutual benefit and pleasure upon its members. Those who knew him there, know his promptitude in action, his good sense in discussion, and his entire willingness to do his part for the furtherance of its welfare. In his death, his Lodge has sustained a great loss. Scarcely could have fallen one whose departure would have been more lamented. We shall miss him in deliberation — in counsel — in assiduous devotion to the business of the fraternity. His memory will be deeply cherished by every brother — his virtues honored as among the choicest of our remembrances.

In the domestic relation who was kinder or more affectionate? — who felt and appreciated more the comforts of home? But here we may not intrude. Grief rests heavily on that mourning circle. Affliction broods over fallen hopes and blighted affection; and nought can give comfort or hope in this season of bereavement, but the light which beams upon the darkened soul from that holier world, whither our lamented friend and brother has gone.

MR. PRESCOTT.—It may not be generally known that Mr. Prescott, the author of the new book on Mexico, is nearly or quite blind. In the preface of his "Ferdinand and Isabella," he speaks of having employed a third person, on account of the weakness of his eyes. It seems that he has now entirely lost his sight, at least for ordinary purposes. He says in preface to "the Conquest," that he has never seen his manuscript, and that he has not corrected, or even read, the original draft, in penning which he was obliged to use a writing case made for the blind.

If a cause be good, the most violent attacks of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defence of its friends. Theodore and others, who gravely defended the monkish miracles, and the luminous cross of Constantine, by their zeal without knowledge and devotion without discretion, have hurt the cause of Christianity more than the apostle Julian by his hostility, notwithstanding all the wit and vigor with which it was conducted.

* His death was caused by the absorption of animal virus into the system, at a post mortem examination.

L O V E .

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

A voice from the opening flowers,
A voice from the dim old woods,
A tone from the murmuring streams,
A shout from the sounding floods,
A whispering 'mid the leaves,
Light from the spheres above,
And the voice of the flowers, and woods, and streams,
Speaks evermore of love.

The song of the summer bird
With its music glad and free,
The restless, wandering wind,
And the ever-flowing sea,
All voices of delight
Around us and above,
Pour out to the Highest forevermore
One anthem strain of love.

There's never a sorrow sent,
There's never a grief can come,
Or a cloud with its shadow deep,
To darken a happy home,
There's never a joy denied
But a blessing still may prove,
For they all are lessons, if read aright,
From God, whose name is love.

Oh, that high and holy power,
Should fill every human heart,
Never in thought, or word, or deed,
From its spirit should we depart.
First should our heart be given
To God who reigns above,
And it must follow, as light the sun,
Our neighbor we shall love.

Cambridge, February 24, 1844.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY P. B.

A PERSUASION that seems to prevail very generally among those nations which are called civilized, is, that womenkind are, *proper objects of protection*, that it is exclusively the duty of men to protect them, — that they are comparatively weak and in a helpless, dependent state, consequently have claims on men for protection not reciprocal. This appears to be a maxim of a sort of sexual morality, which assigns peculiar duties for the sexes discriminatively, with respect to one another, prescribing a distinct system of manners to each, as if they were of different species. I question the equity of this principle. It is the duty of one human being to protect another whenever either is exposed to any annoyance which the other is able to repel or avert. It is the duty of a woman to protect a man as well as a man to protect a woman, whenever they are so situated that one can relieve the other. It is the duty of parents to protect their children; and in their turn it is the duty of children to protect their parents. It is the duty of society to protect its members; and of each member, male or female, to labor to the maintenance and welfare of society. But to signalize this virtue as if it were that upon which man could plume himself as the legitimate protector and guardian of females, exclusively and without reciprocation, is altogether consistent with the true principles of democracy. Such a sentiment is founded on the hypothesis, that Nature has made woman the "*weaker vessel*," weaker in body and mind, and that she is consequently in a state of dependence on the male, for her preservation and security.

It is almost everywhere assumed that women are constitutionally weaker than men, inferior in strength of body and of mind; wherefore they are naturally, by the necessity of the case, placed in a condition of dependency on the guardianship of men. This position I controvert. I deny that Nature has originally made women inferior to men in strength of body or mind, or rather, in muscular or cerebral power. With respect to the first, though it may be admitted somewhat of diversity interposes in the *distribution* of the energy, the average of force is the same. Moreover, in the cerebral power I shall maintain the female is on a par with the male. In mental capacity, therefore, they are in no respect inferior. It is the *size of the brain* on which this principally depends: and when or wherever have our physiologists pretended to have discovered that the brain of the female of the human species is (as a general thing) of less size than that of the male? They have as much brain; they have as much mind.

Custom, education, and modes of employment, are what have engendered the variation of character in the two sexes. The plea, of the weakness and helpless state of females, is a salvo for that immortal ferocity which has ever held them in a state of subordination

and civil incapacity, robbed, disinherited of their natural standing place in the political constituency of their country. It is an heir-loom of savage polity. It is a relic of barbarian usurpation. The enslavement of women, dates its origin from the first victory which one warring savage tribe of human beings gained over another. — The conqueror slaughtered all the vanquished, except the females. — His sexual love refrained him. As these fell of course into the hands of the conqueror, on whichever side the victory resulted, it became customary for them to await the issue securely aloof from the field of battle. These were preserved as the most precious part of the conquerer's spoils; who spared them their lives, for his own use, but as prisoners at his mercy, in his dependence. Becoming numerous they were watched suspiciously lest they should aspire to independence; prohibited from touching any weapons of warfare, cautiously kept under restraint, and kept in ignorance of their rights. Such is the origin of the disfranchisement and abjection of females all over the earth. — From that moment they have been retained precisely in this plight, disinherited of the popular sovereignty, through all ages and generations, in every nation on earth that has known war. The exception, with respect to some monarchies where pedigree has elevated individuals of the sex to the thrones of despots, has nothing to do with equal rights or popular sovereignty; and we rest at the identical point where our savage ancestors stood hundreds of centuries ago. In practical principles of political organization we are just in that stage of barbarism of which our savage forefathers resigned us the succession thousands of years ago! Our progress of civilization has not been in morals and politics, but in the physical sciences and in the arts. In what does our civilization consist? Where lie our super-eminent attainments? They consist of our advances in geometry, mathematics, mechanics, natural history, chemistry, physiology, astronomy, geology, geography, meteorology, medicine, and in all the mechanic arts. But when we advert to politics, here we are, at the same degree of refinement at which our savage progenitors in the infancy of nations had arrived; and our systems are at their foundation the very ectypes of theirs. We exclude our half at once; we exclude all possible; we study to reduce the governing party to the smallest number; we are ever contesting the right of suffrage in the poor; we insist that the few shall govern the many; wealth and rapacity rule and reign, and control the condition of society, we retain the barbarism of our predecessors in arbitrary governments; by extravagant salaries awarded to our police men, we foster cupidity and make the whole business of our government venal and mercantile.

Concluded in the next number.

☞ A new society called the "Independent Order of Good Fellows," has been started in New York. May they live long, and live *Odd Fellows*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SALUTATORY AND INTRODUCTORY.—We salute our readers with a new number, and a new volume of the Symbol. We do not present it as a *specimen* number of the work; we do not pretend that it is inferior to numbers that will be presented. We make no great promises upon the threshold; we will hold out no inducements that we may not be able to confirm. While we shall do all we can, consistent with circumstances, to make our work acceptable to the Fraternity of Odd Fellows, and to the reading public, we frankly state, at the commencement, that the literary character of our work will depend for its degree of excellence upon the degree of our patronage. If time shall demonstrate that Odd Fellows do not require our magazine, or if circumstances shall show that our humble efforts are not approved by our brethren, we shall be perfectly willing to withdraw our labors, and to stop the Symbol: or else to give our countenance to some more popular candidate for the patronage of the Order. We wish this work to stand, first, *upon its intrinsic merits*; second, *upon circumstances that require such a publication*. These tests time only can decide upon. We can only say now that while we shall do all that is consistent with circumstances to render our work worthy of its present patronage, it must be obvious to every reader that the literary character of the Symbol will in a great measure depend upon the means which we may possess to secure such contributions, and to enlist such talent as will make it profitable and interesting. — Our patrons may rest assured that, in proportion to the support extended to us, we will endeavor to make the Symbol worthy of that support. These are all the promises that we can make now. It will be better to exceed expectation by honest and faithful *deeds*, than to deceive at the outset, by large and impracticable declarations.

A word or two as to the objects of the Symbol. It will be devoted to the interests, exposition and defence of Odd Fellowship. This, of course, is expected of us. We have stamped the name of the Order upon our cover, and our title-page; we look to the brethren of the Order for our support. But while we thus set forth the claims and defend the character of the Institution, we shall do so in our own way, and in accordance with our own convictions. We shall not deceive the public by setting up any exaggerated claims for Odd Fellowship, or by speaking of it in such terms of eulogy as shall attribute to it functions and influences that do not belong to it. We shall not call it the greatest and best institution of the age — we shall *urge* no man to become a member of it — we shall not even claim for it, that its peculiar object is, *Charity*, in the strict and colloquial sense of that term. That, in the

highest sense of the word *Charity*, i. e. *Love*, it has claims to be considered as a charitable institution, we decidedly maintain. We believe that it is calculated to soften those asperities that are induced by our isolated and selfish individuality — that it is calculated to awaken sympathy by those bonds of intimate acquaintanceship which it creates — that it banishes those prejudices which are the results of ignorance, and which a knowledge of our brother man is apt to dispel — that it excites emotions of kindness and generosity, which are unfelt out in the world, in the constant collisions of opinion and interest — that it is eminently calculated to make the stranger a friend, and the adversary a brother. If these are its tendencies, and we think they are, then is ours a *charitable* institution — an association peculiarly devoted to the spirit of love — to the kindly emotions, the generous deeds, the voluntary sacrifices, the beautiful amenities, that spring from that great principle, and bless those with whom they come in contact. But, we repeat, in the specific definition of charity, i. e. *alms-giving*, we do not pretend that our institution is a charitable one; and those who are denying this characteristic to Odd Fellowship, are engaged in battling a man of straw. We do not present our claims to the world as a *charitable* institution. Those who read the various expositions of our principles will see what our objects are — and we are willing that these should be tested by investigation. We rejoice as much in the free-inquiry spirit of New England as any other man, and are willing to exercise and meet that spirit upon all questions. But we have digressed somewhat. Let us say that we shall be ready to defend Odd Fellowship as it is — in its *essential principles*, — against all attacks urged in the spirit of candor and kindness. If convinced that it is false in its claims or evil in its influences, we shall abandon it. Every sneer and perversion, however, we shall not turn aside to reply to. Moreover, we shall not defend all the *forms* and *ceremonies* of Odd Fellowship. We have learned to separate these from the *essence* of our institution. We frankly admit that there are some forms and ceremonies that we wish were abolished, and we shall not fail to speak against the idea of confounding these with our *main principles*, not only in opposition to the enemies but even to the friends of the Order. In giving our expositions and making our defences of Odd Fellowship, we shall utter our own idea — when we cannot do this, we shall say no more about the institution, and throw aside the editorial pen.

But we shall not only speak for Odd Fellowship, but to Odd Fellows. We deeply feel the necessity which exists for this conduct on our part. We shall not fail to urge upon every Odd Fellow a course of life consistent with the principles of that Institution of which he is a member. We shall speak in behalf of and urge upon him the cultivation of every virtue that is allied to Friendship, Love and Truth, and the renunciation of every vice which these principles make so hideous and discordant — in connection with which they sparkle like jewels worn over a diseased body and upon filthy garments, showing by the very light that corruscates from them the dark lineaments of the contrast. And it is proper that we should describe Friendship, Love and Truth, in this instance, as outward jewels, rather than inward graces: for where he

who pretends to obey these, lives viciously, they cannot have taken root in the heart, but are mere professions, sparkling ostentatiously in his speech or his deeds, but in reality foreign to his disposition. We shall endeavor to impress upon Odd Fellows the great fact that the strongest support of their institution rests upon the moral character of each individual member of it.

Once more, we shall not devote our columns, or our editorial articles, to Odd Fellowship alone. The eyes of our readers may often look under this head, and not find even the name. We shall feel free to speak of all those great moral interests, and to inculcate those high and pure sentiments which accord with the best teachings of the Order. We shall give place on our pages to such literary and moral articles, either from our own pen or those of others, as we think will subserve the cause of human welfare, and the duties we owe to God, and thus act from the dictates of Friendship, Love and Truth; if we do not always speak of these under their concrete form, as exhibited in Odd Fellowship. In doing this, it is hardly necessary to say that we shall sedulously avoid any expression of our peculiar religious sentiments, any attack upon the religious or political sentiments of others. We trust that we do not praise ourself too much when we say, that of this meanness we could not be guilty.

We have thus crudely, and by no means specifically, marked out our future course in conducting the Symbol. We wish in it to speak for God and for humanity. If we find that Odd Fellowship is in accordance with the duties we owe to these, happy shall we be to make the Symbol an organ for discharging in any degree, these duties. If we find that Odd Fellowship is not in accordance with these, we shall cease to defend Odd Fellowship, we shall lower our *Symbol* which we have lifted in the eyes of the world, but we shall not, we trust, fail to act for God and for humanity,—those old obligations that have bound us and must bind us longer than any earthly form, than any human institution.

"THE COVENANT."—We have read a short article in "The Covenant," referring to some editorial remarks in the Symbol. We wish to say in reply that we neither wrote, saw before it was printed, nor have we read the article in the Symbol referred to, or if we have, we read it quite hastily. Our connection with the Symbol, heretofore, has been confined to our own articles, and all but the leading editorial has been written by some body else. We have no war with "The Covenant," nor do we even know, to any extent, what the trouble between that work, "The Symbol," and "The Odd Fellow" is. In this respect, we have been almost in a Rip Van Winkleish slumber, and just begin to rub our eyes, and look about us. We have now the sole control of the editorial pen of the Symbol. We begin on perfectly fair terms with every body. We assure our brother of "The Covenant" that we are not disposed to "swallow down or gulp out" anything that has not commended itself to our private judgment; and we have

no 'advisers.' We repeat that the article in "The Symbol" we know nothing about. We see nothing between us and Bro. Case to fight about, unless we get up a quarrel on our own account. If anything particular occurs to him in this way, we hope that he will let us know, and we will arrange the preliminaries. But his attack upon us is quite as sudden, as though some one should give us a box on the ear, while we were innocently employed, as we supposed, about our own business. To be serious, we did not write the article alluded to, and had no part nor lot in it. We tender the right hand of friendship to Bro. Case. I think we know each other very well. The world is wide enough for both of us, and while we shall endeavor to stand on our own feet, we shall not tread upon the toes of any body else — unless they kick first.

Signed,

E. H. CHAPIN.

DR. DEWEY'S ARTICLE. — Our readers will observe that we have placed first and foremost upon our pages, an article from the pen of Dr. DEWEY. We have selected that article for its merit, for its application to the present time, and we know not why it should not have the first place, even if it is a *selected* article. If its prominence in the present number of the Symbol, will secure for it a reading, we shall be truly glad that we placed it first.

We intend, from time to time, to present our readers with a good selected article, deeming that, by such a course, we shall both interest and instruct, as much or more than by any original contribution, occupying the same place.

SHORT ARTICLES. — We crave of our correspondents a good supply of contributions that will come under the denomination designated above — *short articles*. We fear that fault will be found with us because of the length of the essays, &c. in the present number. But we have given such matter as we had on hand. We request "short articles," and hope that we shall be supplied.

GRAND LODGE IN THE STATE OF MAINE. — We understand that a Grand Lodge is about to be instituted in our sister State. The Order has increased there with unexampled rapidity. One year ago there was not a single Lodge in the whole State. And now there are Past Grands enough to constitute a Grand Lodge. We are not informed of the precise time when said Lodge will be instituted, but presume that upon due notice of the event, many of the brethren in Massachusetts will be likely to be present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — We have received an article upon "*Remarks on Distinctions of Rank*," which will find a place in our pages.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Columbian Ladies' and Gentleman's Magazine for March, Vol. 1, No. 3.

Edited by John Inman. Contents, "Henry O'Neil, or the days of the Armada, by H. W. Herbert;" "Intercession of the Indians for the Charter Oak of Connecticut, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney;" "Eyes to the Blind;" "The Blind Girl;" "George Washington Wilkins, the man who lived for his country, by H. H. Weld;" "Song—I would not crowd the aching head, by Matilda P. Hunt;" "The Brother's Temptation, by T. S. Arthur;" "Columbus and the Egg, (illustrated) by the editor," "False ethics of the law, by do." "Caught napping, (illustrated) by do." "The Belles of Etherington, by the author of a New Home, &c." "Recollections of China, by Mrs. C. H. Butler;" "Hark! hark! I hear a voice!" "Rest in the Grave;" "by Mrs. St. Leon Loud;" "Washington, a Sonnet, by R. G. White;" "Some things of Lee Berangers, by P. Benjamin;" "The Poet's Hoart," "Eris, a spirit-record, by Walter Whitman;" "Strife;" "The voice of the New Year;" "Night, by Mrs. St. Leon Loud;" "Books of the month, etc." Such is the table of contents of this beautifully printed magazine, which we give in lieu of a more detailed notice, as we have but just received it in time to advertise it under our "Literary Notices." We will only say, in addition, that this number is embellished with two plates engraved expressly for this work, a plate of the fashions, and a piece of music; these, together, with the names of its contributors, warrant us in recommending this new claimant for public favor to the patronage of our readers.—For sale by Redding & Co., No. 8, State st.

Graham's Magazine for March.

We have also received this well-known periodical, and must notice it in the same way, i. e. by giving the table of contents. Luck is every thing, by Joseph H. Chandler—Jones Once, by Elizabeth Bassett—Skating, by Alfred B. Street—To M—E—by W. W. Story—Gossip about Gossiping, with hints on conversation, by Joseph C. Wal,—“A pleasant book of pleasant Rhymes,” by Park Benjamin—To Flora—John Shaw, by J. Fennimore Cooper—a eulogy on the Great Unknown,—Mr. John Frost, by Elizur Wright, Jr.—Love vs. Aristocracy, Or shall I? by Mrs. Mary Clovers—New York Fountains and Astor Baths, by Miss C. M. Sedgwick—The Bride of Ceylon, by E. M. Sidney—The Bethrothed of Mr. Quint, by Miss W. Berrington—It is Sad, by Henry Theodore Tuckerman—Virginia, the little Match-girl of Kentucky, by F. S. Osgood—Margaret, by Mrs. B. B. Thomas—Review of Orion, by Edgar A. Poe—Little Nell in the Storm.

This number of Graham is illustrated by two engravings, one of which is peculiarly interesting from its subject—*Little Nell in the Storm*. It contains also a plate of the Spring Fashions—and a wood cut illustrating a "Charcoal Sketch," by Neal. For sale by Redding & Co., No. 8 State street, Boston. We advise our readers not to hesitate between this and the Columbian, but to purchase both.

Messrs. Redding & Co. supply Harper's Pictorial Bible on the most liberal terms. No. 2 just received—a most beautiful number.

Poems.—BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, — Vol I. — Cambridge, John Owen, 1844.

Mr. Lowell, is already so well known as a poet, and a writer that, it will, add but little to his fame for us to specify, the gems that are found in his last book of *Poems*. We feel a desire to speak of this beautiful edition by Mr. Owen—more particularly than our limits will at present permit. As to the *Poems* the impress of genius is enstamped upon them—a deep and clear perception of the truly beautiful, breathes from every page,—there is a spirit of deep philanthropy, a love of the universal humanity that commends this little volume to the heart's best affections.

Ladies' National Magazine.—Reading & Co.

The February Number is received, and contains its usual *quota* of interesting miscellany. Two fine embellishments adorn this number—the “Moss Rose” is exquisitely done—Contents of several papers—viz: “Diplomatic Lovers”—“Widow's Revenge”—“The Squall, &c. &c.

The Present, No. 7 & 8—Saxton & Pierce.

The principal contents are: “Progress and Hope,” “A Vision of the Future,” “Universal Regeneration.” A valuable and interesting paper is this last. We commend it to the serious consideration of our readers—we doubt not it will give them new and important ideas upon the subject, and serve to correct some of the popular errors of “our many creeds.”

Harpers' Bible, No. 2.—Saxton & Pierce.

This highly valuable work comes to us fresh and beautiful from the press of the indefatigable Harpers—and, if anything, No. 2 is more beautiful than No. 1. We learn that Saxton & Pierce are prepared to supply orders for this work with promptness and despatch.

MARRIED.

In Newton, Lower Falls, Oct. 18th, by Rev. Bro. O. A. Skinner, of this city, Bro. CHARLES SMITH, of South Boston, to Miss EUNICE M., eldest daughter of Mr. Timothy Hunting, of Needham.

We most cheerfully acknowledge the obligations we are under to the newly married couple for the token of regard with which they were pleased to favor us. We are pleased to find that our brother has entered Hymen's lists, for, be it known, that although we yet glory in single blessedness, we stand ever ready to wish happiness and a long life to all who free themselves of it; more especially so when the donation from the happy pair is generous.—PRINTER.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 24th ult., Bro. A. N. MOORE, of Suffolk Lodge.

In West Cambridge, Feb. 17th, Mrs. JANE, wife of Bro. MICHAEL KENNY, aged 32.

Thus in the midst of life, the manner of which endeared her to neighbors as well as relatives, is the fond mother, tender, affectionate wife, and kind companion, called from amid earthly affections, to her mansion of rest. But though gone, she has left a name embalmed in the memory of those that knew, as none knew, to love her, and to cherish the recollection of her virtues. The bereaved husband and relatives were not left to mourn their loss alone. A band of Brothers, (the members of Bethel Lodge) were present at the sad hour of final separation, to pour the balm sympathy into those wounded hearts. Nor was it an idle form, an unmeaning ceremony. There heaved the manly bosom with the tender but deep emotions of sym-

pathy. There fell tears from eyes unused to weep ; and let none say that 'tis unmanly to shed the sympathetic tear, but all must venerate the principles of our institution that unseal the fountains of stout hearts, and cause men to weep with those that mourn. Then may our tears be to those with whom they are shed like the crystal drops that reflect the rainbow hues of hope, the stars that shine through sorrow's lengthened night, or the angels of mercy that bid the troubled sea of life be calm.

J. M. S.

February 24, 1844.

I. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

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Maine.

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New Hampshire.

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 HILLSBORO', No 2, Manchester. — Walter French, NG, Chas Wells, VG, Isiah Winch, Sec'y, J G Cilley, Treas.

Connecticut.

UNCAS LODGE, Norwich. — Charles A Converse, NG, Philo M Judson, VG, T Walt, Sec'y, J G Cilley, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Massasolet Encampment, No. 1, Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Covenant Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.
 Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.
 Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.
 Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
 Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.
 Tremont Lodge, No. 15, do do Wednesday.
 Franklin Lodge, 23, do do Tuesday.
 Ancient Landmark Lodge, 32, do do Thursday.
 Suffolk Lodge, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tuesday.
 Covenant Lodge, No. 16, do do Monday.
 Siloam Lodge, No. 2, do do Thursday.
 Oriental Lodge, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
 Boston Lodge, 25, do do Friday.
 Union Degree Lodge, do do Saturday.
 Montezuma, No. 23, over Amory Hall, cor. of Washington and West sts., Wednesday.
 Maverick, No. 36, do do do Thursday.
 Shawmut, No. 37, do do do Tuesday.
 New England Lodge, East Cambridge, Friday.
 Bethel Lodge, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
 Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
 Chrystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
 Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
 Howard Lodge, No. 22, Charlestown, do do Friday.
 Merrimac Lodge, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.
 Mechanics' Lodge, No. 11, " Friday.
 Overlin Lodge-28, " Tuesday.

Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
 Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
 Monument Lodge, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
 Friendship Lodge, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Tuesday.
 Winnisimmet Lodge, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
 Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
 Columbian Lodge, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Thursday.

Maine.

Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, Portland, Middle st., Thursday.
 Ligonis, 5, Portland, Middle st., Friday.
 Union Degree, 1, Union st., ———
 Machigonne Encampment, 1, Middle st., 1st and 8d Tuesdays.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 2, Thomaston, Monday.

New Hampshire,

Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tuesday.
 Hillsboro, 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall, Monday.

Rhode Island.

Friendly Union, 1, Providence, ———
 Eagle, 2, do, Saturday.

Connecticut.

Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
 Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, Wednesday.
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.
 Ousatonic, 6, Derby, do.
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Saturday.
 Thames, 9, New London, Monday.
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk,
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.
 Central, 12, Middletown, Tuesday.
 Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
 ——— Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam.
 Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

MASSACHUSETTS. — T. R. Edmands, Charlestown ; A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell ; John Schouler, West Cambridge ; John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge ; Rev. Wm. Tozer, Malden ; Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village ; E. H. Smith, Woburn ; Albert W. Bryant, East Lexington ; Wm. Monroe, Chelsea ; Adrian Low, Salem ; R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport.

MAINE. — David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland ; Jeremiah Mason, Saco ; George Prince, Thomaston.

RHODE ISLAND. — J. W. Root, 41 Market st., Providence.

CONNECTICUT. — Safford & Park, Norwich ; Charles Ball, New Haven.

NEW YORK. — James Pratt, Ithaca.

KENTUCKY. — D. P. Watson, P. M., Nicholasville.

TRAVELLING AGENTS. — Rev. Bro. J. M'LEISH, H. B. ODIORNE.

GENERAL AGENT. — J. G. MORSE.

☞ We have appointed Bro. DAVID ROBINSON, of Portland, our General Agent for Maine. All orders for the Symbol, addressed to him, will meet with prompt attention.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1844.

NO. II.

Original.

REMARKS ON DISTINCTIONS OF RANK.

(From a manuscript work, entitled "*The Anatomy of Politics.*")

BY WILSON FLAGG.

THE object of this essay is to inquire into the nature of distinctions of rank; how far they are founded in the nature of society, how far they are useful and innocent, and how far injurious and ridiculous. It is probable that the earliest distinctions were feudal or military. To the North American Indians we may, perhaps, with propriety look for the origin of those distinctions which, as society advances, become ripened into permanent divisions of rank. Such distinctions as exist among them, may, likewise, be regarded as more natural, or more necessary, than the arbitrary and complicated distinctions which exist in a highly civilized state of society. They are divided into a chief and his subjects. This is the most simple of all divisions, and probably the origin of the feudal system, which is but the mere maturity of the other, happening in a farther advanced and better organized state of society.

These distinctions may be classified under the following heads : — *First, Natural Distinctions*, resulting from division of labor and occupation; *Second, Political or Official Distinctions*, resulting from the occupancy of public offices in the nation; *Third, Honorary Distinctions*, which result from the mere possession of certain titles or honors, conferred by the public, by the sovereign, or by some association;

Fourth, Distinctions of Wealth ; Fifth, Distinctions of Pedigree or of Nobility ; and Sixth, and lastly, Distinctions of Race.

The first in this order are what may be called *Natural Division*, because they are a part of the very constitution of organized society. A community may exist without any of the others, with the exception of the Second, or Political Distinctions. The first may likewise be called Professional Distinctions, and comprise all those which arise from the divisions of labor. Each of the separate trades and professions forms a class under this grand division.

The Natural Division may be subdivided into as many classes as there are trades, professions and occupations in a community, each separate trade and profession constituting by itself, a distinct class. — But there is another subdivision of this class that ought to be previously made. *First, the Laboring Classes*, or those who pursue some mechanical art, or laborious occupation, as tilling the soil, hewing of wood and drawing of water. *Second, the Professional and Literary Classes*, consisting of those who are devoted to the advising, instructing and edifying their fellow-citizens. *Third, the Mercantile or Commercial Classes*, or those who buy and sell the products of the labor of others, and manage and oversee that labor to a certain extent. *Fourth, the Idle Classes*, or those who live without any employment, moral, intellectual or mechanical, subsisting either upon their hoarded wealth, or upon charity — such are lords and beggars.

All these are natural divisions. With the exception of the last, no perfectly organized society can exist without them. The last, however, seems to constitute one of the diseases of society, and, like the diseases which prey upon the bodily system, they generally accompany a nation in its old age and decline. In proportion as the wants of men are multiplied, or in proportion as a nation becomes civilized, these trades or natural divisions must be multiplied, in order to afford gratification to these new wants. But they cannot be gratified without a division of labor, without an arrangement of the community into all the various trades, occupations and professions, to which each class respectively devotes the whole of its time. There are, likewise, subdivisions in these arts ; certain individuals devoting themselves exclusively to some particular branch of his art, and thereby carrying his labor to still greater perfection.

The second kind of distinctions which exist in society are what may be called Political or Official distinctions. These distinctions are necessary and natural to a certain extent, but by far the greater part of them are arbitrary and useless. In our own country, all these offices are either elective or appointed. Certain rules of precedence are absolutely essential among these offices and office-holders ; one is necessarily in subjection to another, or the machinery of government could not be held together. Hence those which rank above others, in precedence, are more highly honored, and more honorable, as stations. It is, therefore, the highest honor in this country to be made President ; the Presidency being the highest office in the gift of the government. The Governorship of a State being the highest office of a State, it is, accordingly, attended with the highest honor. But, in this country, the

ranks or degrees of precedence of the different offices which are not subordinate one to another, have never been established by law, as they are in England, and some other European countries. Such a regulation must be, in a great measure, arbitrary, and, for many just reasons, would be considered anti-republican. I believe, for instance, it has not been decided whether a Governor of a State shall take precedence of a member of the National Senate, or of a Judge of the U. S. Supreme Court ; or whether a member of the State Senate shall rank before or after a member of the National House of Representatives. All these matters, ridiculous as they may seem to republican simplicity, might be somewhat necessary to be decided on certain occasions, for the sake of order and harmony, as in case of a national jubilee at Washington.

There is another kind of official distinctions, not political, such as is derived from the possession of offices in a public school, university or banking corporation, or associations of any kind. Such are all offices in any respectable institutions not political. All these offices command respectively a certain degree of honor. They are, indeed, just so far as talents and honesty are required in their occupants, really honorable, and entitled to respect. Such honors are useful to the public weal. The honor which attends them is an inducement held forth to men to qualify themselves for holding them, and for performing their duties ; and though they cannot, from the circumstances of society, save in some extraordinary instances, be given to the very persons in all the world who are best qualified to fill them, yet there is always an approximation to this desirable end, and that approximation must become nearer and nearer, as the education and intelligence of those individuals improve who are the electors and appointers.

The third kind of distinctions are those which are purely honorary, and which are therefore entirely unnecessary for the perfect organization of society, though they may, in many cases, be productive of good, as the rewards of merit, and as inducements to patriotic and virtuous conduct. Some of them, however, are positively injurious, being entirely arbitrary, and undeserved by the receivers of the gift. — So long, however, as they do not entitle the receiver to any exclusive privileges, they are not, in a political sense, *anti-republican*. Such are all those distinctions which are conferred, by means of titles and diplomas and sinecures, by societies and universities in this country, and also the arbitrary titles, such as knight and baronet, conferred by king's patent, &c. in monarchical countries. All honors, of every kind are hereditary, which are conferred upon one without connection with office, may be ranked under this class of distinctions ; and though they may be merited, they ought, nevertheless, to be called arbitrary, since they depend generally on the personal interest and caprices of the body that confers them. The distinctions existing in the church may come under this denomination — such as deacons and elders, and all those offices which are entirely, or almost entirely, honorary. All those distinctions, likewise, which arise from various degrees of learning and talent might be ranked in this denomination, unless, indeed, we class them under a distinct head, as intellectual and moral distinctions.

The third head comprises distinctions of wealth. All these are,

among a people who are not completely educated, such as no nations have ever yet been, are the most palpable of all distinctions, save those of political authority. The interest of the majority of men, likewise, induces them to pay their court to wealth, even when they have no greater respect for the individual on account of his possession of it. — They pay him their obeisance for the sake of gaining favors and employments which the wealthy only can bestow. Hence, perhaps, in the majority of cases, the honors that are paid to the wealthy are hollow-hearted, and the very people who are, figuratively speaking, kneeling in their presence, are either laughing in their sleeve at the weaknesses of the person to whom they pay their court, or muttering curses at his hard-heartedness. Still, there is quite a numerous class of people, in the most enlightened community, who regard wealth as something which intrinsically adds to the merits of its possessor, and who really feel all the deference which they pay to it, and which others only pay from interest and policy. The distinctions arising from wealth are clear and palpable, and may be discerned by the foolish and ignorant, as well as the learned and wise ; while those distinctions which arise from real personal merit cannot be appreciated save by those who approximate within certain degrees of the excellence which they are called upon to honor or reward. Ignorance cannot appreciate wisdom, but poverty may appreciate wealth. A certain degree of knowledge is necessary to appreciate, though perhaps not to admire the attainments and talents of a great and learned man.

The fifth head comprises the distinctions of birth, or pedigree, or hereditary distinctions. All the honors derived from hereditary nobility come under this head, and all those distinctions which arise from any circumstances connected with one's birth, either honorable or dishonorable. Such honors are seldom founded upon any thing but caprice, and differ exceedingly in every community. Hereditary honors, though not recognized by our laws, have, nevertheless, considerable influence on the minds of our people. This is owing to the force of impressions which we have derived from our ancestors, and from our intercourse with monarchical nations. To a certain extent, it is founded in nature, and may, in some instances, be reconciled to reason. — Were it not that our laws forbid the creation of a noble rank, there is no doubt but the direct descendants of our revolutionary heroes and statesmen would constitute such a class. In foreign countries, this class of honors are, perhaps, by far the most important of any which exist ; though they are fast becoming obliterated by a revolution which is gradually taking place in the organization of modern society.

The last distinctions comprise those which are founded on race — and the most important are those which exist in relation to color. In general terms, the white varieties are considered the natural aristocracy of the human race ; the black varieties the ignoble and enslaved or slavish. There are, however, many other distinctions of this kind, some of which are founded in reason and fact, others in prejudice. — Of the former kind are those which lead an Englishman to value himself above a New Hollander or Hottentot ; and of the last are those which lead an Englishman to value himself above an Irishman, Scotchman or Frenchman.

ADDRESS

Delivered at Baltimore, at the Dedication of Odd Fellows' Hall, Sept. 18, 1844.

BY A. S. HURLBUT, P. G.

THIS day has been already filled with exercises of praise and congratulation; and we now stand before the doors of this edifice which our brethren have raised for the holy purposes of Odd Fellowship.

From ages beyond the reach of history, and only dim seen by the imperfect and flickering light of tradition, has it been the custom to distinguish occasions like this by public procession and festival.

The Egyptian, eldest of civilized man, led up the slow and solemn pomp to the doors of Isis — music breathed harmony through the air loaded with perfume and incense — monarch and priest lent the splendor of the crown and of the sacred mysteries to the vast display — while the people in multitudinous array swelled and heaved around like the restless bosom of the ocean.

So too did the Greek, whose mind was full of all high conceptions and lofty ideas, bend all his powers to adorn and deck the festival which proclaimed at once his splendor and his taste.

Imperial Rome throned upon her hills, with eagle eye scanning her subject empires, fed high the popular pride with the strange magnificence of her triumphs.

But to us this day belongs a higher and a nobler duty. No longer does the world gaze upon trophies won by lavish expenditure of blood, no more are our calmer judgements stolen away by the lofty pomp of war, no more do those spirit-stirring strains awaken within us the strong pulses of the soldier "to win the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth."

A strain of seraphic music floats around our march this day, caught by the human soul from that glad hour, when its Maker pronounced this fair world "good" — when the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

That sweet music has sounded o'er all earth at greater or lesser intervals — sometimes stunned into silence in the din and clang of laborious life; then again swelling into full harmony wherever the impulses of the heart found space and room to act. Highest and clearest of all has it pealed its triumphant notes around associations devoted to Benevolence and Charity, and not least among these upon the institution to which we belong.

It is the voice of universal love, the grand choral hymn of the Universe in which man the first of its inhabitants centres in himself the melody of all.

Peculiarly should we feel the force of these sentiments when we stand as now at the portals of this building this day consecrated to F.

L. & T. A great work has been accomplished, a noble object has been attained. Our brethren of Maryland have written in enduring materials of a noble and shapely form their devotion to the principles of the Order. Before us is the monument of their labors; *not* like the pyramids and temples of the elder world, mere piles of stone to bury a dead tyrant or adore an idol—but destined to receive thousands of those living shrines, on which forever burns the holy flame of Charity. The scattered sparks of that primal fire lie hid in every heart. Our grateful task is to gather into one these brands—to breathe upon them the breath of a strong and determined will—to tend with careful hands the sacred pile, until the gleaming light springs gladly up towards the Heaven from which it came, making bright and happy the care-worn faces and cold hearths of the poor and the desolate.

The Priestesses of Vesta in the times of Pagan Mythology were bound to keep alive upon the shrine of the Goddess the "Holy fire." It was drawn from the sun and constant watch was kept to preserve it until the next recurring anniversary, and its extinguishment was a portent ominous of evil. Our duties are a kin to this. To us too has been committed the guardianship of the holy fire of Charity. We are her priests, bound to her service by the most solemn obligations. Let us stand ever prompt and watchful around this sacred charge. See to it—brethren, that we keep it pure as we received it, and transmit it increased in volume and in power to those who come after us. And should ever so tremendous a prodigy occur as the extinguishment in this Order of Benevolence and Love—then will the rushing of inevitable ruin sound fearfully among our vacant halls, and the downfall of this institution be accomplished. Like the buried cities of Italy the splendid remnants disintombed in after time will betoken at once the greatness of our ancient state and the whirlwind of scorn beneath which we had been buried.

But why should fancy dwell upon an impossible future. There is that in our constitution which defies decay and storm. Not the pyramids themselves whose massive brows bear up the weight of forty centuries, not the highest work of man in his conquest over the material world contains so large a portion of the indestructible. It bears within itself something of the immortal—for it is founded upon *Truth*. The need of sympathy—Friendship that delights to labor for another; Charity encompassed by every guard against deception—argus-eyed to discover fraud, but equally keen of vision to detect uncomplaining misfortune—these are principles that twine among the inmost fibres of the human heart, and from these springs up aloft into the serene air the magnificent fabric of our beloved Order.

And *here* is the point to which converge all the portions of the Order—Central in her situation, devoted to the principles we profess, Baltimore stands the Head Quarters of our institution. It was in this fruitful soil that the good seed was first cast. The venerable men who planted the acorn and tended its growth with assiduous care, now behold its unexampled spread. Its branches overshadow the whole country and beneath their grateful canopy the wayfarer may sink to a calm repose. In all quarters of the Union the spirit of Odd Fellow-

ship has found its home and its progress is still onward. The cry is still *they come!—they come!*

The few voices that some twenty years since lifted up the hymn of our ceremonies are answered now by the ocean peal of thousands.—The atlantic speaks forth, and its voice is answered from beyond the Alleghanies. The granite hills of Maine clasp hands with the fair plains of the sunny South. Echo is startled among the prairies of Texas by the chorus of the Odd Fellow, and the Great Lakes see upon their shores his Lodge where short while since was the wigwam of the savage. Whence this unexampled progress, whence but from the fact that the want of a general organized system was deeply felt and that Odd Fellowship supplied the deficiency?

I may be pardoned for glancing at the history of the Order in my own State. It is now nearly three years since I first heard of the institution; it was obscure and reached me by accident. What I had heard impressed me favorably and I was also moved by curiosity. I joined—there were about 30 members—meeting in a very hap-hazard style, ill provided with equipage, regalia and funds. Now the State of South Carolina has her Grand Lodge—a Grand Encampment, eight subordinate Lodges with 1100 members and three Encampments. Of whose merits I will not trust myself to speak—but bid you come and see, and pledge you an Odd Fellow's welcome. Nor is this an uncommon picture; the country is full of changes more magical still.

Let us only then *know* our duty and *do* our duty and no more graceful spectacle can be seen than will be presented by the Order. Equality is the basis of the system. The highest in position is still amenable to the lowest. The head of the Order is at the same time but a brother of his Lodge—and on the common platform of rights distinctly secured, we meet face to face, brother-like and man-like. The unfortunate receive from a common stock to which they have all contributed. Should the hand of death strike down one of our number we commit him to the tomb and in the presence of our dead brother and of Him who is no respecter of persons we are forced to remember that here all distinctions cease. Nor does our zeal stop here; it is a beautiful provision that the children of the departed are furnished by us with the means of intellectual and moral culture. We who would save the body from want, lend our aid to feed the soul, to plume the wings of the spirit that it may soar again heavenward.

And now on this auspicious day we are met to dedicate this building to the purposes I have shadowed dimly forth. A solemn joy, borne up by buoyant hope and the strong pinions of undoubting faith, thrills through every heart. We look back with an honest pride upon the achievements of the past, and a just hope overleaps the barriers of time, and brings forward a series of years to come, whose transcendent glory shall dim that proud past into a shadow. Even now, methinks, I can see the thousands that are to come after us. From regions yet clothed in solemn forest comes the voice of the Order close upon the sound of the Pioneer's axe. The vast column of living beings that are now steadily down and beyond the Mississippi, like the father of rivers himself a current that knows no ebb—bears in its heaving bo-

som the seeds of F. L. & T. Aye, as the Heavens of a still clear midnight are studded and brilliant with unnumbered stars, each wheeling in the infinite space obedient to peculiar laws ; some suns the centres of inferior bodies, others but planets of systems beyond our ken, but all revolving in exquisite harmony and unchanging beauty around the great central point of this visible universe, each attracting the other, and each checking the slightest aberration — so I fervently trust will be the future destiny of the Order.

The solemn ceremonies of this day have dedicated this building with an imposing pomp to the principles we profess. Descend ! then, oh descend ! fair Friendship — thou of the ready hand and sympathizing heart — come borne upon the breath of grateful voices and rest thee within our walls. And thou, oh Love — eldest born of those feelings “ which make man but little lower than the angels ” — thou at whose voice the sob of sorrow subsides and the breath of whose heaven-tinted wings dries all our tears away ; thou who delightest to labor for others — to spend the long night in weary vigil by the sick bed ; to soothe the affliction of the widow and to lead the orphan by the hand — thou in whose presence the whole earth and sky are glad — and whose chosen home is the gentle and loving heart — enter within these doors and fill with thy spirit all those who come therein. And thou, oh stately and majestic Truth ! clothed in thy panoply impenetrable, and armed with gleaming sword drawn from the arsenals of Heaven, — simple, calm, severe in thy unchanging and seraphic beauty, with eye undazzled by gaudy splendor, keen to penetrate the shallow disguises of men — ready as well to aid the weak when right as to crush the strong man in his error — this hall is dedicated to thy service. — Inspire us with thy unfailing energy to endure and to act — until all weakness and duplicity shall perish, and we stand forth impregnable to every device of fraud.

Brothers — I welcome you one and all to this solemn ceremonial. — Let the events of this day make a deep impression on each of our hearts. Each stroke of the hammer in the erection of this building was the declaration of a new principle. It was the note of warning for the downfall of that wretched system which makes the pauper in order to relieve him. No cold official bestowal of aims, meets the wants and wishes of an honest poor man. His independent heart is too rugged and too stubborn to beg, and even breaks in uncomplaining silence rather than receive a cold and niggard charity. And this honest pride we cherish and support — we have a right to the aid of the Lodge, and do not ask a favor when we claim our own, and it is from this proper feeling and the efficient aid supplied by our institution that results the cheering fact that no Odd Fellow has ever been aided by the public funds.

Upon such principles as these has the wisdom of our predecessors founded our beloved Order — remembering what the poet sung —

To build a Temple, more we need than toil
And piles of stone that crush their parent soil,
The hearts of men must form its deep foundation,
Its towers must rise in trusting admiration.

Long may this Temple of our Order rise eminent to Heaven — dome, pinnacle and tower glowing in the early blush of morn, or serene in the hush of evening twilight, or calmly reflecting to the midnight sky the glances of love that descend from the blue arch above. Her courts within filled with members expert in her mysteries and her outward doors vocal with the call of the candidate. Let the melody of music float along her retired halls and startle the passer-by with a sweet surprise. Let her members as they increase, but emulate, for they cannot excel, the spirit of those who completed this great work, and the most ardent wishes of the dearest lover of the Order will be accomplished.

Original.

SYLVIUS, OR THE ROMAN ODD FELLOW.*

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE FUNERAL.

“Whom are they ushering to the silent tomb
With all this pomp and long parade of death?” — SOUTHEY.

It was the hour of sunset, the glorious sunset of Italy, where the slant rays fall in a golden shower upon the quiet landscape, and every hill and tree-top, and streamlet, quivers and trembles in a blaze of liquid light. Wreaths and chains of silver clouds edged the mellow effulgence of the sky, and ever-varying shapes of beauty floated across the heavens, like a transparent curtain, covering yet hiding not the paradise beyond.

Silence, the soft silence of a summer eve, hung around the eternal city, broken only by the music of some distant flute, or the tinkle of the mule bell, as they wound along their homeward paths. At times a buzz from the thronged avenues of the city floated across the still campagna, or the notes of the evening trumpet of the palace-guard startled the echoes of the seven hills.

As the last streak of sunlight lingered on the horizon, a solemn procession left the *Porta Esquilina*, and wended its way through the thickets of oaks, whose lengthened shadows cast a sombre gloom across

* This notion of the antiquity of Odd Fellowship will do very well in fiction; but we wish to say here, once for all, that we disclaim and have always disclaimed the idea that Odd Fellowship is as old as Nero, or as ancient as a thousand years after Nero. — Ed.

the Esquilian way. The long array of torches, the dancing light of which played faintly upon the bending branches of the trees, and the grave and dismal sound of the flutes and trumpets denoted a funeral procession — the last journey to the silent tomb of the loved and honored.

But sorrow and solemnity alone seemed to clothe the long line of mourners. The pomp and parade of Roman burial were banished. — No hired panegyrists chanted the praises of the dead — no players and buffoons recited their stale and trite quotations. No mimic Archimides strove to banish the thought of death. Save the low, monotonous music of the solemn instruments, the sable hue of the attendant lictors, and the stream of moving torches, the mummery of funeral rites was absent. Unfeigned mourners seemed they who followed with measured step the bier. Sadly and slowly the train defiled before the camp of the Prætorian cohorts, from whose quarters between the Viminalis and the Esquilina the noise of mirth and festivity, the song of revelry and debauch, lent a striking contrast to the mute array of death.

A group of the Prætorian soldiers gazed from an eminence within their camp, as the sad procession moved along beneath them. One of these, in the costume of a centurion, was a young man of about twenty-five. His form was of rare symmetry, and his countenance wore a frank and martial expression, while the brown hue of his cheek gave evidence that, though young, he had not been unused to exertion and exposure. A bright fire burned in his black eyes, the Roman fire that lit his arms to battle, yet there was a sadness in their depths, as if his young soul had early learned the lesson of adversity; the stern mandate "to labor and to wait."

"One more has gone!" said the young man at last, after following with his eyes, the procession.

"Ay," said one of his two companions, "and made room, perhaps, for a better man."

"That may hardly be," said the eldest of the three, who stood a little apart from the others.

"Then you knew him, Maro?"

"I knew him long, Clodius, and well."

"What meaneth that device upon the banner?" asked the young centurion, turning towards him who had been called Clodius.

"Thou hadst better ask Maro," was the answer, "for Baccho I know little of these mummeries."

A frown came upon the brow of Maro. "It becomes thee not to rail at such things, young Clodius. It may be thy turn next."

"That may be," said the young man, "but in faith, it shall not trouble me. But tell us the meaning of that banner if thou wilt, for Sylvius here is dying to know."

As he spoke, the last of the procession passed beneath them, and the torchlight glancing on one of the banners showed them the inscription in golden letters, "*Comites*," beneath which two interlocking hands embraced a scroll on which was written, "*Amicitia, Fides, Amor*."

"It is the motto of the Fellow-Citizens," said Maro.

"I have so lately come to Rome," said Sylvius, "that I have heard not of it."

"And thou hadst better not," replied Clodius. "It is some society of secret mummers, who have little else to do than to cozen the multitude. Indeed, I have thought it a treasonable thing."

"Thou hast thought wrong, Clodius," interrupted Maro, sternly. "There is no treason in yonder motto; there is no mummery in friendship, no cozening in truth, no treachery in love."

"Well, well, Maro, have thy own way. But I must to my post." And the young man turned away from his companions. Sylvius remained standing by the side of Maro, his gaze still following the procession, now fast receding amid the dark oaks that hemmed the cemetery.

Maro advanced and touched the shoulder of the young centurion. "What thinkest thou of these?"

"I know not, but would fain learn more of them, Maro."

"Thou shalt! come with me to-night, and I will show thee union without jealousy, generosity without ostentation. I will show thee those who are brethren to the stranger, fathers to the orphan, and friends to the oppressed, wherever they may be."

The young man's eyes flashed with a sudden joy. "Wilt thou do this, Maro. Then I am thine forever. But no! there can be no men like this in Rome. Thou art jesting, Maro."

"Come with me, Sylvius," said Maro solemnly, and a gentle smile softened the furrows of his stern countenance. "I will show thee what thou hast not dreamed of. Wilt thou come?"

"I will."

CHAPTER II.

THE MEETING OF THE COMITES.

"Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear."

JOHNSON. — *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

It was midnight, and the palaces of the Tiber were gay with music and brilliant with light. Fair forms were flitting by the open windows or along the flowery terraces, and the boatmen as he floated noiselessly down the river, would behold for an instant a form of beauty bending over him from the palace balconies, or hear a ringing laugh, or catch, perchance, a sigh; for sighs are breathed amid splendor, and sobs mingle with music, oftentimes, in the halls of the great and powerful.

In a spacious room upon the margin of the Tiber, whose open windows admitted the pure air of the hills and the quiet light of the moonbeams, a group of men clad in flowing robes, seemed occupied in some religious rite.

Upon a lofty platform at the head of the apartment, sat an aged man. The snows of eighty winters had whitened his head, but chilled not his heart. The sweet expression of benevolence that beamed in his smile, and the quiet joy that shone in his clear hazel eye, gave evidence of a calm and peaceful spirit.

Around him, on either side of the room, were disposed at intervals

a dozen forms, which, in addition to the flowing toga, were covered with a long white veil that fell in thick folds to their feet. In the centre of the floor, another group stood silently around a kneeling figure. A silken bandage was bound around his brow, and a silken robe covered his shoulders. His hands were clasped together, and his eyes turned towards the ceiling, as if they sought to pierce through filament and roof to heaven.

A pure white banner, on which, in golden characters, the words of "*Friendship, Truth and Love*" were written, waved thrice above the head of the acolyte. A hand grasped each of his, and he rose slowly to his feet. The bandage fell from his eyes, and he gazed around him. It was the Centurion Sylvius, and the hand of Maro was within his own.

The chief of the assembly rose from his seat, and descended to the new-made member. Placing his hands above his head, he raised his eyes solemnly to heaven, and his aged lips moved in a blessing.

"Young Comes, thy first lesson shall be that of doing good. Take this, and give it to the widow of him who to-day descended to the solemn shades. She pineth for consolation. Speak to her, brother, the words of sympathy. May the gods bless thee, and instruct thee in thy task."

The brother who held the left hand of Sylvius placed within it a purse of gold. The aged man returned to his place, and lifting his arms to heaven implored the benediction of the Gods. Maro pressed the hands of his young friend, and led him from the hall.

The first grey of morning had just appeared, when Sylvius knocked at the door of an humble dwelling at the foot of the Aventine. He held in his hand a letter from Maro to the widow of the Comes, who had been buried the previous day.

The door opened and a vision of beauty burst upon the young centurion. Before him stood a young maiden, with the glow of childhood still on her velvet cheek, and the trustfulness of modesty beaming from her soft blue eye. Sylph-like in proportion, and with the look of angel purity about her, the young man's gaze was enchained with the lovely presence.

With difficulty his tongue could tell his errand; and when he beheld the grateful blush that stole over the whiteness of the maiden's neck, and the joy that smiled in her eye as he spoke the greetings of her husband's friends to the ear of the widowed mother, the young man's heart thrilled with a new and strange sensation; his spirit owned a spell that had come not over it before.

And when the words of sympathy had been spoken, and the offering of friendship had been given, the young man lingered still. The sad girl's heart beat wildly when she heard the voice of Sylvius, and he strove to calm the sorrow of her soul. Hours flew away, and the maiden and the youth sat side by side, and the aged mother looked on them with a placid smile. When the evening shadows were stealing again upon the walls of Rome, and the trumpet of the Prætorian cohorts called the centurion to the camp, he rose and took the hand of

the young girl. "Thy father sleeps in the tomb, Marcia," he said, but in me behold thy friend, thy brother."

"Hast thou no other sister?"

"Sister or brother I have not. An orphan have I been from earliest youth."

"Alas, alas!" said Marcia, pityingly, "thy father, then, is dead."

"He went to the wars in my infancy, and never returned. I do painfully remember his form, and his last parting from my mother. — She lived a few years more, and then I became an orphan."

"And may not thy father still live?"

"I dare not hope."

He gazed upon the maiden as he spoke, and beheld a tear tremble upon her eyelids. She forgot her own sorrows, and wept for her new friend. Sylvius bent over her. "I will be thy brother," he said.

With a sweet and trustful gaze she looked into his face, and a bright smile came over her own. "My brother," she cried, "bless thee for that word." And when his departing footsteps were no longer heard, she leaned her head upon her small white hand, and murmured softly "My brother!"

CHAPTER III.

MARCIA.

The love of youthful hearts,
That holiest thing beneath the love of God. — MARTIAL.

Months passed away, and the young *Comes* found kindred hearts and generous spirits among his new companions. There were high and low in that firmly-knit band; — the proud Senator pressed the hand of the slave; — the German stood side by side with the Roman citizen, yet the bond of brotherhood united all. Men of pure lives, of noble souls, alone were admitted in the band, and the only aim was the high, the holy privilege of "doing good."

And the young Marcia, too, wound herself around the heart of Sylvius. Her beauty, her artlessness and unprotected youth, appealed to the centurion's strongest sympathies, and the first warm imaginings of love awoke within his heart. He knew not why, and Marcia could not tell him, but the revelry of the camp was dull to him. He joyed to steal away in the mellow twilight, and breathe his flute at the feet of the young girl, or read a favorite song, and listen to her praises. — And she watched for his form when the evening meal was over, and sprung lightly to seat herself beside him, beneath the waving foliage of the river trees, and twine a wreath of flowers and green leaves and place it on his brow. A bright and gladsome summer rolled over the heads of the young lovers.

But the summons came for a new levy of troops for the Jewish campaign, and the Prætorians were drafted for the guard of Titus. Marcia shed many a bitter tear as Sylvius gasped forth the dreadful word *farewell!* It was like plucking her heart-strings asunder, this parting from her brother. Alas! she wept not thus when her father sank to

death ; the deep sighs shook not her bosom then as now. Would she have sorrowed thus had Sylvius been in truth her brother ?

But the word was breathed, and Sylvius departed, and the maiden turned and wept on her mother's bosom. "He will return, my child." But Marcia cried "He has gone."

The fire of an August sun fell parchingly upon the plains of Syria. No breath moved the heavy leaves of the palm-tree, or rippled the sluggish bosom of the desert spring. Nature seemed stilled with drought, and helpless in the fiery blaze. Alone, across the burning sands, came a rider, lashing the sides of his horse as if in eager haste. A grove of date trees was before him, and he paused a moment to breathe his panting steed. It was Sylvius, the young centurion.

"It is done !" he cried, "I have succored the oppressed, and perhaps my life may be the forfeit. But I will abide by my oath."

A sudden cry, a cry of peril and agony, fell upon his ear.

It came from the depths of the grove, and in an instant the soldier sprang from his horse. Again it came, and, bounding through the thicket, he sped in the direction of the sound. The clash of swords struck upon his ear, and then a stifled groan. He once more started forward and reached the scene of strife. An aged and richly attired man had sunk to the ground beneath the weapons of his assailants ; one sword was already at the victim's breast, and the steel of Sylvius clashed with another. The ruffian, taken unawares, was not prepared for the fierce attack of the centurion. He fell beneath his vigorous stroke, and Sylvius grappled with his companion.

A strong arm and a quick eye met him. His antagonist was one of those fierce and outlawed men who hovered around the borders of the doomed Judea, slaying both Israelite and Roman — Ishmaelites, with their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them. The fall of his comrade inflamed his rage, and like rain fell his blows upon the young soldier. The crashing blow and the swift and desperate thrust were met and parried. Hand to hand, and foot to foot, over the prostrate body of him who had been first attacked, they fought. The marauder's falchion dashed the steel cap from the head of Sylvius, but shivered with the blow. The Roman pressed upon him, and with a curse he flung the iron hilt at the brow of Sylvius, and fled. The soldier looked once at his retreating foe, and once to heaven. Then, stunned and senseless, he fell heavily to the ground at the side of him whom he had rescued.

Evening fell on the hot plain, and the palm-trees bent down over the sleeping Sylvius. The aged man leaned over him, and his eyes were turned toward heaven, and his lips moved in prayer for his deliverer.

A locket hung from the young man's neck, in which a braid of dark and glossy hair was visible. The aged stranger grasped it in his hand and kissed it silently, while his tears fell warm upon the soldier's cheek. Then, parting the close centurion's vestment, he gazed fixedly upon the figure of a rose upon the breast of Sylvius. "It is he," he murmured — "The gods be blessed ! now shall I die in peace, for I have

seen him once more." The soldier's eyes opened, and fell upon the weeping stranger. He essayed to speak, but his lips were parched and dry. The old man placed a moistened sponge to his mouth, and sprinkled his hot forehead. "Thanks, reverend sir," said Sylvius.

"Rather let me pour out my gratitude for thy timely aid, my brave deliverer. Had it not been for thy bold heart and strong arm, I should have slept the sleep that knows no waking."

"Have the marauders escaped?"

"Behold!" said the other, and Sylvius, leaning upon his elbow, looked around him. With his eyes fixed in a cold and glassy stare, and his white features rigid in the moonlight, lay within a few feet of him the corpse of him whom he had slain. "May the gods pardon me," he cried, "It is a fearful thing to take the life of man."

"Not in a righteous cause!" said his companion, "Dost thou repent thee of my rescue?"

"Nay, I said not so; but how wert thou attacked?"

"I journeyed alone, to join the caravan for Jerusalem; and while resting beneath these trees, while the sun was highest in the heavens, three villains attacked me. While I defended myself against the swords of two, the other fled upon my steed, and I was fast sinking beneath their blows, when thy timely succor rescued me. I heard thy sword clash with the villain's steel, and sank senseless. When I awoke, I beheld thee by my side, and the setting sun reddening with its light yon ruffian's livid features. This is my story. But who art thou, noble soldier?"

"I am a centurion of the general's guard, and am on my way to join the army. Already have I tarried too long, and must hasten to my post; albeit the robber has taken from me my noble steed, that has borne me many a day."

"Thou wilt surely rest, before proceeding on thy way."

"Nay, I dare not. I have broken now my leave, and the penalty of death hangs over me."

"And I have been the cause of this!" cried the old man, beating his breast. "To succor me, thou hast incurred thy general's displeasure."

"Not so—it was incurred, ere I beheld thee, sir. Another task"—

The youth paused, and grasped the stranger's hand. A sudden smile crossed his face, and, starting to their feet, the two embraced.

"*Amicitia, Amor, Fides*," were the first words they spoke. The Comites had met in the desert.

"It was to relieve a suffering brother that I tarried in Italy, by command of the chief of our order."

"Thou hast done well," said the stranger. "But lo! our help is nigh!" continued he, as a cloud of dust appeared in the line of the horizon. "A caravan approaches."

In a few moments, the roll of the kettle drums, and blast of trumpets, gave notice of the approach of a large band of merchants, guarded by a detachment of Roman soldiers, with supplies for the army of Jerusalem. As they drew near, the aged stranger advanced to meet them. The commander raised his plumed helmet, and bent his

head to the saddle-bow, as the tall and venerable man saluted him. "Young Comes," whispered the old man, bending his lips to the ear of Sylvius, "mount, thou, this soldier's horse, and speed to the camp of Titus; I will see thee there."

And at a few words to the commander, the latter sprang from his steed, and threw the bridle upon the arm of the centurion. Sylvius leaped to the saddle, and waved his hand to his companion. The next moment he was far away, speeding over the moonlit plain.

"Noble boy!" said the old man, as he gazed after the soldier, "thou art worthy of the stock whence thou springest. But ho! bringest thou despatches for the general?"

"Despatches from Vespasian and the Senate," said the commander, bending his head.

"I will take charge of them. We will repose to-night beneath these trees."

"Tis well, noble sir!" said the other, and led the way to a pavilion which the soldiers had pitched. As he passed the spot where lay the robber's corpse, ghastly and cold, the stern soldier's lip for a moment quivered. But the Roman officer's discipline forsook him not. He spoke no word, but, like an automaton, moved towards the tents. What had he to do with the dead man?

CHAPTER IV.

JERUSALEM.

And thrice he cried,
Even as the stricken crowds fled shrieking by,
"Woe to the Temple!" — THE JEW.

The towers of Jerusalem looked down upon banner, and tent, and plume, and glittering arms. The whole city was invested by the army of Titus, and though capitulation had been twice offered, the obstinate and jealous leaders of the besieged refused to listen to any terms, or entertain one ambassador. The temple, that glorious structure, on which the wealth of a dozen treasuries had been exhausted still stood, though the dismantled towers and broken walls around it, denoted that against this part the attacks of the besiegers had been chiefly directed. As the sunset now fell upon the glittering pinnacle, and gates, it seemed like a halo cast from heaven around the house of God, to consecrate it to his worship.

"It is a glorious spectacle," said a Roman soldier, who stood upon the Mount of Olives, and beheld beneath him the mighty panorama of camp and city. "Alas, that the cloud of war hangeth over it, so soon to veil its splendor."

"Ay, Maro," said another, who now approached, "the rebellious city is doomed. Titus has ordered the attack upon the morrow, and another sunset will behold the Eagle on the pinnacle of yonder fane. But, hast heard the news? Thy friend, young Sylvius, has arrived."

"Ha!" cried Maro.

"Ay, and even now the council have met to try him for desertion. He came guarded by a score of his own troop."

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Maro, "this must not be. Believest thou him guilty?"

"The laws of the camp are strict, and Sylvius hath transgressed them. We may hope much, however, from the clemency of Titus."

"He must be saved," said Maro. "Do the brethren meet this eve?"

"They are even now convened in the garden."

Maro turned and descended swiftly the woody hill. He paused not again to mark the splendor of the western sky. Other thoughts were busy in the breast of the Comes.

In a thick grove in what was then called the Garden of the Mount, the Comites were assembled. Maro gave the signal to the brother who guarded the entrance to the tent, and was admitted. Around the apartment were seated the brethren, and the voice of the Grand Master was raised in a prayer to heaven for the morrow's victory. Maro advanced to the centre of the tent, and raised his hand. The voice of the chief ceased, and silence fell upon the auditors.

"Speak!" said the venerable master, "Brother, what is thine errand?"

"Sylvius, the centurion, is on trial for his life. He has broken the strict laws of the camp, and appeared not at his post when summoned. Titus is generous, but he is also just, and the centurion dies upon the morrow."

Maro paused and looked around him. The brethren sat immoveable, though every eye was fixed upon his face. The chief at length broke silence.

"Brother, why should the Comites arrest the judgment of the general?"

"Because Sylvius is a Comes of Rome — because he lingered on an errand of mercy to a brother in affliction — because he will open not his lips to justify his acts, but die, as he has lived, a true Comes."

The Grand Master waved his hand, and the Scribe upon his right drew forth a roll of papyrus. In a low, clear voice, he then read: "Lucius Tornus, a brother of the Comites, prayeth for relief in his affliction. Granted, and the new Comes, Sylvius, deputed to relieve him."

"Thy speech is true, brother," said the chief; "Comites, what shall be done?"

"He must be saved!" was the murmur that rose through the tent, and Maro, seating himself amid the circle, the voice of the Grand Master continued his prayer to the Gods.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION.

He that was dead is alive again, and he that was lost is found.

THE PRADIQUE.

Along the vast plain that skirted the many hills around Jerusalem,

the troops of Titus were stretched, their arms glancing and banners waving in the soft light of morning. The summons of the trumpet to marshal the array, had not yet sounded. Nevertheless, a band of armed and mounted men were drawn up before the general's tent. — Seven companies, of one hundred each, with a leader at the van of each battallion, waited silently the signal of their chief. Seven hundred bright lances flashed back the orient sun, and seven white banners, on which the mystic motto "Friendship, Love and Truth," was blazoned, waved at the head of each firm column. At last, at a signal from the chief, the foremost standard-bearer dismounted from his horse and advanced towards the tent of Titus.

The young commander sat alone in his tent. The lamp yet unextinguished, and the piles of papers that were spread upon the table, gave token of how he had passed the night. A smile — a sweet smile, that could win all hearts — beamed upon his lip, and his whole bearing gave token of that beneficent spirit which, in after years, was to earn for him the appellation of "*The Just*."

An attendant entered. "The Comites have sent a messenger to the most noble Titus."

"Let him enter. This is that strange brotherhood which has increased so greatly in the army,"

A step approached, and the form of the soldier Maro sank at the feet of his general.

"Rise, brave Maro," said Titus, "what is thy request?"

"I come from my brethren, the Comites, to pray thy pardon of the young centurion, Sylvius."

"He was condemned on yester-eve," said Titus. "He must die."

"Gracious prince, pardon him; he is brave and true. It was by command of our Order that he was absent from the camp."

"Ha! what sayest thou? Commandeth any other power in the camp of Titus? Take heed, Maro."

"Not against thee, O prince, but for heaven. It was to succor the distressed that he tarried behind his company."

"And was he willing thus to risk his life?"

"Ay, my general, as we each and all are in the cause of Friendship, Love and Truth."

"Return, Maro," said Titus, the stern expression that had shadowed his countenance vanishing as he spoke, "I will rejoin thee beyond the tent."

The soldier left the apartment, and Titus, withdrawing a curtain, looked forth. Maro had reached the troops, and spoken to the leader. Then, mounting his horse, and raising his banner again above his head, the soldier fell back once more to the head of his hundred men.

"I will test the friendship of these Comites," said Titus to himself, and grasping his sword, and placing his helmet upon his head, he left the tent.

Each steel cap bent to the horse's neck as the general appeared. — Titus waved his hand, and a herald approached.

"Sound and speak to these armed Comites. The life of the cen-

turion Sylvius is forfeit to the king. Who will surrender his life to save that of the condemned? If there be one, let him ride once more around the tent of the Eagle."

The trumpet sounded, and the herald delivered his message. One moment there was a dead silence. Each eye was fixed upon the general. Then, swift as an arrow, the aged master of the Comites sprang forward, and Titus beheld with awe the assembled troops, defiled around his tent. Not one remained — not one faint heart refused the price of friendship. Each crossed the line — each laid upon the mystic altar of love the sacrifice of his life. The blood left the cheeks of the general as he beheld this spectacle. "Noble, generous men!" he cried, "ye shall not be unrewarded; the life of Sylvius is granted."

A shout of gladness rose loud and clear, from the assembled ranks, and the doomed centurion was led forward — free.

A trumpet sounded at the outpost of the camp, and a troop of mounted men now approached the general.

"The Senator Piso, with despatches from Rome," said a soldier; and the aged stranger of the desert rode up to the pavilion. Titus seized the stranger by the hand, and warmly welcomed him.

"Thou hast come in time, noble Piso, for thou art, I believe, a Comes."

"Ay, in time to reward one to whom I owe my life," said the Senator. "Most noble Titus, this young soldier is my long-lost son; and taking the hand of the wondering Sylvius, he led him to the feet of the prince.

"Thy mother's locket revealed thee in the desert," said Piso, "and I claim thee here as the son of a Roman Senator. Wilt thou receive thy father?"

The young man gazed for a moment around him. He beheld the friendly face of Maro, the benevolent countenance of the Grand Master, and the sweet smile of Titus. He threw himself upon his new-found father's neck, and wept aloud.

"And for ye, generous men," said the general turning to the Comites, "let the name of Titus be admitted among your own. All honor will it be that I can call ye brethren."

Jerusalem fell, and a few months passed away. Then, upon the banks of the Tiber, and in one of Rome's proudest palaces, were met a brilliant company. The new-found Sylvius — the recovered son of a senator of Rome — wedded the beautiful Marcia. Maro was there, and Titus, the prince of Rome, gave away the bride. Sylvius blessed the day that he beheld the funeral of the Comes, and his sweet bride wept tears of joy as she read the motto of the bridal wreaths —

"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH."

THE STAR OF HOPE.

From the unpublished manuscripts of B. B. Thacher.

FAINT as the glow-worm's fire,
Beam forth upon the night
The pilot's uncertain, changeless star,
And the seaman's silver light.

Yet are they dearer, far,
Than all the wealth untold,
That strews the rills of Araby,
Or the Orman vales, with gold.

They point thro' cloud and storm,
From heaven and from earth,
To many a weary wanderer,
His country, and the hearth.

Where young, bright eyes shall greet him
With the joy of trusting tears,
And cheeks shall bloom again,
Paled with the grief of years.

So o'er my life's dim sea
The light of hope doth show
Where blush the fairest flowers,
And skies the brightest glow.

And so Hope's lofty flight
From the far-off stormy beach,
On wind and wave far out
Its trembling gleam doth reach.

But built on earth's dim strand,
That hope may only show
Where the lands of time grow greenest,
And its skies the brightest glow.

Oh, that to me one beam
Of the *star* unveiled were given,—
The hope that hangs its flame divine
O'er the very verge of Heaven.

Original.

CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

BY S. B. WESTON.

In the present article, we present a subject which is fraught with deep interest. We propose to consider the tendency of the press, as it is and has been, for years conducted, and to urge the claims which exist for improvement.

When we refer to the press as being almost omnipotent in its power and influence, we affirm that which every individual of observation will most readily acknowledge. From the hour when the art of printing was first heralded into existence, to the present moment, the most important consequences have followed in its train.

The improvement of the world—the sure and steady advance which has been made, in science, in letters, in the social and moral condition of man, all these stand forth as witnesses for the power of the press. And we might, as evidencing the same power, point to no less important facts, but yet of a contrary character. The press has been an efficient instrument in the hands of the Reformer, the Religionist, the Statesman, as well as in those of the devotees of sinful lust and passion.—As the sun to the world of matter, so has the press been; sometimes imparting a life-giving, healthful influence, sometimes destroying with its power the fairest products in the garden of the world. While we rejoice in the existence of such an aid to human progress, we no less sincerely deplore the fact that it has, in no small degree, assisted in the advance of evil.

Like almost every thing else, then, which is valuable, the press may, and has, become perverted and abused. Hence the subject of its regulation. Nor is it a subject of slight consequence. Law, even, has interposed, considering the liability to misuse so great. What a person has a right to publish, and what he has not a right to publish, are definable by legal code, for every violation of which he is responsible. This, it will be conceded, is equitable. The protection of society has demanded it. Years and experience have only served to strengthen confidence in this protection, which the wisdom and erudition of legislators have granted.

The means for good or evil which the press possesses may be, in some measure, estimated, by referring to the fact that it has almost infinite facility in distribution. There are no set limitations to the extent or the rapidity of its circulation. The libel, the bitter slander, which appears in a public print, is, in a few days disseminated the land over; is read by thousands, yea, millions, and as many minds are influenced thereby. If on the other hand, any valuable truth, any important information, is promulgated, an equal publicity is given to it,

and the effects are as gratifying as, in the other case, they are a source of regret.

At no period has this been so true as at the present. Once, the circle in which the press had influence was indeed limited. Men have not always had railroads; have not always travelled by steam. The Boston print could not once have been distributed in a week through the entire South and West, or the English print, in a slightly larger space of time, be conveyed across the ocean, and placed in the hands of American readers. And then, also, the number of avenues through which information comes. Millions upon millions of publications are annually poured from the press. Our monthlies, our weeklies, our dailies—their name is Legion. Add to these the vast number of other publications, which are occasional, and we are presented with an aggregate astonishing indeed. Here, then, is the facility of doing an almost incalculable amount of good or evil. We will glance, for a moment, at this subject, and endeavor to discover on which side the balance is at present to be found.

Every publication, of whatever party in politics, sect in religion, or the organ of whatever body of reformers, seeks to establish its claims to public support by a bold and uncompromising advocacy of truth and right. It raises its standard high, on coming into the field, but it remains for the lapse of time alone to settle the question whether it has sustained, with honor to itself, its position. If, in this light, we look at the mass of the publications of the day, we shall most assuredly discover a failing. We shall observe that they are characterised by a lack of that ability, that vigorous and high toned sentiment, which, indeed, is so essential to their existence. There is a looseness, in truth, a want of energy and soul which does not meet with the patronage and countenance of the better portion of the community. Hence, though multitudes of publications appear upon the stage, they soon disappear altogether, or are merged into something else, and thus make their appearance in another form. Fluctuation, therefore, is the order of the day. It is a very easy task to commence a publication, but experience has established it as a truth, that it is more difficult to sustain it in existence. That desire for change—that itching for something new—which so universally pervades the mass of mankind, (now too much catered to) has given impetus to the world of publications. Men seem more disposed to forsake those which are valuable and good, than to adhere to them. Were this adherence constant and enduring, society would be freed from much of the useless material that is thrown forth upon it, and a staid and sound literature would be the happy consequence. This desire of the public, which needs most essential correction, has been gratified and encouraged rather than checked and restrained. A burning desire for gain has induced a most exuberant issue of reading matter, which, it were better, had not been within reach of individuals. The cheapness which has marked the publications of the day has induced a purchase, and every purchase, as a matter of course, has found a reader.

This fluctuation, however, is not, after all, so serious an objection to the press—issues of the time, as to the character of those issues. And

what do we find this to be? Much of it, we regret to say, is of a tendency directly the reverse of what it should be. Much of it is unfit for any one's perusal — but especially dangerous for the perusal of the young. An examination into some of it convinces us that it has but little higher claims to perusal than those works which the law so justly frowns upon. This remark more particularly applies to that class of publications not enumerated in the periodical literature of the time. The rules of refined society prevent the introduction of much of this reading to which we refer, to its favor. But yet there are multitudes who do read it, and are affected by it.

When we speak of the periodicals of the day, we do not, of course, impute to them the violation of any of the laws of propriety or decency. They are, as before said, mostly obnoxious to the charge of impotency. While the periodicals which appear are strong in numbers, the proportion of them displaying aught like talent or ability is small indeed. One great reason of this we have already hinted at. There is talent enough in the country to conduct periodicals, to make them what they should be. There are writers, many and able. So diffuse and uncertain, however, is the support tendered to these publications, that to but few of the more prominent and successful, whose means will allow a compensation for the services of talent, is talent accessible. The concentration of patronage, and its permanency, would remedy this evil. Let but the patronage which is at present scattered over so vast a field, be concentrated upon half of what it now embraces, and there would be spirit and interest in our magazines, and society would be benefitted.

The loose habit of reading into which men in our time have fallen, needs correction. There is too much inattention in the community in reference to this matter. Men are guilty of overlooking and neglecting those works which are calculated to enlighten the mind and improve the heart, and of countenancing, with too great liberality, those of a contrary character.

There is objection to much that is published, not because it is grossly immoral, but rather that its tendency is to degrade and lower the high character which the press should ever sustain. There is a class of publishers who seem actuated only by the most malevolent feelings; who seek to tear down and destroy what they fancy comes in the way of any particular sect or party of which they may be the organs, and that only by the most shameless means. They seem to have no scruple about publishing anything which may reflect upon the character and standing of opponents, and thus to become the instruments of public abuse. This, more especially, is true of the political press, although, we are sorry to say, it has, in some instances, marked the publications of religious and moral associations.

As regards the light literature of the day, the most that can be said is, (and perhaps that is sufficient) that it diverts the mind from other subjects, which might profitably be studied.

What is most needed at this day, is *discrimination*, — a careful investigation into the merits of works which come before the public. — With the public rests the removal of the evil of which we have spok-

en in this article, and that by the simple exercise of judgment in the bestowment of their favor. Whether loose publications shall be permitted to exist, or whether those of a character more refined, more intelligent, and of good and healthful influence shall be sustained, is a question for the public to settle.

Original.

LOVE'S OWN TEAR.

BY BRO. D. RUSSELL.

SORROW has the soothing tear,
 That weeps her woe away,
 Joy a gem serenely clear,
 That blends with rapture's ray ;
 Fond Sympathy, a softer dew,
 And Pity pearls as bright,
 When Beauty's eyes, of radiant hue,
 Beam soft in humid light.

And yet has beauty's eye a charm
 More exquisite than this,
 When Love's own tear starts rich and warm
 At passion's parting kiss.
 O then its lustre is divine,
 No ray of heaven is clearer,
 It is Love's purest, brightest shrine,
 And earth hold's nothing dearer.

Boston, April 1, 1844.

GENIUS, when employed in works whose tendency it is to demoralize and degrade us, should be contemplated with abhorrence rather than with admiration ; such a monument of its power, may indeed be stamped with immortality, but, like the Colisæum at Rome, we deplore its magnificence, because we detest the purposes for which it was designed. — *Lacon.*

Original.

THE TRUE GLORY OF A NATION.

BY REV. BRO. O. A. SKINNER.

EVERY page of history is rich with instruction. From the revolutions of empires, and the rise and fall of nations, can be drawn some of the most important lessons ever presented for human consideration. How essential, for instance, are the lessons to be drawn from the fate of Tyre? This was called the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, and whose traffickers the honorable of the earth. Situated at the entry of the sea, its location was one of the finest that could have been selected for trade and security. For the long period of a thousand years, the trade of all nations centred in this place, and it held an absolute monopoly of every branch of commerce. Not a single production of the east passed to the west, or of the west to the east, but by the merchants of Tyre. But mighty as was this city; boundless as was its wealth, and unlimited as was its trade, the prophet foresaw that its glory would depart, and the city become the home of poor fishermen. Hence he says: "I will scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God." It is also said: "I will make thee like the top of a rock; thou shalt be a place to spread a net upon; thou shalt be built no more, for I the Lord have spoken it, saith the Lord God." Ezekiel speaks of this city, under the figure of a vessel. He says she is a merchant of many isles, whose ship-boards are of fir-trees; whose masts were taken from the tall cedars of Lebanon; whose oars were made of the oaks of Bashan; whose benches were of the ivory of the Asherites, whose sails were of the fine linen and brodered work of Egypt; whose mariners were the inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad; whose pilots were wise men, and whose caulkers were the ancients of Gebal; whose men of war were the people of Persia, and of Lud, and of Phut.

The overthrow of Tyre produced a great sensation throughout the world. To this the prophet thus refers: "Shall not the isles shake at the sound of thy fall, when the wounded cry, when the slaughter is made in the midst of thee? Then all the princes of the sea shall come down from their thrones, and lay away their robes, and put off their brodered garments; they shall clothe themselves with trembling; they shall sit upon the ground, and shall tremble at every moment, and be astonished at thee. And they shall take up a lamentation for thee, and say to thee, How art thou destroyed, that wast inhabited of sea-faring men, the renowned city, which wast strong in the sea, she and her inhabitants, which cause their terror to be on all that haunt it. Now shall the isles tremble in the day of thy fall; yea, the isles that

are in the sea shall be troubled at thy departure." Well might the nations tremble at the fall of such a city as this ; for, if her means of defence, her resources, her commerce, her greatness, could not perpetuate her power and glory, what city could hope to stand ? What nation to live in security ?

But why was Tyre overthrown ? What was the cause of her downfall ? I do not mean by this question, what was the immediate cause of her ruin, for that is a matter of history. We know by whom she was conquered and reduced to desolation. Our question goes far back of the immediate cause, and relates to the primary reasons for the destruction of this city which had stood for so many centuries in unequalled might and glory. To go fully into a consideration of these causes, it is necessary to look carefully at its inhabitants.

They were rich. Her merchants were princes. Their commerce extended to almost all parts of the world, and streams of wealth were continually flowing in to them from Greece, Egypt, Persia, Africa, Syria, Damascus, Arabia, Tarshish, and every country and city of importance then known. The Tyrians were brave. They had hearts of iron, and feared not to face the mightiest foe by which they were attacked. They withstood the Assyrian power for five years, and afterward they held out thirteen years against king Nebuchadnezzar. — The Tyrians were a warlike people, and for centuries had the honor of possessing the empire of the sea.

In these things did they glory. They boasted that they had merchants whose credit, riches and splendor rendered them equal to the princes and great men of the earth ; they boasted of being governed by a monarch who might justly be denominated the god of the Sea ; they were proud of their antiquity, and from its remoteness they claimed a kind of eternity, and vainly thought they had a right to promise themselves another such eternity to come.

According to these views, the Tyrians supposed that the true glory of a nation consisted in its wealth, its courage, its military tactics, and the pomp and parade of worldly power. Here was their mistake. — And hence, while they sought to increase their wealth, to strengthen their fortifications, to perfect themselves in the use of arms, and to astonish the world with their splendor and grandeur, they paid no attention to their moral culture ; but became puffed up with pride, and thought the glory of possessing the empire of the sea ; of being the seat of universal commerce ; of giving birth to the most famous colonies ; of having princes for their merchants ; of being governed by the mightiest of monarchs, and of tracing back their origin through remote ages, was enough to secure their continued prosperity, and render them permanent through all the periods of earth. But her proud fleets, known and respected on all the seas ; her lofty fortifications, which she thought impregnable ; her riches, which she heaped up as mire in the streets, could not give security to Tyre, after she became proud, and was corrupted by avarice and luxury. God would not be the protector of a city depending thus on her own strength, wisdom and riches. He therefore sent against her the kings of the earth, to overwhelm her with mighty hosts, to demolish her ramparts, ruin her proud pal-

aces, deliver up her merchandise and treasures to others, and reduce her to desolation.

But Tyre is not the only city which has erred in this way. Here has been the mistake of the whole world. How can we increase our dominion, our wealth, our physical power? has, in all ages, been the inquiry. Hence, war has succeeded war; rock-built cities have been reared to the heavens, and vast armies have been marching and counter-marching, to lay waste and destroy. O how unlike true glory is the glory of past ages! That was the glory of parade and external grandeur; of blood and conquest; of vast dominions and physical force; which made man a mere machine, to obey the will of a despot; a mere slave, to toil and die for kings; a mere instrument, to be used for a season, and then dashed to pieces to swell the glory of conquerors. True glory is not blood-stained and cruel, and built on deeds which make the heart weep and bleed. No — O no. The real glory of a people consists in their individual virtue, intelligence, freedom and industry; in their being capable of self-government, and having true religion for their shield and defence. No nation, then, has so much true glory as our own. We have long seen that our true safety and honor lie,

1. In the religious character of our people. None but those who can control their own appetites and passions are capable of self-government. If you give the best laws ever passed to a people besotted and degraded, it will not improve their condition in the least. Men are capable of freedom only in proportion as they are christians; they are secure from wrong and violence and anarchy only in proportion as they respect the laws of God. How, then, ought we to rejoice when we see the Christian religion exerting its holy power, subduing the heart, purifying and exalting the affections, and making men respect each other's rights and privileges! And how, too, ought we to rejoice when we see a temple lifting its tall spire to heaven, designed for the worship of God, the Father and Friend of all! Religion must control the people, or they cannot long continue free and independent; for who would enforce the law of equal rights, if all were a band of heartless oppressors; who punish theft, if all were thieves; who defend the sanctity of life, if all were murderers? The law, no matter how wise and good, can never be enforced, any farther than is required by the moral sense of the people. The character and execution of laws in a country, show exactly the regard cherished for right and justice and equality. Almost everything, then, depends upon the gospel. It is this that must form the character, and fit people for their duty as freemen. Men, I know, will praise freedom in the language of profaneness; they will sip the maddening bowl under the waving banner of their country, and boast of their rights and privileges; but, did liberty rest with such men, I fear the temple of freedom would soon crumble to ashes. Why, look at France. She failed in her efforts to be free because her people were wicked. "The Goddess of Liberty seemed shocked at having her cause committed to such profane men, and to avenge the insult offered, she sent among them confusion and destruction." It was not the want of intelligence in the leaders of the nation, for they were well instructed in the school of American poli-

tics. It was not the want of examples to guide her, for the light of other nations illumined her pathway. It was all for the want of religion. The people had no sense of justice and right; they had no control over themselves; they were licentious and reckless and unprincipled. Religion, then, is our glory. It is in our churches, and our ministry, and our Christian virtues, that we must rejoice; for they are not only the corner-stone in the temple of freedom, but its chief pillars.

2. The glory of a nation is its intelligence. While religion has power to prevent people from doing intentional wrong, and enable them to understand the obligations resting upon them, it cannot unfold the best measures to be adopted in laboring to advance the interests of the country. Hence, pure-hearted people, who are under the controlling power of christianity, are often the dupes of the designing, and the slaves of political demagogues. The people, therefore, need intelligence as well as religion. They should be so well informed as to be able to judge for themselves in regard to their rights, and interests. Unless they are, there is but little safety for freedom; the lovers of power will soon reduce the many into a state of willing subjection, or by art and stratagem, they will steal away their rights, and compel submission to their unholy dictation. We should rejoice, then, in every means of spreading intelligence. We should rejoice in our schools and seminaries and colleges; we should rejoice in the freedom of the press; we should rejoice in all lectures, calculated to diffuse useful knowledge, whether scientific, political or historical. Let me not be understood as believing that knowledge will do without religion; or that knowledge will do more than religion. Some of the greatest enemies of our country have been among the most intelligent men of this nation. Look, for instance, at Aaron Burr. He was not only a man of splendid natural endowments, but of highly cultivated talents; and had it not been for his shameless infidelity to the cause of freedom, his name would have stood among the first on the page of the wise and great. Look at Bonaparte. He was a man of giant intellect, who seemed to gain knowledge without those steps which are requisite in most men. But where has ever lived a greater foe to freedom? Notwithstanding all his fair promises, and his professions of devotion to man, he directed all his powers to aggrandize himself, and secure dominion over the earth. His lonely situation on St. Helena; his mighty mind curbed and humbled, and his noble frame wasting away under the confinement to which he was subjected, were peculiarly calculated to excite the sympathies of the humane; but justice will silence compassion's voice, and ask whether one had not better suffer justly, than millions unjustly? For myself, I think I can say with the lamented Channing, "I should rejoice to see every tyrant, whether a usurper or a hereditary prince, fastened to a lonely rock in the ocean." While, then, I urge the importance of intelligence, and declare it one of the securities of freedom, I would not exalt it above religion; for a man can be intelligent, and yet an enemy to his race.

3. The glory of our nation is its free government. While we would not pretend that our government is perfect, we maintain that it is established upon true principles. It permits men to govern them-

selves, and yet it exercises over them a most wholesome control. It has officers of authority, and yet they are no more than the people over whom for a season they bear sway. It leaves all free to think, speak, and act for themselves, providing they will not interfere with the rights of others. It secures to man his individual freedom, makes him feel his individual responsibility, and opens to all who have talent, ambition and perseverance, the path to the highest seat of worldly honor and glory, however limited their means or humble their origin. It asserts that all men are equal ; that each has an inherent right to the making and executing of the laws ; that the poorest stand on a level with the richest. It is highly honorable to human nature, for it assumes man's greatness, and that he has power to govern himself. I have not time to contrast this government with the various despotic governments that have been established, and to show its vast superiority over them all. In this government we all glory ; we think it next to the holy religion of Jesus in value and power to bless the world.

Here, then, are our causes of rejoicing as a nation. In these is our glory. While these continue to exert their sway, our independence and rights are safe, but no longer. Perhaps the question will arise, whether these are all that constitute the glory of our country. Is there nothing else in which it may also be said to consist ? Yes — much else. The benevolent associations which send forth their streams of life and charity are an honor to this nation. Thousands and thousands of dollars are annually expended for the relief of the poor and needy, and to shelter those without homes or the means of subsistence. In every city are to be found associations, whose members may be seen going out in the wind and storm to carry food and clothing to the unfortunate, and watching by the bedside of the sick and dying. — While some confine their assistance to their own members, and help *those* they are bound to help by the compact into which they have entered, others, united for a different purpose, give assistance to the poor of every nation, kindred, color and character. What our benevolent fraternities cannot accomplish, is done by towns, cities and states in their corporate capacities. So active and wide-spread is the spirit of charity, that the place which should allow one of its inhabitants to perish for the want of food or clothing, would be branded with infamy, and held up for universal execration. Indeed our charities are not confined to our own country. They are sent abroad to other nations. Not a wail of woe is wafted from beyond the waters but what finds a response in the hearts of our countrymen. A recent American traveler in Greece has given a glowing description of the warmth with which he was greeted, in consequence of the charities which this country had sent out when that people were deprived of all food, except what they gathered from plants and roots ; when gray-headed fathers and mothers, and when young children roamed the mountains almost frantic with hunger and despair. If there is anything in which we may feel an honest pride, it is charities like these. I know you may say this is only one of the fruits of our holy religion. I grant it, and it is presented not as a cause on which we rest our security ; not as a pillar on which we build our hopes as a nation ; but as one of the

many happy effects resulting from the virtue, sympathy and kindness of our people ; one of the consequences of our religion, schools and government.

There are many other things, holding a similar relation to those things in which we have said our glory consists. Our history is glorious, and reflects immortal honor upon our country. Look at a single chapter of this history. Read, for instance, that which relates to the valor, and fidelity, and sacrifices of our fathers. As brave men, I know, have periled their all in other nations. As devoted men have made as great sacrifices ; as pure blood has flown in other countries. It is not that our fathers were more valorous, or faithful, or self-sacrificing than all others, that we glory in their history, but it is that they were struggling for freedom ; that they were brave in fighting freedom's battles ; that they were faithful to the principles of equality and liberty. History might record deeds equally brave, and yet they be a lasting disgrace. Alexander and Napoleon were brave ; none ever questioned their greatness or courage ; but what friend of man can rejoice in their history ? I glory, then, in the history of our country because the patriotism and heroism of which it speaks have been devoted to humanity — to equalizing the condition of mankind — to establishing the cause of freedom.

Again : As a nation, we may glory in our naval and military defences. I shall not be understood by this remark to believe that these defences are superior to those of other nations. I know they are not. Other nations have the means of enforcing their laws and defending the rights guaranteed to their citizens as well as we. There is, however, this important difference. Our naval and military defences are to enforce laws which guarantee to the people their rights ; which secure freedom to all ; and not to prevent people from obtaining their rights. Suppose, for instance, a riot should occur in our beloved city, and the property and lives of our peaceful citizens should be jeopardized, what would be done ? You all answer, the police would be sent out ; and, if that were ineffectual, the constituted authorities would call on the militia ; not, however, to prevent any from securing their rights, but to resist those who would trespass on the rights of others. Thus our means of defence are to prevent what the navy and armies of some countries do. In many countries, tyrants have taken away the rights of the people, and they call on their navy and militia to uphold them in their usurped rights, and enable them to hold the people in bondage. How wide the difference. We have a defence to uphold freedom — other nations to uphold despotism. We to prevent wrong — others to help the government in inflicting wrong. Truly, then, may we glory in our navy and militia. They are our security against lawless invaders, bands of rioters, and all who fear not God, and regard not man. Without them, we could not repose a moment in security, or hope to have freedom perpetuated another age.

Again : As a nation we may glory in those monuments designed to perpetuate the memory of great and heroic deeds. It is true we can boast of no monuments equal to many found in the old world. There is, however, one important difference between the few which adorn

our country, and those which lift their proud summits to the skies in the eastern world. I grant we do not know the design for which all were erected — the sentiment they were intended to express. Their age is unknown. The people by whom they were erected have passed away, without leaving any trace of their history behind. But, though they are gone, and their history is unknown, their monuments stand, dilapidated and time-worn, and some half-buried beneath the sands, I admit; yet there they are, mighty even in their ruins, and as works of art and human strength, objects of unbounded interest. The purposes, however, of some are known; and O how different from the purposes for which our monuments were erected. They were designed to commemorate some triumph of despotism, some victory obtained by an ambitious aspirant, or a blood-thirsty conqueror. They rise in mournful and gloomy grandeur above a people degraded by unholy laws, and slaves to an iron-tyranny; and when they gaze upon their lofty summits, they see the fearful power of despotism, and turn with sad recollections to the events of ages gone by. But when we look upon our monuments, it is with feelings of pride and hope and gratitude. They are erected in honor of men who died in the cause of freedom, and are designed to speak to all future generations that may gaze upon them of the heroism and bravery of our fathers, and of the value which we place upon liberty and independence.

Original.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Written to illustrate an engraving of that subject.

BY BRO. D. RUSSELL.

STUPENDOUS Grace ! almighty Love !

O for an angel's voice to raise

A glorious strain, like theirs above,

The hymn of everlasting praise ! —

Triumphant theme ! — be ours the pride

Through life around his cross to cling ;

The love of him who freely died,

Our grateful lips shall ever sing :

Joyful we'll bless his sacred name,

His boundless goodness will proclaim.

Behold ! fast nailed to the accursed tree,

Betrayed, forsaken, there the victim hangs !

O what untold, what nameless agony,

What direful griefs, what deep, unearthly pangs,
 Were borne by him, the just for the unjust !
 The " Friend of sinners " offers for his foes,
 His own most precious blood — his dying thirst
 No pitying friend assuages ; all his woes
 He bears alone ; his Heavenly Father's face
 Was hidden ; and all Nature, darkened, wore
 The garb of horror. Here let us pause and trace
 The mild, forgiving look of him who bore
 With meek and lamb-like patience all these things.
 That calm, benignant face still beamed with love
 E'en to the last. That love each seraph sings
 Who bows before the throne of God above.

" IT IS FINISHED ! "

It is finished ! hear the voices
 Of ten thousand angels sound ;
 All the host of heaven rejoices,
 Free salvation now is found ;
 Hallelujah !
 Free salvation now is found.

Lo ! the mighty earthquake rending,
 Opens the tomb where Jesus lay ;
 See the Lord of life ascending,
 Death's dark robe is thrown away ;
 Hallelujah !
 Death's dark robe is thrown away.

Join in praise and adoration,
 To the Lamb for sinners slain,
 He shall reign o'er every nation,
 Till he visits earth again ;
 Hallelujah !
 Hail the Lamb for sinners slain !

GREAT examples to virtue, or to vice, are not so productive of imitation as might, at first sight, be supposed. The fact is, there are a hundred that want energy for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds, as virtues in others. Idleness is the grand pacific ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss, the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness, but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle, and cease to be idle. — *Lacon.*

Original.

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.

BY REV. BRO. J. G. ADAMS.

THERE are two classes of persons who seem to me to be standing in their own light, viz: those who will not do what they can, because they cannot do it in a manner sufficiently conspicuous to suit themselves, and those who are inclined to do little or nothing, either conspicuously or obscurely, for the improvement of themselves and of their race.

It is not so much to be wondered at, that the first class here noted should be somewhat numerous. For, amid the changes and improvements of human society, there is so much noise and bluster among the leading operatives, there are so many thrusting themselves forward, and gaining notoriety, solely in consequence of the sound they emit from their brassy trumpets of self-adulation, that many an individual of tolerable modesty, seeing the success of these trumpeters with the public, is inclined to look upon himself as a kind of cypher in the great multitude, and upon his actions as comparatively unappreciated, if not unknown. This, however, is the wrong view, as a proper attention to the subject of individual duty and effort will soon make known. It should be better understood that the most noisy and most conspicuous in our social reforms are not always the most effectual operators in the great work of truth and human improvement; that it is he who actually *does*, and not he who *says* most loudly "I have done," or "I do," that contributes most surely and effectually to the welfare, advancement and peace of himself and fellow-men. It is not just, therefore, for the individual who is out-generated in noise by others, to slacken his efforts in the work of duty. Because others may make themselves too conspicuous, he, for this, should not make himself too obscure. — This is doing evil for evil. On the other hand, he is to do good as he has opportunity.

The error just noticed, however, appears not so great, because it is not so prevalent, as the other alluded to. That there should be so many who, from sheer indifference, from practical sloth, deem themselves of little or no importance in the work of social improvement, is lamentable indeed. If the labor of the social reformer is needed in any direction, it is here. We may talk about the errors and abuses of society as it now is, and preach and expatiate upon the blessings of its re-organization after schemes and models innumerable; yet there is another business which we are leaving almost entirely out of sight, and which does most explicitly demand our attention. It is that of making the most of individuals, even as society is now constituted, with all its errors and imperfections. In our numerous projects for human improvement, on a grand and extensive scale, we seem to forget the

items which make up this imagined whole. We are all for hurrying off in masses, before we know of what these masses are made up; whether they have within them the seeds of order and progression, or of disorder and ruin — of permanent life, or of speedy or protracted decay and death. What society is — what it will be — depends upon the individual. Let this great lesson be taught and enforced every where.

And this brings us to notice the incalculable importance of individual effort. The vile error that our exertions are of little consequence, — that what we do, individually, will not be essential service in the world's improvement, should be banished from every mind in which there exists the idea of responsibility. Wherever we move — in whatever station in life — we have a work to perform — a work for good or evil; for evil, if we abuse the means given us — for good, if we improve them. And this truth should prompt us all through life's journey. If, as it has been most truly written, "life is what we make it," then of what service to us and to the world may our words and our actions be! How may they exalt, and sanctify, and bless us! — How may they infuse into other souls an undying and wonder-working inspiration! How far they may reach, time and that Providence which has promised to bless every effort for good, however humble, will best declare. And in them should we be willing to confide, whatever the world may now say — whether its voice of approbation shall be silent, or rung out every hour on the winds of heaven.

Who dwells in more obscure life — whose efforts seem more circumscribed when compared with those of the high and renowned of earth, than those of that humble mother? Yet whose influence may be mightier than hers? In that lowly dwelling, surrounded by those honest but unlearned villagers, she may be giving character to a Socrates, a Howard, a Bonaparte, a Washington. Marvellous histories of the future may be now depending upon her individual exertions with her children. What if she should say "My influence is too insignificant to be felt. I can make no impression upon the multitude." Behold, when she sleeps in that quiet grave, her tears all wiped away, and her toils all over, the very influences given out by her gentle spirit in the past, are now arousing and shaking the huge world to its centre! Hath it not been so in olden time? is it not so now? and may it not be so always? Who, then, shall lightly esteem the humblest effort of the least among the children of humanity? Sleeper, awake! and know and feel that ye have something to do which time will retain for your good, and for the world's benefit, and which eternity will not suffer to pass away!

What good can I, individually, do? This is the fair, the reasonable, the righteous question for each one to ask himself, wherever in life he may move. For our individual gifts, and for these only, are we responsible, whether they be many or few. That which we have not, Providence asks not of us — that which we have, it will never cease to ask. Drops constitute the ocean — particles of dust the globe. — Little contributions of goodness and truth go to make up the great amount which benevolence prays may fill the whole earth. Individual

righteousness shall make up that of the holy multitude which no man can number. Mercy and truth, beginning their song of confidence, it may be, in the lone wilderness, shall find it swelling into the anthem strain, till, joined by sympathetic melodies, its voice is echoed by angels before the throne! Again we say—sleeper, awake and be active! Do something for this God's world, while you are blessed with a life in it. Give in your tribute. If it be but "two mites," remember who blest that offering, and give it in. If silver and gold you have not, then give that which may be far better, a pure example, a zealous life.

Original.

DEDICATION HYMN.

BY REV. BRO. J. G. ADAMS.

We sing of Friendship's blessing,
 Life's gloomy way to cheer,
 And with it onward pressing,
 Life's trials will not fear ;—
 'Mid evil and temptation,
 Its word shall be our guide,
 While in its inspiration,
 Our trusting souls abide.

Of Love, most high and holy,
 Our joyous voices sing ;
 Although an offering lowly—
 Our fervent praise we bring ;
 All-conquering Love ! O never
 Shall thy great conflict fail, —
 On earth—in heaven—forever—
 Thy mission shall prevail.

Of Truth, all pure and glorious,
 We sing with tuneful voice,
 And in its work victorious,
 Unitedly rejoice ;
 Truth, that deception spoileth—
 That darkness scatters wide—
 And as for right it toileth,
 Doth in God's strength abide.

Grant us, all-gracious Spirit,
 Thy counsel, now, to bless,
 And let our souls inherit
 Effective righteousness ;
 Such as forever moveth
 In vigorous age or youth,
 Where thine own eye approveth,
 In Friendship, Love and Truth.

Original.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Concluded from our last.

BY P. B.

WE speak of an important duty, an eminent virtue, to PROTECT FEMALES ; as if we were in the midst of the age of knight errantry, a general time of war, when banditti and military myrmidons were prowling in all directions over the earth ! It is *justice* that women want ; and not merely protection and commiseration, as if they were so many infants or idiots. They want justice. They want, they need, they ought to demand, a rendering back of that whereof, they have been robbed. They require to be restored to their just participation in the political sovereignty. Nature has made both sexes equal in capacity of thought, judgment, reason, knowledge ; and has made them equal in rights. Women, therefore, equally with men, have a right to useful knowledge and a right to the *means* of useful knowledge. They have the same right to share in the government. The happiness of the poor and of the female, is as much interested in the nature of the government and its measures whatever they shall be, as that of any others.

We talk of a republic ! But how is a republic possible to exist, in the true sense of the word, except the whole people is free to act ? Those who are of age, sane, and have not forfeited their citizenship by outraging society, are THE PEOPLE, to the intent of political transactions. Half of these are females. In the name of nature ! after having arrived at the acknowledgement of the equal rights of human beings, declared that all are born free and equal, and defined democracy *self-government of a people*, what rational cause can be assigned for disfranchising at once one-half of the people, in the constitutions of all these confederated States, and unconditionally consigning them to civil death and perpetual oblivion ? It is not surprising, so long as we retain so much of the savage, that we make such inappreciable approaches to republican refinement, and are continually subject to frus-

tion ? I could say much more, in behalf of the establishment of TRUTH and EQUITY, (which is all I am interested about,) had I opportunity ; and I am ready to meet the whole battallion of objections hitherto hackneyed, and all others that may be imagined to oppugn the enfranchisement of females, or their reinstallation in all the immunities of political sovereignty.

They will every where say, at once, " it has never been *customary* to allow women to vote, or, it has always been customary to exclude women — they are never considered part of the people." And it is this very custom that I arraign. It is easily agreed that it has been the custom to treat women in this way, ever since our forefathers took it into their heads to hold them as inferior dependants, vassals, implements, appendages of their estates, mere matters of convenience, subservient to their pleasures and rapacity, articles of merchandise, from the time they fell into their hands as prisoners of war. Their ambition and cupidity being awakened by their successes in warfare, whereby they came into possession of abundant spoils with female prisoners, made them jealous of a circumscription of their dominion ; and seeing the comparative increase of the number of women, they naturally had recourse to the contrivance of shackles to perpetuate their subjection ; and women have never had any hand in making the laws by which they are governed, which laws, of course, have always been made so as to establish the supremacy of the male, and to rank the female on the level with idiots and minors. Well — " it has always been customary ! " What then ? What is the reason that this custom has always prevailed ? The time has come when to justify any practice, it is at least necessary to render some better reason for it than that it is customary, or always *has been* customary. Ask the Africans why it has been customary to sell their countrymen when taken prisoners, to the whites ! Women having naturally the same faculties as men, the same capacity for knowledge, the same wants, the same feelings, and being in reality as much interested in a good government, for what reason are they not reckoned free persons, with the same rights as men ? Yet, alas ! even now, if a man openly advocates the cause of women by vindicating their natural rights so far as to say they ought to have liberty to vote, and notes the absurdity of excluding more than half the people from having any hand in a government which is called a government *by the people*, many of these same females are ready to point at him the finger of scorn, and laugh him out of countenance, under color of admiring the ridiculous oddity of the suggestion ! Indeed, they are not considered a part of the people — but, how absurd ! What a huge anomaly ! Is it so in any other species ? The females of all other races are of as much account as males. If they are not people in the same sense as the other individuals, they are of another species — and if they *are*, then they are certainly one-half of the people. In a republic, can be no restriction of suffrage on account of sex, color, possessions, rank or pedigree. In a republic can be no slavery. One-half of the people cannot be slaves to the other half ; else, how is it said that the people govern themselves ?

Is this, then, a republic, where we have 11,000,000 of slaves, black

and white? In *these* States, besides two and a half million of colored slaves, we have seven million of grown white women, wholly disfranchised, and excluded from the polls : whose property yet is taxed when they are single, and who, when married, are reduced to infants in matters of property ; and one million or more of such as are paupers, or are unable to pay a tax, or are deficient in property, or have not resided in a particular place a certain number of months or days, who for such reasons, of course, are not allowed to approach the ballot-box ; making, in round numbers, eleven millions of SLAVES, in a *political* sense alone, within our dominions. And yet, we are every day babbling about OUR REPUBLIC — OUR LAND OF LIBERTY — OUR FREE DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTIONS !

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.—If we interpret aright the injunction to “remember those in bonds as bound with them,” it signifies that we should feel for the woes and wants of others as for our own — that we should consider those who are in every kind of bondage, not that of social oppression merely, but of sin and sorrow and poverty. We should remember them as though our own nerves felt the fiery lash, and throbbed beneath the shackles ; as though our own hearts swelled under the heavy burden of grief ; as though the shrewd blast of adversity pierced us in the midst of our plenty, and thrilled to the marrow of our bones.

An awful problem is starting up among us, assuming something of the perplexing and fearful shapes that it has often worn in the old world. We allude to the poverty and suffering that prevail to some extent among the laboring classes. We do not wish to raise any phantoms, nor are we disposed to indulge in gloomy speculations upon the subject, yet, surely, every one must feel that something of this kind is becoming apparent — at least, that an ominous shade is settling over a portion of our population, especially in our large cities, even if there is not yet the confirmed blackness, the palpable cloud that swathes the tempest. We are so accustomed to consider the sufferings of that portion of our population in England, that we may underrate those sufferings in our own country. Yet we are convinced that there is actual suffering here, at our very doors, and that it is as likely to increase as to diminish. They may be few who actually starve and freeze, but they may be more than we think who can barely secure a support, are deprived of most of the comforts of life, and are exposed to those temp-

tations which are often the attendant curses of poverty. If some of the philanthropists who explore the lanes and cellars of our cities; if some of those charitable females who go to gloomy places on errands of mercy, were to come forward and tell us their experience in this respect, it would startle us, and rend our hearts a little. Moreover, if we look at *tendencies*, however sunny may be the hopes which we shed over them, and however philosophic those hopes may be, we shall not say that we are wholly without fears as to the results in the course of a few generations. Is there not, at least, a possibility that a large class will be depressed, in point of comfort and pecuniary means, as low as those who toil in the mines and factories of England?

But let all this pass. We do not propose to enter into an argument upon this topic, nor are we prepared with statistics to substantiate the affirmative of this question. This, at least, we know, that there is around us a vast amount of destitution and crime issuing from various causes, and the question is, how shall these social evils be removed or mitigated — upon what do we depend to prevent such evils from accumulating in our country until they swell to an aggregate equal to that across the water? Some will say, "*Our Republican Institutions.*" "Here," they will say, "property is equalized, or, at least, the opportunities for obtaining property are equal, and the great principles that lie at foundation of our institutions are calculated to prevent the degradation of any class, or the undue elevation of any class." Now, we honor the principles that are woven into the fabric of our government. Wrested from the strong hand of injustice, and sprinkled all over with blood, they are very dear to us. They are just and true, and as surely as Christianity triumphs they must one day triumph. — But experience teaches us that *principles* alone, without some great motive to put them in operation, are often neglected, often perverted, often remain as a dead-letter, or a beautiful, unsubstantial theory. — As to *classes*, too — we have no fear of one *class* rising above another *class*. Men in our country who honestly acquire wealth, generally do so by the sweat of the brow, in the first instance, and often come up with their coarse garments and their hard hands from the very poorest of the poor. Wealth is constantly changing hands — passing from the sons of the rich capitalist to the children of the poor beggar. Still this does not obviate the fact that many toil and weep and suffer and live and die in poverty and misery. And what is to prevent this evil becoming enormous? Do you answer "*Education*"? This is a great blessing. In one sense no man can be poor, who enjoys the advantages of knowledge, whose mind is enriched by moral and intellectual culture. It may, it must prevent crime to some extent, and throw open new fields for enterprise and labor. It may deprive poverty, in some instances, of its most hideous features, which, while they do not belong to honest poverty, often accompany utter destitution. Still, I ask, what can education alone accomplish? Will intellectual culture alone raise wheat or purchase it, or bake bread, or make clothing? Will it always open the hearts of the wealthy, or add to the means of the generous? — And, of itself, is it a preventive of vice and crime? Is it not often, when unaccompanied by pure motives, and unrestrained by principle,

the splendid agent of wickedness? And does not the educated poor man feel even more keenly the miseries of his lot, and is not his nature made more sensitive? Not education alone will redeem us from the fearful evil of a destitute population, or prevent the tide of that evil from rising higher.

Other remedies may be suggested. But enough. We know of but one remedy which can stay this woe, which can prevent us from becoming like England, with squalid, heart-sick humanity, chained to our wheels and looms, and, perhaps, our eyes from being sored with that demand written in sweat and tears, "*Bread or Blood!*" Through the hearts of our communities, there must throb Christian sympathy — the great law of human brotherhood must be felt as it has never been felt yet, with an intense, practical sentiment — our kindred with the laborer's flesh and the craftman's blood — our unity with the toiling, suffering mass — all this must be deeply realized, until we "remember them who are in bonds as bound with them." Here is the great hope. Nothing short of this, nothing but this, can do anything. With this much may be done. Our republican institutions, in connection with this, may do much — our system of education, based upon this, may be a mighty agent of deliverance and conservation. But without this, though we may not see it, though our children may never behold it, other generations may, nay, must feel the same evils as those which now agitate and threaten the social condition of England.

Christian sympathy, then, the great demand of society, is for this — this must lie back of all institutions, of all plans. We are told that, in order to remove the evils alluded to, we must re-model society, build up in new forms and upon a new plan. A vast work, truly! — To upheave this fabric of human society from its old foundations of ages, to turn, with the ploughshare of innovation, the mould of its existing conditions, to break its long-linked and iron-bound associations, to shift its customs, and what is harder, to change the whole current of its ideas! Who is competent to the task? But, grant that all this can be done, what then? Shall we have no evils, no social wrongs? We *shall* have them all, until a more radical but less noisy work than this is accomplished. Not the shifting of institutions, not the snapping assunder of old associations, not the breaking up of hoary customs will do it, so long as *selfishness, selfishness!* with all its attendant vices of ambition, sensuality, indolence, meanness, find a home in the human soul. Demolish one *form* of these, and they will shape to themselves another *form* — break these old moulds through which the wickedness of the human heart has run for so many ages, and lo! this same selfishness will make for itself new moulds! You will have the same *human nature* in your new association as in the old, and until it is awayed by something deeper than conventional laws, until it aims not merely at destroying but at up-building, and looks not alone to man in the mass, but to man as an individual — until then we shall have the same old evils in a new dress. Moreover, we cannot break up society in its present forms. We must make a scaffolding of these very forms to erect our better fabric. We must stand where we are in order to give play to our lever that shall move the world. In speaking thus,

we are not arguing against new organizations. Far from it. We shall rejoice in anything that tends to remove, though to a limited extent, our social or individual evils. That, to some degree, this may be done, we do not deny. Perhaps a new social order would re-act upon individual sentiment, and exalt and purify it. But we contend that a new social order is not the most radical source of reformation. That reformation must be accomplished in the individual soul. The great law of love, of *Christian sympathy*, must reign in your heart and mine, and then fraud and oppression and all sin will die from the face of the earth. All false institutions will crumble, having no support. And humanity will rise and shine in the splendor of a new day, and the beauty of a new power.

We are afraid that our reforms too much overlook the necessity of individual righteousness, in their efforts for human melioration. It is a glorious sight to behold, this associated action that is going on all around us. Here is a body of men who see before them a particular wrong, and they unite their numbers, they concentrate their forces to overcome it. They make that one evil to be the colossal sin that darkens the whole earth, in whose shadow grows every other deadly sin. Now although this is calculated to beget partial and exaggerated views, let us rejoice, for it produces good. This concentration of gigantic force against one specific form of evil, forebodes its destruction. When the waves of public sentiment beat thus upon it, though its bulwarks be rock-built and old as the earth — though its towers reach up to heaven, they must fall. There is not an evil against which the associations of the day have arrayed themselves, but must die, it cannot stand, it *must* die! — But the *radical evil* upon whose bosom it was born, whose essence nourished it, will not die, it will lift its hydra head in some new shape, and challenge constant action, until a more radical result is reached than any mere association can accomplish. Individual reformation, the subjection of our own hearts to the law of love and the rule of right, which will spring up within us when we “remember those who are in bonds as bound with them,” this is the great source from which will flow the melioration of social evils.

Let us, then, each in our sphere, go forth to cherish Christian sympathy, to feel a brother's wrongs as our own, to be as jealous of his rights as if ours were in peril. Not in wide results and in broad fields shall the work of human melioration be accomplished at first. But at our own doors, there may be sick, hungry, naked or in prison; some poor brother or sister may lie, needing some kindly word or friendly deed. How richly hath God blessed us with opportunities of imitating Him! A visit, a word, a smile, sometimes opens a fountain of gladness in some worn and wasted heart, that will gush long years after, mingling with prayers for us. Thus, by each cherishing the spirit of Christian sympathy, whenever he is brought in contact with wrong and suffering, a tide of sympathy shall flow out from heart to heart, that will finally meliorate the condition of our race. At least in ourselves will be a rich reward. By “remembering those who are in bonds as bound with them,” our sleep will be none the less sweet, our sun will shine none the less pleasantly for it. We do not say that this Chris-

tian sympathy is all, but it "covers a multitude of sins." And some poor brother's tear of benediction, shed upon us as we stooped to help him in the rugged highway of this life, we may carry with us, sparkling like a gem, to heaven.

OUR NEW VOLUME. — We return our sincere thanks to the brethren who have come forward and given us their names as subscribers to the 3d volume of our magazine. Though we printed a much larger number of the first No., than our regular edition, the demand has been so great, that we have been unable to supply many of our friends who have become subscribers, as likewise several orders at a distance. — We have, however, commenced re-printing the first number, and shall in the course of a week be able to furnish it to those who have, or who may wish to become subscribers. This is truly encouraging; and again we would return our grateful acknowledgments to those who have kindly kept us company from the commencement of our labors, as also to those who have just enlisted to help us carry on the work of Truth and Love. May they never have cause to withdraw from us their support.

We think if a few more lectures against the principles of our Order, — of the character of those recently delivered in our city, — were given in this vicinity, we should have still further cause to be grateful for an increased patronage. — Pub.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS, I. O. O. F. — This body was duly constituted on Friday, March 22d, by the R. W. District Deputy Grand Sire GUILD, by warrant from the M. W. Grand Sire of the United States. The ceremonies of installation were performed in the presence of many members of the R. P. degree, and were closed with an eloquent and impressive prayer by the Rev. A. P. CLEVERLY, Scribe of Massasoit Encampment. The names of the Officers elect may be found under the appropriate head.

☞ We would respectfully request of our friends, either in our own State or in any of the New England States, such information relating to the Order as they may deem useful for publication, and which they may suppose to be interesting to the reader. The rapid progress of the Order in New England is cause for rejoicing; and any information relating thereto, would be read with interest not only by our brethren at home, but by our friends abroad. Our friends in other States would also confer a favor by forwarding us such communications relating to the Order, as they may deem interesting to the brethren generally.

ERRATA. — In the article entitled "*Distinctions of Rank*," by WILSON FLAGG, 51st page, 11th line from bottom, which reads "All honors, of every kind, *are* hereditary," should read "All honors, of every kind, *not* hereditary," &c.

SHAWMUT LODGE, No. 30. — We have been reminded by a brother, that among the various Lodges that have been instituted in this city and vicinity, and which have been noticed in the Symbol, no mention has been made of Shawmut Lodge, which was instituted February 9th, by P. G. CHAS. S. BURGESS. The only apology we can offer for this seeming neglect, is from the fact of the great number of Lodges that have of late been instituted in the State, and that we relied much upon the brothers of new Lodges for an account of their institution. — For the present, the Shawmut Lodge holds its meeting at Odd Fellow's Hall, Washington street, over Amory Hall. Winthrop Hall, however, has been leased by the Shawmut and Montezuma Lodges, and will be ready to meet in about the 1st of May, after which time they will, in connection with the Massachusetts and some two or three other Lodges in the city, hold their regular meetings at that place.

TO SUBSCRIBERS. — Those of our subscribers at a distance, who have not paid their subscriptions for the 3d volume of the Symbol, are respectfully requested to forward the amount for the same, in case they wish their subscriptions continued. Our terms are, payable in advance; and our distant friends we hope will not consider it as asking too much for them to comply with our terms.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

B E T H E S D A L O D G E , N O . 3 0 .

THIS LODGE was instituted Dec. the 30th, at Encampment Hall. A few meetings were held at this Hall, while a place was being fitted up at South Boston, for its accommodation. On Monday Evening, Feb. the 5th, the doors of the new and beautiful Hall, fitted up in a most superb manner, expressly for the use of the Lodge, were thrown open for a public Dedication and Installation of its Officers. A large number of Ladies were present, by special invitation, to witness the proceedings, and become initiated in the mysteries, the secrets, — or rather perhaps, more properly, to become informed of the permanent and sympathetic principles on which our Order is based. The M. W. G. Master was present, and at the close of Installation made a very appropriate address to the members, and their invited friends, on the peculiar principles and objects of the Order, the necessity of members living up to the principles they have taken upon themselves, and a steady and uniform devotion to its dissemination. Bro. John McLeish delivered some very feeling remarks, — on the satisfaction and comfort which the principles of our Order are sure to give the Brother in the hour of dissolving nature; the bright and joyous hopes it gives to him for the future, the triumphant feeling it gives that his family are left in hands that will never tire in administering to their wants. The Brother's closing remarks were clothed in language beautifully appropriate to the occasion, calculated to convey to the Ladies present, the real ben-

efit of, the principles on which our Order is based. The services throughout were listened to with attention; the remarks made were well received; and each one must have felt that it was for good that they had been initiated into the benevolent and heavenly traits of our Order.

C. S.

Providence, (R. I.) March 22, 1844.

Odd Fellowship is fast spreading its banner over our little State, and bids fair to increase with a steady, unvarying light, which will be sincerely welcomed by all. As yet it is in its infancy, but a practical observer may readily perceive it is fast gaining ground. We have two Lodges in our city, and a new Lodge is about being established. I doubt not that, ere long, our ranks will be doubled, for as people become more and more enlightened on the subject of Odd Fellowship, the prejudice which exists in the minds of some dies away, and the Order, instead of being held in a sort of awe, is looked upon as one of the greatest blessings in our community. It is undeniably the case that those who are the most bitter in their invectives against the institution, are most grossly ignorant of the principles which are inculcated by the Order, and are the first to denounce us in our endeavors to promote the future well-being of society.

We have one great object in view, which every Odd Fellow should aim at, at the present day. Let the principles of Odd Fellowship, be handed down from us as they have been received by those who have gone before us. I hope every Odd Fellow will sustain you in your laudable undertaking, by sending forth to the world an organ which will do away with the prejudices now existing against the Order.

Yours, in the bonds of F. L. & T.,

J. W. R.

Narrative of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition, &c. by George Wilkins Kendall. — 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1844.

This is a narrative of the travels, adventures and sufferings of the well-known editor of the N. Orleans Picayune, with many others, in an Expedition over the great South-western prairies, and in capture and imprisonment. It is written in a free, familiar style, and we know of no book that has been published since Stephens' Travels in the Holy Land, of more intense interest. A vein of philosophical good humor and anecdote runs through the whole narrative, and enlivens many a passage of dreary and painful misery. We have not time to speak further of this work, but warmly commend it to all our readers. It may be had of B. B. Mussey, No. 29 Cornhill.

MARRIED.

In this city, by Rev. Bro. F. T. Gray, Bro. JOSEPH PRATT, to Miss HARRIET GALLOWAY.

[Accompanying the above notice, the Printer received a glorious lot of cake, for which he would return his thanks to the happy couple. May they fully realize all their anticipated joys and happiness in the marriage state.]

On Tuesday Evening, 26th inst., by Rev. Dr. Gannet, Mr. LEWIS BYRON WILSON, (of the firm of Howland & Co.) to Miss J. FRANCES ANN M. LONGLEY, both of Boston.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

- GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—Dan'l Hersey, G C P. Edw'd Tyler, G H P. Tho's Barr, G S W. John S Ladd, G J W. Sam'l R Slack, G Scribe. Hex'h Prince, G Treasurer, Jas M Stone, GS.
- MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No 1.—C C Hayden, CP, W H Jones, HP, H Willis, SW, A P Cleverly Scribe, N S Prince, Treas., Wm Ellison, JW.
- TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Newell A Thompson, CP, Raymond Cole, HP, George L Montague, SW, John M'Ciellan, JW, Edward Howe, Scribe, Alfred Mudge, Treas.
- MINOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—John Schouler, CP, J Vaughton, HP, J H Russell, SW, Ichabod Fossenden, JW, J P Pattee, Scribe, J P Hartwell, Treas.
- MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT No 4.—Thomas Barr, CP, James M Stone, HP, Hargraves Lord, SW, Jno H Cole, JW, Alex'r Greene, Scribe, Francis M Kittredge, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No 5.—J Ladd, CP. GR Welch, HP. N Y Culbertson, SW, C Cushing, JW. N P Brooks, Scribe. D Johnson, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE.—E H Chapin, MWGM: Tho's F Norris, RWDGM: J Henry Browne, RWGW William Hilliard, RWG Sec'y: Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Stephen Lovell, RWG Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1. J L Drew, DM, Edw'd Tyler, ADM Jeremiah Richards, ADDM: Wm Ingalls, PG, E F Follenabee, VG, Charles Waite, Sec'y, Charles B Kingman, Treas.
- MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Wm H Jones, NG, Louis Dennis, VG. N M George, Rec Sec. A P Cleverly, Per Sec'y, W A Harrington, Treasurer. A P Cleverly Chaplain.
- SILGAM LODGE, No. 2.—Alfred Mudge, NG, Seth Wilmarth, VG, John McCiellan, Per Sec'y. Eben Seaver, Rec Sec'y, John Farrington, Treas. E M P Wells, Chaplain.
- NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.—Wm A Hall, NG, John S Pulsifer, VG, Justin Jones, Sec'y. George W Fifield, Treas'r, Elbridge G Brooks, Chaplain.
- MERRIMAC, No. 7.—Alex'r Green, PG, John Wright, NG; John Taft, VG; Dan'l McLennan Secretary, A Green, Treas'r.
- SUFFOLK, No. 8.—D H Storer, NG, Wm G Mickell, VG, Jos Cutler, Rec. Sec'y. P Capen, Per Sec'y. C S Brown, Treas.
- CRYSTAL FOUNT LODGE, No. 9.—Wm G Alley, P G, Willard Adams, NG; Cyrus C Atwill, V G; Alven Hussey, Sec'y: Sumner Young, Treas.; Webster B. Randolph, Chaplain.
- ORIENTAL, No. 10.—F H P Homer, NG, Rufus Gerrish, VG, H Whiting, Jr, Rec Sec'y. Jacob H Hathorne, Per Sec'y. Sam'l G Andrews, Treas.
- MASSACHUSETTS, No. 11.—A R Brown, NG. J S Morse, V. G.; A R Abbott, Sec'y; H S Orange, Per Sec'y; S D Emerson, Treas.; Seth W Hatch, Chaplain.
- BETHEL, No. 12.—John Jarvis, NG, Jesse P Pattee, VG, Duncan Macfarlane, Rec Sec'y. Michael Kenney, Per Sec'y, J H Russell, Treas. Isiah Jenkins, Chaplain.
- NAZARENE, No. 13.—Sam'l H Phelps, NG; George S Wylie, VG: George E Winslow, Sec'y: H Lyon, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.—J K Dunham, NG, Wm Caban, VG, Wm H Crafts, Rec Sec'y. Samuel Rhoades, Per Sec'y. Ashbel Waitt, Treas. E H Chapin, Chaplain.
- TRIMONT, No. 15.—C Allen Browne, NG, Henry Seaver, VG, Wm English, Rec Sec'y. Orville Huntress, Per Sec'y. Nath'l S Prince Treas. F T Gray, Chaplain.
- COVERHAM, No. 16.—J A Cummings, NG, Charles Siders, VG, Wm Rogers, Rec Sec'y. R W Lord, Per Sec'y. T D Chapman, Treas., Chandler Robbins, Chaplain.
- MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.—G T Barney, NG.; J G Adams, VG; F T Jay, Sec'y; Augustus L. Barrett, Treasurer.
- WARREN LODGE, No. 18.—A J P Whitcomb, NG.; Robert Seaver, VG.; Geo B Davis, Sec'y; E G Scott, Treas.; Daniel Leach, Chaplain.
- MONUMENT, No. 19.—Chas M Wetherbee, NG, Wm E Cogswell, VG, George Stearns, Sec'y, Loring S Pierce, Treas, J M Usher, Chaplain.
- FRIENDSHIP, No. 20.—Benj F Nourse, NG, John A Fulton, VG, Stephen P Greenwood, Sec, Albert Bridges, Treas.
- HOWARD, No. 22.—William W Pierce, NG, Horace F Edmonds, VG, Richard Williams, Sec'y Geo H Childs, Treas.
- FRANKLIN, No. 23.—A A Clark, NG, Jos Newmarch, VG, N M Phillips, Rec Sec'y. Jno Clark, Jr, Per Sec'y. N S Lund, Treas.
- WINNISIIMMET, No. 24.—Eben W Lathrop, NG, John Low, VG, John Lothrop, Sec'y, Wm Munroe, Treasurer.
- BOSTON, No. 25.—Samuel Adams, NG, E Hennessey, VG, George C Rand, Sec'y, Moses A Dow, Treas., A Stevens, Chaplain.
- ESSEX, No. 26.—C C Hayden, NG, James Kimball, VG, Geo Russell, Sec'y, Adrian Low, Treas, J P Atkinson, Chaplain.
- HAMPDEN, No 27.—Addison Ware, James M Thompson, VG, Thomas Hazzard, Jr, Sec'y Josiah Hunt, Treas.
- OSBELLIN, No. 28.—A Huntington, NG, James M Stone, VG, J G M Ladd, Sec'y, E B Herrick, Treas.
- COLUMBIAN, No. 29.—Alfred J Rhoades, NG, Asaph Langley, VG, Lyman Dyke, Sec'y, Samuel Hall, Treas.
- BETHESDA, No. 30.—C D Strong, NG, Dan'l N Pickering, Jr, VG, Cha's Smith, Rec Sec'y. Wm A Butters, Per Sec'y, O Rich, Treas. J H Clinch, Chaplain.
- LAFAYETTE, No 31.—Jarvis Lothrop, NG, Bernum Snow, VG, Noble Howard, Sec'y, Andrew Cole, Treas.
- ANCIENT LANDMARK, No. 32.—Edward Stearns, NG, S P Oliver, VG, W H Johnson, Rec Sec'y. Samuel Gould, Per Sec'y. Joseph Moriarty, Treas. John Weart, Chaplain.

MONTEZUMA, No. 33.—A W Pollard, NG. C Eastham, VG. J W Warren, Jr, Rec. Sec'y. Jas Murray, Per Sec'y, C C Hurd, Treas.

HOPS, 34.—J B Atkinson, NG. J H Conant, VG. Geo A Waldo, Sec'y. H B Humphrey, Treas. H R Nye, Chaplain.

MAVERICK, 36.—Wm H Calrow, NG. G M Morrill, VG. G H Plummer, Sec'y. John P Pierce, Treas.

SHAWMUT, No. 37.—Wm E P Haskell, NG. T Prince, VG. Pelham Harlow, Rec Sec'y. Henry Hart, Per Sec'y. Joel M Holden, Treas.

QUASCACUNQUEN, No. 39.—Geo Emery, NG. E Stearns, VG. Tho's H Cutter, Sec'y. John Pool, Treasurer.

Maine.

MACHIGONNE ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—E Wheeler, Jr, CP. J T Mitchell, HP. J Pratt, SW. W E Kimball, JW. E P Banks, Scribe. Benj Kingsbury, Jr, Treas.

GRAND LODGE.—G W Churchill, MWGM. L H Chandler, RWDGM. J Smith, RWGW. D Robinson, Jr, RWG Sec'y. J N Winslow, RWG Treas.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—David Robinson, Jr, DM, E R Banks, DDM, James N Winslow, ADDM, J D Kinsman, Sec'y.

MAINE LODGE, No. 1.—J N Winslow, PG. E Wheeler, Jr, NG, J Pratt, VG, J H Williams, Rec Sec'y, J G Warren, P Sec'y, E Clark, Treas. L L Saddler, Chaplain.

SACO, No. 2.—J Smith, PG, T Scammon, NG, S Webster, VG, G W Quimby, Sec'y, S Hidden, Treas.

GEORGIAN, No. 3.—George Prince, NG, George Abbott, VG, Elisha Linnell, Sec'y, Michael Libby, Treas.

ANCIENT BROTHERS, No. 4.—E P Banks, PG, T O Goold, NG, B Kingsbury, Jr, VG, C F Little, Sec'y, M F Whittier, Treas. J G True, Per Sec'y, W F Farrington, Chaplain.

LIGONIA, No. 5.—J D Kinsman, NG, T C Hersey, NG, B Read, VG, J W Mansfield, Sec'y, Wm Edwards, Treas.

SABBATTIS, No. 6.—J G Sawyer, NG, Wm R Smith, VG, Wm B Hartwell, Sec'y, I Snell, Jr, Treas.

PENOBSCOT, No. 7.—S Thacher, Jr, NG, J R Crockett, VG, D B Roberts, Sec'y, E W Dennison, Treas.

RELIEF, No. 8.—N C Fletcher, NG. Moody E Thurlow, VG. Jno P Wise, Sec'y. J T Berry, Treas.

LINCOLN, No.—Edw'd S J Nealley, NG, Nath'l Walker, VG. Elisha Clarke, Rec. Sec'y. Edward H Mitchell, Per Sec'y. Alonzo Parsons, Treas.

New Hampshire.

GRANITE LODGE, No 1, Nashua. — Charles T Gill, NG. Cha's Main, VG. O D Murray, Sec'y. Jno L Pollard, Treas. A C L Arnold, Chaplain.

HILLSBORO', No 2, Manchester. — Walter French, NG, Chas Wells, VG, Isaiah Winch, Sec'y, J G Ciley, Treas.

WASHINGTON, No. 4.—Sam'l Clark, NG. W G Mathews, VG. J H Lamos, Sec. H Hobbs, Treas.

WHITE MOUNTAIN, No. 5.—A G Savory, NG. G H H Silsby, VG. W T Rand, Sec. E W Buswell, Treasurer.

Connecticut.

PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Giles M Eaton, CP. Wm L Brewer, HP. Rufus L Fanning, SW. Chauncey Burgess, JW. Edw'd W Eells, Scribe. John T Wait, Treas.

UNCAS LODGE, Norwich. —Charles A Converse, NG. Philo M Judson, VG, T Wait, Sec'y, J G Ciley, Treas.

THAMES, No. 9.—Henry Champlin, NG. Royal J Kimball, VG. Sam'l Barry, Rec. Sec'y. Hiram Willey, Per Sec'y. Henry Stayner, Treas. R A G Thompson, Chaplain.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Massasolet Encampment, No. 1. Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.

Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Encampment Hall, Monday.	
Tremont No. 15, do do Wednesday.	
Franklin, 23, do do Tuesday.	
Ancient Landmark, 32, do do Thursday.	
Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tuesday.	
Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.	
Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.	
Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.	
Boston, 25, do do Friday.	
Union Degree, 1, do do Saturday.	
Montezuma, No. 33, over Amory Hall. cor. of Washington and West sts., Wednesday.	
Shawmut, No. 37, do do do Tuesday.	

New England, East Cambridge, Friday.
 Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
 Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
 Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
 Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts.,
 Monday.
 Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.
 Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.
 Mechanics' Lodge, No. 11, " Friday
 Oberlin, 28, " Tuesday.
 Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
 Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
 Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
 Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.
 Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
 Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
 Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Thursday.
 Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.
 Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Thursday.
 Lafayette, 31, Watertown.
 Hope, 34, Methuen, Wednesday.
 Prospect, 35, Waltham.
 Souhegan, 38, South Reading.
 Quasacuncquen, 39, Newburyport.
 Bay State, 40, Lynn,

Maine.

Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland.
 Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
 Union Degree, 1, do. Union st., —
 Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, do. " " Thursday.
 Ligonis, 5, do. " " Friday.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Nattanis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath.

New Hampshire.

Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tuesday.
 Hillsboro, 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall, Monday.
 Wecohammet, 3, Dover, Monday.
 Washington, 4, Great Falls, Friday.
 White Mountain, Concord, Wednesday.

Rhode Island.

Friendly Union, 1, Providence, —
 Eagle, 2, do. Saturday.

Connecticut.

Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
 — Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam.
 Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich.
 Unity Encampment, No. 4, New London.
 Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
 Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, Wednesday.
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.
 Ousatonic, 6, Derby, do.
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Saturday.
 Thames, 9, New London, Monday.
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk.
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.
 Central, 12, Middletown, Tuesday.
 Charity, 13, Lower Mystic.

MR. PRATT'S LECTURE.

THE address of Mr. Pratt of Portland, delivered before the Wecohammet Lodge, I. O. of O. F., and the citizens of this town generally, was a splendid effort. The lecturer ably and successfully defended the principles of Odd Fellowship, and by his convincing, agreeable manner, won largely upon the respect of the audience. We are confident it has removed much prejudice which has existed in the minds of some against this benevolent and praiseworthy Order. The lecture exceeded our highest expectations — it was liberal in sentiment, free from political or sectarian bias, as is also the Order itself — was well written, pronounced in an eloquent and forcible style, and, of course, gave universal satisfaction. The Town Hall exhibited one of the largest and most respectable audiences that has ever congregated in that beautiful edifice. — *Dover (N. H.) Gazette.*

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

MASSACHUSETTS. — T. R. Edmonds, Charlestown; A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell; Duncan Macfarlane, W. Cambridge; John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge; Rev. Wm. Tozer, Malden; Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village; E. H. Smith, Woburn; Albert W. Bryant, East Lexington; Wm. Monroe, Chelsea; Adrian Low, Salem; R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport; J. M. Southwick & Co., Roxbury.

MAINE. — David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland; George Prince, Thomaston; Alonzo Parsons, Bath.

RHODE ISLAND. — J. W. Root, 41 Market st., Providence; C. C. Shute, No. 53 Westminster st., Providence.

CONNECTICUT. — Safford & Park, Norwich; Charles Ball, New Haven; Orrin F. Smith, New London.

NEW YORK. — James Pratt, Ithica.

KENTUCKY. — D. P. Watson, P. M., Nicholasville.

TRAVELLING AGENTS. — Rev. Bro. J. M'LEISH, H. B. ODIERNE.

GENERAL AGENT. — J. G. MORSE.

☞ WE are requested to state that Friendship Lodge, at Cambridgeport, will hereafter hold its meetings on Tuesday evenings, instead of Monday.

☞ IT will be seen, by reference to our "I.O.O. F. Directory," that Maverick Lodge will, in future, meet at their new hall, in East Boston. The Lodge has heretofore held its meetings at Odd Fellows' Hall, in this city.

☞ WE have a few copies of the 1st and 2d volumes of the SYMBOL on hand, which will be sold for \$1 50 per copy.

☞ WE have appointed Bro. DAVID ROBINSON, Jr., of Portland, our General Agent for Maine. All orders for the Symbol, addressed to him, will meet with prompt attention.



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THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1844.

NO. III.

ORATION.

Delivered at Columbia, South Carolina, December 8th, 1843, before the Eutaw Encampment.

BY PATRIARCH EDWARD J. ARTHUR.

THE task of introducing the principles of Odd Fellowship into this community, at a time when the subject was invested with the charms of novelty and curiosity, has already been most ably performed, and with the most eminent success. To me has been assigned the more difficult duty of attempting still further to develop the principles of our noble Order, and of endeavoring to establish in its behalf a more permanent and stable interest.

In the discharge of this duty, the most confident might feel hesitation and embarrassment, and with such feeling do I approach the subject.

Relying, however, on your kind forbearance and earnestly soliciting your generous acceptance of this imperfect effort, I will proceed to speak of Odd Fellowship, not as it has been already spoken of, in the language of hope and promise, but of its practical and beneficial operation upon society and its own members, as it has thus far been imperfectly developed.

It may be expected that I should on this occasion make particular allusion to that peculiar Order whose anniversary we are this day celebrating, but as in its objects and purposes, it does not differ essentially from other branches of Odd Fellowship, I apprehend it will suffice for me to state, that it is merely a higher Order of the same institution, by which the ties that unite us are drawn closer, and the duties and obligations of which, are higher and more binding.

Experience has taught us, that of all the branches of education which have occupied the attention of mankind, none is so difficult of attainment as that which is generally so much neglected, the education of the heart; and amid the innumerable schemes which have been devised for the amelioration of the social and moral condition of man, how few have been able to withstand those severe tests of all human institutions, time and experience.

Independently of the intrinsic difficulties of the subject itself, much of their ill success is attributable to the erroneous theories upon which they have proceeded. Based upon false principles of philosophy, or vainly attempting to reduce all mankind to the visionary standard of perfectibility, all their efforts have proved fruitless of practical good, and their ephemeral existence has lasted only long enough, to demonstrate the utter fallacy and absurdity of the scheme. Attempting too much and by inadequate means they have effected nothing, and instead of regenerating mankind, have brought upon their own head, merited ridicule and contempt.

But far different has been the career of Odd Fellowship. Introducing itself in the modest guise of an association for the purposes of mutual assistance among its members—originating with, and for a long time confined to the working classes—it was at first regarded merely in the character of a mutual insurance association, which by means of a trifling periodical contribution, was enabled to protect its members from the usual pecuniary vicissitudes and casualties of life.

Suddenly, however, and as if by magic, it has grown to its present enormous magnitude and influence. From England, where it is said to have originated in its present form, it has spread throughout the vast continent of Europe; crossing the Atlantic, it has disseminated itself throughout the immense extent of our own country, extending to every ramification of society, and embracing all professions and callings, and every variety of political or religious interests or opinions. In our Legislative Halls, in our sacred Temples of Justice, among our artizans and our rulers, in the lowly walls of the workshop, and in the lordly mansions of wealth and affluence—at the sacred desk of the man of God, and at the counter of the man of business, are to be found the members of our Order. From the populous cities of the East, to the utmost verge of civilization in the vast and almost untrodden wilds of the West; from the snow-clad hills of the North to the smiling and voluptuous plains of the South, Odd-Fellowship has extended and is still rapidly and steadily extending, its already almost boundless and universal influence.

To whatever cause this unparalleled success is to be attributed, whether to the beautiful simplicity of the morality it teaches, or the fascinating charm of the profound mystery in which its rites and ceremonies are shrouded, it is, nevertheless, quite manifest, that an institution, uniting, as this does, in one common bond, every grade and station of society, and every diversity of sectional or political interests, binding together in the most sacred ties, men of every clime, government and religion, cannot but exercise an unbounded influence, either for good or for evil. The utter fallacy of all fears of the injurious

tendency of Odd Fellowship has already been most ably and satisfactorily demonstrated, by those who have preceded me in the task of expounding the doctrines, and vindicating the principles of our Order. I shall, therefore, take it for granted that the vulgar prejudices which may once have existed against us, have long since been exploded, and instead of attempting to allay fears and lull suspicions which do not exist, I will endeavor to excite your respect and admiration for Odd Fellowship, by pointing out in what manner it is likely to become a most powerful engine of good to society. In doing so, I will allude to those practical benefits which have already been derived from it, and which give such undoubted evidence of its future usefulness.

By some it may be thought a rash undertaking, at this stage of our existence, to place our claim to popular favor on the ground of the good which we have already effected — yet, I hold it to be a sacred duty we owe the public that they should be satisfied of the utility of our institution. In a government like ours, where the popular will is the source of all power, the people have a right to know, by what means and in what manner, an institution possessing such unbounded influence as ours, and conducting its proceedings under the dark veil of absolute secrecy, intends to effect the ostensible object of its organization.

I would, however, by no means admit the right, either moral or legal, of any man or of any government, to pry into our secret rites or mysteries; and although in the present state of information on the subject of Odd Fellowship, we have no reason to apprehend persecution or opposition, yet if we desire more than the forbearance, and would gain the approbation of the public, we must so far disclose our operations and intentions, as to satisfy the world, not only of our inclination, but of our ability to effect some useful object. The readiest means of doing this, is to show what we have already done, that thus the public may be enabled to judge, what we are likely to do, when our institution may have become perfected by time and experience. Among the many beneficial effects likely to be produced by Odd Fellowship as established in the United States, by no means the least important is its tendency to promote a union of feeling and interest among the various portions of our widely extended and highly diversified country. In a country like ours, embracing every variety of soil, climate and production, and every diversity of pursuit and interest, it was necessary that a government should be established, which, while it maintained the several interests of the parts, preserved the integrity of the whole. To effect this, our Federal form of government was adopted; a government composed of several independent sovereignties, united as one people, in their relations to the other nations of the earth, but separate and distinct, in their internal and local regulation and government.

It was thought by this system, a system at once of attraction and repulsion, the independence of the several States might be sufficiently preserved for the protection of their several interests, while sufficient consistency and coherence would be given to the union, to make it respected among the nations of the earth.

Experience has taught us the extreme difficulty of maintaining the proper equilibrium between these conflicting forces; and while on the one hand, by increasing the power of the general government the interest of the smaller and weaker States have suffered, on the other hand by diminishing its strength, our respectability and influence as a nation has been lessened, and the existence of our union seriously endangered.

After various modifications and alterations, our government has at length assumed a sufficiently consolidated form to make itself felt and respected by the other powers of the world; yet is there something wanting, which while it interferes not with the sacred prerogative of State sovereignty, will unite us more closely as one people in the sacred bonds of Friendship and brotherhood.

I do not pretend that this great political problem has been solved by Odd Fellowship, yet I do maintain, that its principles when well understood and thoroughly carried into practice, are well calculated to establish a union—not of consolidated power—but of brotherly love—not of force, but of sympathy—which may long preserve us against those intestine divisions and broils, which have so often threatened to rend asunder the fair fabric of our government.

The system upon which our Order has been organized in the United States, gives color and plausibility to the view I have presented. An organization extending throughout the several States of the Union, yet for certain purposes, and under certain restraints, acknowledging the control and direction of one common head. The Lodges of the several States, revolving in harmony around their respective centres, the Grand Lodges of the States, and those again moving peacefully in their several orbits, around the great head of all, the Grand Lodge of the Union. Here we have a thoroughly organized system, based upon the principles of one political confederation, and the heavenly precepts of unity and brotherhood, strengthening those natural ties that should bind us together as fellow-citizens of one great republic. Could any system be devised better calculated to remove those local prejudices and sectional feelings, with which our beloved country has been so often distracted; can any scheme be fixed upon, by which the bitter asperities of party feeling are more likely to be allayed than this.—When the citizen of the South is taught to look upon the citizen of the North as his brother, and the citizen of the North finds himself received in the open arms of Friendship at the South; when the Odd Fellow from the East feels the cordial grasp of fraternity from his brother of the West; and the member of our Order, from whatsoever quarter of the Union he may come, or wherever he may go, finds himself no longer a stranger in a strange land, but surrounded by brothers and friends; surely this, if any thing, will serve to bind together, in the indissoluble bonds of unity and brotherhood, the various portions of our beloved country. If thus Odd Fellowship, without becoming a party engine, has a tendency to strengthen our political fabric, and without increasing the already dangerous powers of the general government, to bind still closer the bond of our union, I ask, should it not be entitled to the highest consideration from the statesman and patriot?

and should we not all unite, in promoting the interest of a cause, calculated to effect that, which was the fervent prayer of the great Father of his country — the perpetuity of our glorious Union?

But need we confine the benefits of Odd Fellowship, in ameliorating the political condition of mankind to our own country, and will I be accused of extravagance, if I venture to make a still more extended application of its benevolent principles, and dare hope that through its influence an important reformation, if not an entire revolution, in the Political History of the World, may some day be effected? To those who understand the nature of the obligations we owe to each other, and the ties by which we are united, it will by no means seem impossible, that by its means the political agitations and devastating wars that have so often laid desolate the fairest portions of Christendom, may be, if not entirely suppressed, at least greatly alleviated and modified.

It has long been a subject of regret to men of extended and liberal views and benevolent hearts, that no method of adjusting serious differences between nations has yet been devised, except an appeal to arms; and the attention which has of late years been bestowed upon this subject, shows that there is a strong disposition on the part of all good men of the present day, to co-operate in effecting the entire abolition of this most disgraceful relic of a barbarous and savage age. — Every Odd Fellow who hears me, and who understands the duties he has assumed, and is properly impressed with the solemnity of the obligations he has taken, will at once understand what an efficient auxiliary our institution must be in effecting this glorious reformation.

Who that has read those well authenticated instances in history, when amid the blood and carnage of the battle-field, the uplifted steel has been stayed in its descent by one mystic word, can doubt the efficacy of Odd Fellowship in alleviating the dreadful horrors of war? Who that has experienced the unity of sympathy and feeling it produces, among citizens of countries the most remote and governments the most diverse, will dispute its power in eradicating that savage principle of our nature which prompts us to look upon every stranger as an enemy? If by enlarging the circle of human sympathies, and by teaching men their duty to, and dependence upon, each other — if by uniting around one common altar, the Jew, the Turk, and the Christian, the subject of the potentates of the old world, and the free citizen of the new, and teaching them to mingle the incense of their hearts in one common offering to a God whom we all unite in adoring, if by doing this we can teach men to regard each other as members of one great family, and can allay those bitter feelings engendered by diversity of interest, government or religion, surely we may claim the honor of having contributed somewhat to promote the spreading of that heavenly message which bespeaks peace on earth and good will towards all mankind.

To the uninitiated these expectations may seem extravagant and visionary, but the worthy Odd Fellow will never despair while so great a moral good remains to be effected, and while he is led on by the glorious inspiration of Hope, which like

"The bright pillar that rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel marched along the desert land,
Blazed through the night, on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path a never failing star."

But by far the most beautiful feature of our institution is its tendency to elevate and ennoble man's moral nature. We teach morality, not by the inculcation of dry moral precepts, or the infliction of rigid and severe penalties, but by means of a beautiful system of theoretical and practical virtue, which, while it instructs us in the principles of morality, enjoins upon us the practice of every social virtue. It is not content that men should know the right, but requires that they should the right pursue; and while it teaches us to regard each other as brothers, enforces by rigid laws those practices towards each other which would naturally be the result of such a near relationship. It learns us to love virtue for its own sake, and to practice it because of its tendency to promote our temporal and eternal happiness—it inculcates humanity by enjoining upon us to open our hearts in sympathy with the afflicted, and teaches us the beauty of benevolence and charity, by requiring us to relieve the wants of suffering humanity whenever it is in our power so to do. It undertakes to instruct the mind and discipline the heart, to develop the good and control the bad impulses of our nature.

But Odd Fellowship has a tendency to establish a high standard of morality in a community. To gain admission into our Order, the applicant must come with an unstained character and an unblemished reputation. Wealth, talent, influence, station and office are of no avail if the moral character of the man be bad. The vicious man though arrayed in the panoply of wealth and power, has shrunk from our severe ordeal, or else has been exposed in his attempt to pollute our sanctuary with his unholy presence. Haughty vice has been thrust back, and humble merit brought forward. The arbitrary and foolish distinctions of society, founded upon wealth alone, are not known in our Lodge, and the humble but meritorious brother has found that among Odd Fellows at least his worth is duly appreciated.

In a community where wealth is power, and haughty ambition rides over humble merit in its career; where vice and crime are no impediments to success in political and worldly affairs, it is cheering to the heart to know that there is at least one sanctuary where the bad man may not come, and where ability without virtue is insufficient to ensure success.

But Odd Fellowship is also a highly social institution. Its tendency to promote friendship and good feeling among its members is one of its most beautiful features. In this age of selfishness, where individual aggrandizement is the chief motive of human actions, and men in their daily struggles for wealth or power, are continually coming into violent collision with each other, it is pleasing to reflect that an institution has been established, by which confidence among men is created, and an opportunity given for the free exercise of all the finer and nobler feelings and impulses of our nature. Nothing is so fatal to friendship as distrust, and when men are taught to act towards their most intimate friends, as if they might some day become enemies, they soon learn to

check all those exhibitions of feeling and sympathy which might expose them to the schemes of the cunning and designing, or subject them to the ridicule of the worldly and heartless. But among Odd Fellows, where man meets man as his brother and equal—when, from the moment he enters our sacred walls, he becomes indissolubly united to his fellow members in the holy bonds of Friendship, Love, and Truth, and becomes bound under the most sacred obligations of secrecy—here and here alone, does he feel safe in opening the inmost recesses of his heart, and laying bare all his cares, his woes and his sorrows—and here alone can he give full scope to all the warm affections and noble impulses of his nature, or seek the consolation and sympathy of his fellows without fear of exposure or ridicule.

In the ordinary intercourse of society, our advances of Friendship may be met by coldness, indifference and scorn; our confidence may be followed by treachery and betrayal, our exhibition of sympathy may be received with suspicion and distrust, and our charity may be bestowed upon an unworthy object, and perhaps turned into ridicule by the very recipient of our bounty. But Odd-Fellowship, by establishing a reciprocal confidence, opens the pure fountains of Friendship and Love, and gives full opportunity for the development of all those noble impulses and kindly affections of the heart, which exalt our nature above the dull things of earth, and place us but a little lower than the angels in the scale of created beings.

But viewed merely in the light of an association for the purpose of affording pecuniary assistance to its members in case of need, Odd-Fellowship presents many features worthy of our highest admiration. By means of association—that great principle of modern civilization by which cities have been built, rivers turned from their channels, and even “old ocean’s gray and melancholy waste,” made subservient to the wants of man, Odd Fellowship proposes to effect that which individual charity never could accomplish.

Under the best of governments and in the most prosperous times, we are liable to misfortunes, which no human foresight can guard against, and no human prudence prevent. Independently of the natural causes which may, in the twinkling of an eye, blight our fairest hopes, and lay prostrate in the dust the hard earnings of many a weary hour of toil and labor, there are other causes continually at work to sap the foundations of human happiness and prosperity. Envy, hatred, and rivalry, are still to be found in the world; and in the fierce struggle for wealth and honors, no man knows how soon he may be supplanted by a wily adversary, or foiled by a malignant foe. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and success in worldly matters depends so often upon accidental circumstances, that the great race of human life may be well compared to a game of chance, where although much depends upon the skill of the player, still more depends upon the wild caprice of fortune.

To guard its members against these strange vicissitudes is one of the objects of Odd Fellowship, and thus it may not improperly be called a mutual insurance association, where, in consideration of a trifling weekly contribution, the worthy brother has guaranteed to him

a regular allowance during sickness, and assistance in case of actual necessity and want. Thus the Odd Fellow is not thrown upon the cold charity of a heartless world, but applies for assistance to that fund which he has contributed to raise, and upon which he has a *right* to rely for aid. He feels none of that galling sense of dependence which the reception of charity from strangers produces, but fearlessly throws himself upon those resources to which he has a legal and equitable right, with the full confidence that they will not be denied him or grudgingly bestowed.

The subject of education is one entitled to great consideration by our Order. It is true that it has not yet attracted that attention to which it is so justly entitled. By many it may not be known that we have a fund sacredly set apart for the education of the orphan children of our deceased brothers—a fund, inviolable for any other purpose, and consequently so far steadily on the increase—already in some of the northern Lodges schools have been established, expressly for the education of the children of deceased Odd Fellows—and at a recent celebration at Baltimore, the pleasing spectacle was exhibited of some fifty or sixty orphan children moving in the procession, who were being educated and supported by the Lodges of that city. As yet in our own State, we have been able to do but little in the cause of education, yet who can tell but from this feature of our institution, a system of education may arise which will put to the blush all the feeble efforts heretofore made by our legislators and statesmen. But it is in the house of sickness, and by the couch of the dying man, that the Odd Fellow finds full scope for the exercise of the glorious principles of benevolence which we profess.

When the cold clammy sweat of death hangs upon the pale brow of a dying brother, and the dark shadows of oblivion are stealing over his external senses—when his feeble lamp of life flickers in its socket, and he is about closing his eyes forever upon the world, which never before seemed so bright and fair. Oh! who is it then that is found by his side offering him words of heavenly consolation, and sustaining him in that last dark hour of his earthly existence? Who is it that accompanies him as it were to the very portals of the grave, encouraging and cheering him in that last fatal encounter with the dark angel of death? Ask the bereaved families of those of our number who have already been summoned to appear before the awful tribunal of eternal justice, and they will tell you it was the faithful Odd Fellow, who was the first to obey the summons to the bed of sickness, and the last to desert the house of sorrow and mourning. It was upon him, that the cold glazed eye of the dying man was last turned, in grateful acknowledgment of this final act of devoted friendship. It was the cordial pressure of his friendly hand, as it returned the convulsed grasp of the dying man that tingled through his palsied nerves, awakening the dying echoes of his heart to Friendship, Love and Hope. Oh! when my time shall come to join that innumerable throng that are daily and hourly launching forth from the shores of time, upon the endless ocean of eternity, and the dark shadows of death are hovering around me, then let me see gathered around my dying couch the friendly and

sympathizing faces of my beloved brothers—and when the scene shall have closed, and the last sad and solemn words “dust to dust and ashes to ashes,” shall have been pronounced, let them encircle my lowly resting place, and renewing to each other our pledge of Friendship, Love and Truth, cast upon my coffin the sweet emblems of a blessed immortality beyond the grave.

Original.

TO A LOVED ONE.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

“FRIEND of my soul ! ” the love I bear thee
Is pure and holy, yet as deep
As theirs who nightly hover near thee,
Their vigils o’er thy couch to keep,
And guard thy spirit even in sleep.

The angels who do love thee, dearest,
Might share in holy love with me,
And when their whisperings thou hearest,
Be sure my spirit speaks to thee,
For my own language theirs would be.

Didst thou not know my heart was lonely,
Ere thy bright smile had chased its gloom ?
And wonderest thou I love thee only,
And will love thee, even in the tomb,
Where anew the heart-flowers bloom ?

Sister, wouldst know how I do love thee ?
It is not with an earthly fire,
But as the blessed stars above thee,
Which we may love yet not desire,
And, loving, to be like, aspire.

Star of my spirit, once in brightness,
Heavenly splendor, wilt thou shine,
In thy radiant spirit’s whiteness,
Where, oh where, will then be mine ?
Oft mine eyes will seek for thine.

Yea, oft, and haply He in heaven
May to thy star direct mine eyes,
And, as once to me ’twas given,

Bid my soul explore the skies,
Where the blessed mansions rise.

Rest thee, my love ! the world may hate me,
Peace and love may greet me not ;
And a dreary doom may wait me,
Shame and death may be my lot —
Shall I be by thee forgot ?

Recks not my soul, though grief 's before me,
Recks not my soul, though death be near ;
Thou wilt breathe one heart-sigh o'er me,
O'er my ashes shed one tear —
What shall then the wanderer fear ?

Original.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

An Address delivered before Siloam Lodge, No. 2, I. O. O. F. March 28, 1844.

BY REV. BRO. O. A. SKINNER.

BROTHERLY LOVE is a duty enjoined not only by all the inspired writers, but by heathen philosophers and moralists. Seneca says : " Above all things let us have tenderness of blood ; and it is yet too little not to hurt, unless we profit one another. We are to relieve the distressed ; to put the wanderer into his way, and to divide our bread with the hungry." The reasons urged by Seneca for the exercise of brotherly love, though not the best and strongest, are just and should be regarded by all men. He very properly says : " The comfort of life depends upon conversation, good offices and concord ; and that human society is like the working of an arch stone ; all would fall to the ground if one piece did not support another." He also says : " All we behold is to be considered as one thing. We are members of one great body. Nature hath made us all akin, and related to each other." Cicero says : " The duty of loving each other arises from the relation sustained ; and as all are of one blood, there should be an affection between parents and children, kindred, relations, friends, neighbors, citizens and the whole race of mankind." It has also been said by a heathen moralist, " That he who is worthy of the divine acceptance, is worthy also to be esteemed by us ; for it becomes him who is a lover of God to esteem whatever hath a divine resemblance, even all men who excel in and are distinguished by their virtue."

The reasons for brotherly love, presented in the foregoing quotations, if analyzed, will be found conclusive and highly satisfactory; and I propose to call your attention to some of the most prominent of them, and apply them to the relations of those belonging to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

1. All men are *brethren*; or, as Cicero says, *All are of one blood*. There is no truth which mankind are more prone to forget than this. If we look abroad upon the earth, we see the race cut up into nations, sects and parties; and in their adherence to their particular people, they overlook their brotherhood to all men, and feel and act as though all not of their country, sect or party were fit subjects for oppression and prey. Hence the cruelties which one nation has inflicted upon another. O! how does it make the heart bleed to read the history of those cruelties; and how does it cause us to wonder that men could be so blinded by selfishness and prejudice!

It is true, we all have duties to the nation with which we are connected, and the sect with which we worship; but these duties can never conflict with those we owe to our race. We may fancy they do. Indeed, we often think that to be true to our nation, we must be false to all other nations; and that to be true to our sect, we must be the enemies of all other sects. But it is not so. One duty never clashes with another. The moral law is perfect, and can have no opposing requisitions. If, therefore, in seeking the interests of our nation or sect, we are false to one individual, no matter what his country or color, we are violating our duty. Not only so—when the policy of a nation or sect is such as to require its people to wrong any of their race, do them any kind of injustice, that policy is wrong, and should be strenuously resisted. The great trouble is, many nations are built upon a wrong basis, adopt wrong measures, and have wrong principles of action. It is the same with sects, political parties, and many of the various associations of this age. It has been the same in all past ages. Hence the frequency of war, the prevalence of persecution, and the countless aggressions of human rights. To stand up in opposition to the evils which may surround us, and resist them firmly and resolutely, often requires a martyr's courage and determination. And yet, he that will not stand up against them, and resist them to the last, is no man, and has not a brother's heart beating within him. The real man will be true to all men. He may be told that he should seek the good of his nation, or sect, or party; and that if he does not, he will be false to his country and religion and principles; but he will reply, *The interest of no one can be promoted by doing wrong*, and, therefore, I cannot injure the most distant man on the globe, for the sake of serving my nearest friend.

All organizations, therefore, whether national, religious or social, which require their members to do aught against the rights of a single human being, are corrupt and pernicious, and the sooner they are broken up the better. It is vain to say, carry out the principles of these corrupt organizations, because by so doing you can aid your brethren who uphold them; for other men are your brethren, and you have no right to wrong one in order to help another. Now it is one of the chief

excellencies of Odd Fellowship, that in its principles and obligations it conflicts with the rights of no man. That member who commits any wrong against a nation, or sect, or party, is false to Odd Fellowship. Though the institution is not mainly designed for the relief of the poor wherever found, and though its doors are not indiscriminately opened to all men, it inculcates universal charity, and requires that all its members should be invariably governed by *Friendship, Love and Truth*. With what a peculiar power, then, must the doctrine that all are brethren act upon the hearts of those connected with this Order. As children of a common parent, they have come together, not to wrong those disconnected with them, not to secure any advantage over them, but to help themselves ; to be mutual assistants, and to provide for the wants of those among them who may be sick or unfortunate. It matters not what may be the nation to which one of the Order belongs ; what his color, or language, or pursuit ; they are to treat him with the same kindness, courtesy and regard, that they would one belonging to their own nation, speaking their own language, and following the most fashionable pursuit of the age. The members of the Order do not come together because of the same country, the same religious creed, the same political party, or the same pursuit ; but because members of the same race, and, therefore, all these distinctions should be forgotten. They have no right to say, "that man is a foreigner, a doctor, a lawyer, a mechanic, or an opposer to our religion and politics, and therefore we will oppose his rising in the Order," for they do not join it as Americans, physicians, lawyers, mechanics, sectarians or politicians, but as men, men of the same race, and therefore brothers ; and they have no right to know each other in any different way. Let the brethren, therefore, always remember their great relationship, and there will never exist in any Lodge those divisions and strifes, arising from the different castes in society, which are so directly calculated to produce envyings and jealousies and bitter criminations, evils which make the members more deserving the name of *bad fellows* than *odd fellows*.

2. *Brotherly Love* should be cherished because it is indispensable to social communion. Men may have dealings with each other without this virtue. A merchant may willingly sell his goods to the man for whom he has a strong dislike ; a mechanic may willingly perform a piece of work for one who is painfully disagreeable to him ; a lawyer may manage with distinguished ability a case for a man with whom his feelings would not permit him to mingle on terms of friendship ; a surgeon may amputate a limb for one from whom his heart turns with aversion. I do not say this business intercourse could be carried on with so much pleasure under such circumstances, as it could if brotherly love knit their hearts together. We know it could not ; for when we cherish a lively regard for an individual, we feel a special interest in his welfare ; it is a satisfaction to aid him ; love sweetens all the labor performed for his benefit. But while a business intercourse, under the circumstances named, would afford none of the pleasure felt by those whose dealings together are sanctified by love, it might be kept up through life to mutual profit. It often is so. Indeed, perhaps I may safely say, men generally in their transactions are

more influenced by selfishness than love. Hence their coldness and reserve, and the distance they keep from each other. And hence the painful conviction we often feel of the hollowness of the world. The love of dollars and cents bring men together, not to enliven the social feelings, or strengthen the ties of friendship, but to buy and sell; and when their transactions are finished, they separate, not to meet again till they meet at the call of the chinking silver. It is no wonder that men are fraudulent and unjust and oppressive; and that our ears are constantly saluted with the cries of the wronged and injured. There is but one way to cure this fearful evil; and that is by the agency of brotherly love. Fill every heart with this, and then we shall have no desire to wrong a single human being; all our dealings will be equitable, and we shall be constantly studying to do as we would be done by.

Not only so—our social feelings will be brought into active exercise. Instead of being governed solely by a sordid self-interest, we shall be governed by kindness and good will. How delightful, then, will be our communion. Heart will beat with heart, and the voice of love cheerfully respond to the voice of love. What a happy change would this effect in the condition of society! Instead of seeing selfishness darkly gleaming from every eye, and speaking out from every lineament of the human countenance, and men brought together merely for purposes of gain, we should see love brightly glistening in every eye, and beaming from every face, and drawing men together for social converse and the interchange of the kindly feelings of their hearts. Then would be realized the prediction of the prophet who said, the lamb and the lion shall lie down together.

If such is the effect of brotherly love upon the social communion of mankind, under what peculiar obligations are Odd Fellows to love each other. One leading object of their organization is to cultivate the social feelings of the heart. They see so much of selfishness among men and such a disposition to live apart from each other, that they think some compact, calculated to bring out the sympathies of the heart and develope all the kindlier feelings, is essential. How incumbent then, it is upon them, to live in love, and never suffer a vain ambition, a foolish pride, or a narrow selfishness, to find its way into their souls, and array them in hostility against each other. Such feelings in a Lodge are as improper as in a Christian church. They do violence to the very object for which every Lodge is formed. What true social communion can there be without love? Take from a Lodge its social spirit, and what good can it do? what advantage confer upon its members? Do not say, it can supply the wants of its needy members, for let acrimony and strife gain the ascendancy in any Lodge, and it cannot stand; it will ultimately go to ruin. We may say of a Lodge as Seneca says of human society, *it is like the working of an arch stone, all will fall to the ground, if one part does not support another*. Love is the key-stone of this arch. Odd Fellows then, should do everything for love. As the slave said, during a terrible earthquake, when he was offered a large sum of money for having risked his life to save an individual, "*Nothing for money to-day, but all for the love of God.*" So

should Odd Fellows say, *Nothing for pride, or selfishness or vain-glory, but all for brotherly love.*

3. Brotherly love should be cherished, because it is indispensable to the proper discharge of our duties. I have already intimated that we cannot attend as we ought to the common transactions of life without it. But if those duties which are to be compensated by an immediate gratification of our selfishness, cannot be properly discharged, what shall we say of those which are not thus compensated? And how many there are of this character! How often does duty require us to forgive an injury, to render good for evil, to aid those in distress, and bestow our alms upon those who have been our bitter enemies! — How often too, does duty, require us to warn the careless, counsel the ignorant, guide the inexperienced and reclaim the wandering! These duties no man will perform, unless a spirit of brotherly affection controls his heart. Who ever saw a miser giving bread to the hungry and clothing to the naked? or a misanthrope, sympathizing with the sick and sorrowful, and going out on errands of mercy to gladden and bless the hearts of the sinful and degraded? It is love that leads to the performance of these duties. Love has originated all the benevolent enterprises of the day. See what love is doing for the poor drunkard, for the poor prisoner, and for him who has no home. Its hospitals grace every city of our widely extended country, and ten thousand hearts are singing its praises, and publishing abroad its deeds of mercy.

How strong, then, are the obligations of Odd Fellows to love each other. Many of the most important duties devolving upon them are the duties of love. They have to exhort a brother who has fallen from his integrity, and seek to bring him back to the path of virtue. They have to visit the sick and administer comfort, and watch by their bedside during the long and weary night. They have to stand over the dying and cool the throbbing temple, moisten the parched lip and seal the closing eye. They have to visit the widow, in her hours of loneliness and sorrow, counsel and advise her, and contribute to her aid. They have to watch over the helpless orphan, school him, and clothe and fit him for the duties of life — and, if he goes astray, seek to bring him back. What sacred duties! how essential their performance! and yet how impossible without love! Shall these duties be neglected! Shall our hearts be turned away from them by the influence of petty broils and envy and unkindness? No — no. It cannot be. Let love, then, reign in the heart of every Odd Fellow; let it sanctify all his affections; let it direct all his energies, and be the commencement and the end of all his designs.

He that has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world; for, as it surrounds us with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

Original.

THE ESCAPE AND THE RESCUE.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

It was about the middle of the evening on the 2d of March 1776, when a little skiff shot out of the shade of some large trees, near the good town of Boston, and propelled by a vigorous arm soon left the noise and bustle of the town behind. Pursuing the sinuous course of the graceful Charles, the occupant of the boat seemed somewhat desirous of keeping in the shade when it was practicable, as, in most places, he could easily do. He was apparently a young man, and if the swiftness with which his boat passed up the stream could be taken as any criterion, he was of strong and vigorous frame. The banks of the river were then thickly wooded, and the over-hanging branches in some places almost swept the waters. Once or twice, when deep in the shadow, the young man rested on his oars, and seemed to be in the attitude of listening. The dash of oars was distinguishable in the distance, but it was very faint, and he resumed his steady, rapid progress. He reached at length a part of the stream where he could no longer keep in the shade, but was obliged to cross over an open space. He paused again, as if calculating the distance of the boat whose oars he had heard before, and then exerting all his strength almost flew across the water, till he was again lost in the friendly shade. A few moments after, a larger boat, manned by five men, who pulled vigorously at the oars, shot into the open space, and an exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of one of them, accompanied by an oath.

"I could have sworn I heard his oars, Andrews," said a large, powerful fellow in the stern of the boat to the one who was pulling the right hand oar.

"Yes, and so you did, but he'll lead us a wild goose chase for all that, for he knows every bend in this villainous river, that's crooked as a ram's horn, and will be as black as pitch when we get where it's narrow."

"If your oars went half as fast as your tongue, we'd have overtaken him long ago; so pull and keep quiet, and a murrain to you!" interrupted a harsh, coarse voice from the bow.

The men obeyed in silence, and their leader with folded arms, and angry brow, darted his keen, searching glance on each side of the bank, to see if he could discover any traces of the one they pursued.

The occupant of the first boat held on his way, till suddenly pausing and casting a hasty glance around, he gave a few quick strokes, and gliding under the branches of some over-hanging willows, he disappeared, and no traces of the boat or of him were visible. In a few moments, his pursuers passed rapidly by the spot, apparently without a suspicion of his concealment.

In the meantime, the young man had passed hastily up a long avenue of trees that led to a large and elegant mansion fronting the river, and laying his hand on the latch of the door, he was about to open it, when he heard an angry voice from the river, commanding the men to stop. He immediately opened the door, and entered the house. The moment the outer door closed, the inner one was opened, and a young lady stepping forward, looked with an anxious and earnest expression at the muffled form before her, and then in a tone of joy exclaimed, "Henry, dear Henry!"

The young man lifted the slouched hat that hung over his forehead, and displayed a countenance manly and beautiful, and bearing traces of deep thought. He spoke in a low and suppressed voice, saying, "Dear Helen, not a moment is to be lost; my enemies are in close pursuit. I hear their steps even now in the avenue."

Helen turned deadly pale, but with woman's quick thought, shot the bolt of the door as a momentary barrier. "Quick! quick! Henry!" she exclaimed, "The secret retreat!" and leading the way she stepped into the adjoining room, whither Henry followed her.

An elderly and fine looking man stepped forward, and grasping Henry's hand bade him welcome, and assured him of safety.

Helen, full of anxious alarm, opened a small closet door, and telling Henry to enter quickly, hurriedly explained to him that by pushing a sliding panel, he would be admitted into another closet, contrived in the thickness of the wall by the large, old-fashioned chimney that occupied the centre of the house.

A violent knocking at the door accelerated Henry's movements, and in a few moments he was safely ensconced in the secret closet.

The knocking grew more violent, and Mr. Howard went to the door, opened it calmly, and in a firm voice demanded the cause of the intrusion.

"We come for a spy and a traitor, whom, we have every reason to suppose, is harbored here," answered a coarse, harsh voice.

"This house holds neither, sir, and methinks Capt. Moseley, would do well to recollect to whom he speaks," replied Mr. Howard with dignity.

"I must execute my orders, and if they happen to interfere with the ideas of others, I am not responsible for that," answered Capt. Moseley, at the same time pressing into the house. "I have orders to apprehend Henry Derby, as a spy and a traitor, and I must search this house where a bright magnet has lured him—to his destruction, I hope," muttered he in conclusion.

"You may search the house if you please, sir. You will find no greater traitor in it than yourself."

Capt. Moseley darted an angry and threatening glance at Mr. Howard, but vouchsafed no reply, for he knew that gentleman stood too high for him to injure. He proceeded to search the house, having before stationed part of his men as sentinels to prevent Henry's escape. From garret to cellar he looked in vain. He at last entered the parlor where Helen was sitting with her sewing. She could not repress a slight manifestation of uneasiness which the keen eye of Moseley detected in a moment.

"Good evening, Miss Helen," said he, touching his cap to her. "I am sorry to disturb your pleasant occupations, but the course of my duty compels me to search this room, where I strongly suspect our mutual friend is lying *perdue*." A coarse, insulting smile, rendered the features of Capt. Mosely still more repulsive than they commonly were.

Helen deigned no reply, but rose to leave the room. Capt. Mosely immediately interfered. "Stay, Madame, I must have the advantage of your assistance. Your strong interest in the traitor is invaluable to me at present."

"You exceed your commands, sir, when you insult my daughter, and dearly shall you rue another word of insolence. Go, my child, if you wish," added Howard turning to Helen.

"Nay father, I think I will stay, to see how empty vaunts, and idle boasting become soldiers," and exerting a strong command over herself, she silently watched the Captain's proceedings.

He looked carefully into every place that by any possibility could contain anything larger than a mouse. Baffled in his eager wishes when he deemed them highest fulfilment, he could scarcely restrain the natural insolence of his disposition. He opened the closet door last. Helen's heart beat quick, for she feared lest some little precaution neglected, some crevice unclosed in the door of the secret closet should betray the hiding place of her lover to his bitter foe, and unsuccessful rival. Captain Mosely struck his sword against the partition. The hollow sound went like a knell to Helen's heart, for she feared his penetration would discover the retreat. Through a slight crevice in the panel, Henry could see the lowering and angry countenance of his enemy, and he felt strongly tempted to come forth from his concealment, and chastise him for his insolence to Helen, but his mission was too important for him to incur any risk. At length Capt. Mosely felt himself compelled to give up the search as useless, and threatening Mr. Howard with punishment for harboring a traitor, he told him he was well convinced that Henry was concealed somewhere about the mansion and he should leave his men to keep watch outside the house till morning. Mr. Howard in a cool ironical manner thanked him for the favor of his visit and his kind intentions, and wishing him a very good night, politely closed the door and re-bolted it on the discomfited Mosely, who muttered angry denunciations in a tone of suppressed wrath. He called one of his men to accompany him, leaving the rest with orders to keep strict watch round the house till morning. Then going down to the river he jumped into the boat, taking the seat in the bow, and leaving the man to row. When he came near the end of the river, however, he took oars himself and assisting the man, rowed swiftly on, till reaching Boston, they came to a landing-place, where they moored their boat. There was a person standing near who appeared to be waiting for them, and after exchanging a few words, they walked up Beacon street, and traversed one or two other streets, till they reached the head-quarters of General Howe. After a few moment's delay, Capt. Mosely was ushered into his presence, where we will leave him to disclose the failure of his project, and to betray

every thing he knew of importance to his new allies with whom he had long been in the habit of communicating, and had it not been that he was suspected by his commanding officer, and not entrusted with much knowledge, he might have injured his country much. His enmity to Henry Derby arose from the very natural preference evinced for him by Helen Howard, and from the high estimation in which he was held by Gen. Washington, and also by the other distinguished officers of his suite. Jealousy and envy made him a traitor, but his quick passions unfitted him for the office of spy, and the fear of discovery which menaced him closely impelled him to flee to the British. He sought to seize Henry, whom he suspected of visiting Boston in disguise, and to take him to the British commander, accuse him of being a spy, and have him meet an inglorious death. His plan was ingeniously enough formed, but failed of success in consequence of his not overtaking Henry soon enough, and not daring to wait for a better opportunity, he was reluctantly obliged to abandon his project.

After Capt. Mosely had left Mr. Howard, Henry desired to come out of his concealment, but thought best to wait a few moments. It was well he did, for one of the soldiers of the Captain was employed in looking in the windows, where a small point of glass uncovered by the curtain, gave him a view of the interior. For a few moments Helen remained in the room, talking in a low tone to her father, who gave her some directions with regard to Henry. She then proceeded to the next room, which was but slightly lighted, scarcely enough to distinguish objects, and the curtains were all drawn. She opened a small cupboard door, which was at the side of the fire-place, and in a subdued tone told Henry to slide a panel into the wall on this side, similar to the one on the other, and then by stooping very low, he could make his egress from his retreat. Henry complied with the directions and soon found himself in the twilight room. Helen whispering to him to be cautious, bade him go carefully up stairs to the retired room where he and Mr. Howard usually held their conferences.

"There will be danger in taking a light, Henry, but I think you know the way too well to miss it."

"I have been here too often not to know it, my love, but my perilous journeyings are about ended now, and that black-hearted villain shall dearly bide his insolence and treachery." And Henry's eyes flashed fire as he spoke.

"Hush, Henry! oh, be careful, for there are those who lie in wait for you, and perhaps will hear your voice. For my sake, dear Henry, be cautious."

"What is there I would not do for your dear sake! But I have abundant reason to be cautious. I have that which will endanger my country if it fall into an enemy's hands, and I am well convinced that Mosely is a spy for the British, and that my papers would have been in their possession to-night, had he laid hands on them. I would have resisted to the utmost however, and my life should have gone before them."

"Not by such ignoble hands shall my Henry die," said Helen with

enthusiasm, but in a moment her voice faltered and tears filled her dark eyes, as she added, "if indeed death must come."

"Do not tremble my own Helen, my death would be glorious were it like our brave Warren's and in a cause more worthy, man could not fall. But courage, dearest," added he, with a lover's privilege kissing away her tear, "we shall see our country free, and our own proud banner with its stripes and stars shall yet float above the Lion of England, or her boasted Red Cross. The arm that is to shield thee must be strong, and the heart that is to guard thee must be brave, my own," and then pressing gently the soft hand, and printing a kiss on that fair brow, he went up to the secret room, and Helen returned to her father, and setting things in order, prepared to retire. Her father, after a brief conversation, bade his beautiful daughter good-night, telling her not to be alarmed with any apprehensions, but to sleep in quietness and peace; and if, in the morning, she should find them gone, not to feel any anxiety.

In that secret chamber in the old mansion, Mr. Howard and Henry had a long conference. Henry had obtained important information from Boston that evening, which he was anxious to impart to General Washington, though he had first been obliged to see Mr. Howard, whom he wished to accompany him.

"But how we are to get clear of these fellows, I don't see," said he. "I shall not have to visit Boston again, and further disguise will be unnecessary after a few days. But to-night I must be secret, and I must be at Cambridge too. What can be done?"

"Henry, I look upon you as a son, and as a son I will trust you.— Many years since I discovered a subterranean passage which leads from the cellar to the granary; probably it was made nearly a century ago. I have not mentioned it to any one, and I have no reason to suppose any one but myself knows of it. We will leave here half an hour before day-break, and in less than that time, we shall arrive at the head-quarters of our noble General."

"But will it be safe to leave Helen unprotected?"

"There are the two men who are now in the house, and who were going with me this forenoon, to say nothing of three women. Old Martha, you know, is a host of herself. I will give William orders to give the men some breakfast, and stay till they are gone — then to go over to the camp with my horse, for we must walk, and the distance is not much. You know the pass-words, of course?"

"Yes, or I could not have been here to-night. The sentinels below might have stopped me else."

While Mr. Howard was gone to give his directions, Henry wrote a hurried note to Helen, telling her that urgent reasons compelled him to go without seeing her, but that, in a day or two, he would see her again. He gave this note to Mr. Howard, who went to Helen's room, and, softly opening the door, entered, and gently approaching the bed, looked on the beautiful countenance of his sleeping child, with the vivid emotions of a parent whose hopes are centred on one object. A tear-drop glistened on the long silken lash, and a shade of sadness was on the brow. Her father kissed away the tear, and laying the note on

her pillow, left the room. Then returning to Henry, he advised him to take some repose before they should go, promising to awaken him early. Henry was very glad to comply with his advice, as the fatigues of the day had been great. It seemed to him, however, as if he had slept but a few minutes, when, at the end of three hours, he was summoned by Mr. Howard, who held in his hand a dark lantern, which was to light them through the underground way. Henry was ready in a few moments, and they proceeded very cautiously down stairs, and descended into the cellars. There were five of these partitioned off for various purposes, but Mr. Howard advanced no farther than the third, when, giving Henry the lantern, he proceeded to remove a small stone from the wall, and then, taking a large key from his pocket, he inserted it in a lock which was thus disclosed to view, and turning it, threw back a great flat stone, which was so skilfully placed as to appear only the rough surface of a rather larger rock than is ordinarily used in cellar walls. Passing through the opening, thus formed, they found themselves in a passage which was narrow, but sufficiently high to move easily along. Having carefully relocked the door on the inside, Mr. Howard preceded Henry, and walked on in silence, till they reached a flight of stairs, which they ascended, and touching a concealed spring, opened a small door which admitted them to the interior of a building used as a granary, from which they speedily emerged, and were soon on their way to Cambridge. When they reached the camp, they proceeded directly to head-quarters, and were readily admitted into the fine old mansion which had the honor of being Washington's residence.

Early as it was, they were summoned to his presence, before the lapse of any great length of time, and found him already dressed in his usually plain style, with no appearance of parade in his costume, but his fine figure, his noble countenance, and his dignified bearing impressed at once whoever had the privilege of conversing with him. He was seated at a table in the centre of the room, and around him lay papers and some books. Writing materials were also on the table, and the small sword he usually wore, with its belt, and his hat, with its simple black cockade. There was no one present in the room at the time but an inferior officer, whom he dismissed with some orders for one of his generals. He received his visitors with an air of pleasure, apparently mixed with a sensation of relief, as he gazed on the frank and intelligent countenance of Henry Derby. He extended his hand to him, with much cordiality, and bidding him be seated, he prepared to listen to the intelligence which he brought, and of which he made some minutes, and expressed himself fully satisfied with his report.

"I was aware of the danger you incurred, my young friend, in case of your disguise being discovered, but Mosely, as you suppose, has acted entirely on his own authority, and is probably now in Boston.—He has but little information to give, however, for he has been carefully kept from having much opportunity of acquiring knowledge. If he had succeeded in seizing you, he would probably have dismissed three of his men to come across to the camp, while he with Andrews, who is undoubtedly leagued with him, would have taken the water, on

pretence of greater security. It would have been easy to have carried you to the enemy's side."

The color mantled in Henry's cheek as he replied, "Their task would have been as difficult as a stout heart and a strong arm could have made it."

Washington smiled slightly as he looked on the ardent and high-spirited young man, and added, "You would soon have had an opportunity of signalizing yourself, Henry, had my plan succeeded. But, as it is, you may yet do something."

He then proceeded to unfold his plans to Henry and Mr. Howard, as he had some important arrangements he wished them to attend to personally.

On the 4th day of March 1776, there was much activity and bustle in the American camp. From Roxbury, Cambridge and Lechmere Point, the iron shower was rained upon the city. The large bombs fell like thunderbolts, often carrying in their train destruction, and firing the houses almost constantly. The British had incessant occupation.

At night, a large body of troops, unnoticed by the British, began their march over Dorchester Neck. Though they numbered two thousand, and were followed in addition by three hundred loaded carts, yet they performed their march with such silence, and, owing to the good condition of the roads, with such celerity, that they reached Dorchester Heights wholly unsuspected by the enemy, whom the heavy roar of the batteries prevented from noticing the manœuvre. When they had reached the heights, dividing into companies, they immediately commenced throwing up their fortifications.

At a little distance from one of the divisions stood two gentlemen engaged in directing some part of the operations, and occasionally assisting and encouraging the willing laborers.

"We shall hear from the sluggards by daylight," said Henry, "for they will do their best to dislodge us from our position. But if these brave fellows work at this rate, they won't find it so easy to drive us away."

"We shall be in Boston ourselves, Henry, before many days, for General Howe will find it more than he can do to maintain himself where he is."

"This has been a long and weary siege. Sixteen months have we been before the town, and there has been much distress in it. Provisions are scarce enough, and dear enough, as I have had an opportunity of witnessing. They have used the houses for fuel, and God's sanctuary for a riding room. Oaths, execrations and the trampling of steeds have gone up instead of the voice of prayer and praise. Surely, the hand of the Lord will be against his enemies."

"I believe in the justice of our cause, Henry, and I am sure the divine blessing cannot rest on a worthier leader than our Washington. That man must be akin to Judas who would betray his counsels."

"Yet there are such men — though, thank heaven, they are few. — Not like these noble fellows here, who have scarcely paused in their work, and yet it is almost four o'clock, and the fortifications are nearly

raised." Thus alternately conversing and assisting the men, they passed the night — a night of so much importance to the interests of our country.

Great was the surprise of the British on the ensuing morning. — Many rubbed their eyes as if they were under the delusion of a dream. General Howe was greatly enraged, and, turning to his officers, exclaimed, " These rebels have done more in one night, than my army would have done in a week. "

He immediately gave orders to have a cannonade opened upon them from the forts and the shipping, and then called a council to deliberate upon what further measures should be taken. All his efforts to dislodge the rebels from their commanding situation were ineffectual, and the result of the siege is well known. The evacuation of the town occupied several days, and a scene of hurry, bustle and confusion ensued, that any description would be inadequate to convey an idea of. The conveying of goods and furniture on board the transports; careworn and anxious parents leading along their children; companies of troops on the march, and a thousand incidents, some amusing, some painful, occupied the week; and the British had the pleasure of seeing the rebel troops march in and take possession of the town they had so boastfully promised to keep themselves. As Mr. Howard and Henry rode through the streets, they could not help lamenting the unavoidable evils of war, and also reprobating the more culpable excesses and iniquities consequent upon it.

" I believe this a righteous war, Henry, but I trust it will purchase the blessings of permanent peace for our country. I sometimes have thought that our country will be the first to recognize the true principles of peace, but the time is not yet, and may not be in my day. — You may live to see it, Henry. "

" Hardly, I think, " said Henry, reining in his horse, who had started at an object by the street-side. The sight of such mementos as this will not soon induce a peaceful spirit, I fear, " pointing as he spoke to a fragment of one of the crimson-lined pews of the Old South, which, after having answered the purpose of a pig-sty, had been cast into the street.

Mr. Howard was about to make some reply, to this remark, when he was interrupted by a message summoning him to the presence of Washington.

" You will go out to-night, shall you not Henry ? " said he, as he turned to accompany the messenger.

" About sunset, I think — I shall be occupied till then. "

" Meet me then, at Major Barrett's, and we will go together. You can get a boat, I suppose ? "

" Oh yes, easily. I will see you at four. " And they parted to go their several ways.

Many a time that day had Helen gone down the avenue to see if she could discern her father and her lover returning. She had prepared

every thing for their welcome ; every delicacy either of them loved was spread on the ample board, and old Martha was busy as her young mistress, and bustling about with good will to have all things well ordered. The men were all gone, and the other two women were busy. Helen had attired herself in her most becoming array, and in a dress which Henry had once said became her highly. Her beautiful hair was arranged according to the fashion of the time, which though it might not be considered becoming at the present day, yet corresponded well with Helen's style of beauty.

"I will run down to the water once more, Martha, for, indeed, I cannot stay here patiently, though I know my doing so will not bring them any sooner," and with a light step Helen hastened down the long avenue. It was already dusk, and the wind made a low moaning among the yet leafless branches. There was a dreariness in the sound that gave a melancholy feeling to Helen, notwithstanding her joyous anticipations. An undefinable dread of evil crept over her, and she paused a moment irresolute whether to go on, but then hastily shaking off her fears, she proceeded towards the river. Just at the end of the avenue she saw a figure advancing towards her, which she supposed at once must be Henry ; and, uttering an exclamation of delight, she sprang forward, and in a moment was clasped in the arms of a powerful man, who immediately placed one hand on her mouth, and in spite of her struggles, bore her to where two men were waiting with a boat, in which she was immediately placed by her captor, who bade the men row for their lives. Had Helen entertained any doubt as to whose power she was in, that hateful voice would at once have told her it was Mosely.

Recovering a little from her surprise and deadly fear, the thought flashed through her mind, that by lying very quiet she would deceive him into the belief that she had fainted, and the moment she heard a boat approaching she would call for assistance. Yet, when she felt the wretch's hand upon her head, it was with the utmost difficulty she could repress her indignation. She completely deceived him, however, and rejoicing in the belief, he took an oar himself, and assisted his confederates in rowing. The wind was fresh, the tide favorable, and the arms of the rowers strong, and Helen was rapidly borne away, without the power of resistance. Every moment was a life-time to her, and she feared the quick beating of her heart would become audible. At length she hears a boat approaching, and the cheery tones of her lover are borne to her over the water. Capt. Mosely suddenly orders the men to run deep into the shadow, lower the sail and lay to. It is done in a moment, and unperceived by Henry, who is rapidly urging on his boat with Mr. Howard to assist him. Helen's agony of fear, lest they should pass her, takes away for a moment all power of utterance. Then a wild scream rings through the air, startling every listener.

That scream brought Henry like lightning to the spot, for he was sure, unearthly as it sounded, it was Helen's voice. Bending to their oars, and straining every nerve, Mosely and his men flew over the water. Gaining a little advantage they again hoisted their sail and

rapidly distanced their pursuers. Helen would again have shrieked for aid, but the villain menaced her with instant death if she uttered a word. Henry was desperate; he used superhuman efforts, but, finding them in vain, he threw down his oars, and, seizing his pistol, fired at the villain. But his nerves were not steady enough for the purpose, and the insulting laugh of Mosely was borne back to his ears, as he shouted in derision at his failure; again he fired, and missed his aim, but, striking one of the ropes, rendered the sail unmanageable. They were obliged to pause a few moments to furl it if they could; but finding that they could not, and that Henry and Mr. Howard gained on them even in that time, they left it to the care of one man, and rowed on. Helen with clasped hands and straining eyes watched her father and Henry, who used every effort to overtake her. Courage! trembler: courage! rescue is at hand. A large boat is approaching which will soon overtake you. Henry calls upon them for assistance, and they come swift as our own eagle cleaves the air. Mosely enraged, and feeling his capture certain, raises himself in the boat, takes deliberate aim, and fires at Henry. The ball passes through his arm and inflicts only a slight wound. But at this moment a flaw of wind strikes the sail of Moseley's boat; it rocks, bends to the water's edge, and is capsized. Henry sees Helen's dress, fluttering on the waves, and forgetting his wound, hastens to the spot, seizes on her, and draws her into the boat, with the assistance of her father, who is speechless with emotion at the safety of his child. The large boat which came up with them, inquired what was the meaning of the affray, and the matter was hurriedly explained. They immediately tried to find the men, but it was so dark they could not discern where they were. Suffice it to say that the two were good swimmers, and made their escape, contriving to reach the British transports that night, after some narrow escapes. Mosely, however, met with a sudden destruction, for he perished in the waters, and after a few days his body was found.

Helen was borne home by her father and Henry with the utmost tenderness, and when they reached the avenue, they found all the servants searching for "dear Miss Helen" in the greatest alarm and apprehension. When they arrived at the house, she was consigned to the care of old Martha, who soon had her comfortably placed in a warm couch, and supplied with restorative draughts. She then left her in the care of one of the other attendants, and proceeded to dress Henry's wound, which his exertions had rendered painful, and which gave Helen so much anxiety, that she could not rest till he was attended to.

Heartfelt prayers of gratitude for Helen's safety went up that night from all; and Mr. Howard added a petition for the traitor's forgiveness and repentance, if his life had been spared, for mercy on his soul, if he had gone to his last account.

Years after, Henry and Helen, sitting under the willows on the banks of the river, would relate to a gay group of children many anecdotes of the revolution, and sometimes the tale of their own adventures at the raising of the siege.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CERTAINLY if all who know, that to be men stands not in the shape of bodies, but in the power of reason, would listen awhile unto Christ's wholesome and peaceable decrees, and not puffed up with arrogance and self-conceit, rather believe their own opinions than his admonitions ; the whole world long ago (turning the use of iron into milder works) should have lived in most quiet tranquillity, and have met together in a firme and indissoluble league of most safe concord. — ARNOBIUS.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the Death-Angel touches those swift keys !
What loud lament and diamal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan —
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums, made of serpent's skin.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns !

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain !

Is it, oh man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Graham's Magazine for May.

Original.

PURITY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

" Nothing defiled can enter heaven."

If there be one virtue more heavenly, more angelic than another, that one is *Purity*. It is the radiant circlet of pearls that surrounds the jewel of holiness — a barrier to all sin — a brilliant token of the seraph loveliness which it embraces. A pure soul is the nearest approach to perfect bliss that can be attained amid the toils and troubles of the world. Well was it said "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." But it tells not all. They *do* see God, and not "through a glass darkly," but "face to face." The state of that heart which is pure and white, and free from all uncleanness, is but the reflection of that radiant countenance before which angels veil their eyes. O that I might discover, amid the dross of the world's riches the pure gem of purity ! O that I might behold the eye over which pass and re-pass, like mirrored sunbeams, the bright imaginings of a holy mind

— the pure thoughts which speak of the unpolluted soul, and beam forth on the weary eye of the world-wanderer like glimpses of the golden heaven caught through the dark clouds of a stormy sky. Dear, lovely Purity, I will embrace thee! Whithersoever thou art, will I follow!

If there are any in the world who believe in a future state, and rely with the trusting hope of belief on the promise of "that peace which the world cannot give," — if there are any who desire the bright existence which our faith informs us is reality, to them I say, "What will better enable them to realize those hopes, better fit them for the enjoyment of those realizations, than the endeavor to seek, constantly and devotedly, the purity without which heaven is not?"

We are placed in a world of trial and anxiety. Early and sadly are we taught the vanity of all the bright hopes and glad anticipations that throng around the opening gates of earthly life. Early and sadly we experience the dark conviction that our joys, our pleasures and our loves, must, sooner or later, fade away, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind!" Deeply sensible are we of this.

What, then, can be our duty? — what our hope, or happiness, but to use the short remnant of our earthly existence in preparing for that better land where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." And how can we better prepare ourselves to enjoy the happiness which we fondly hope may one day be ours, than by studying to be pure in heart, free from spot or stain, like the blessed angels before the throne of God?

And to achieve this, we must not only preserve our language and our actions free from that which defiles, but we must school our hearts to that practice of purity which alone will make us happy, which alone will fit us for the society of seraphs. We must not only check the impure or trifling *words* which often strive for utterance; we must not only refrain from *actions* which may be construed as departures from purity; but we must stifle in its very germ the imperceptible thought or feeling which, were our hearts laid open, might offend the most fastidious soul. We must make it our constant study to banish from our heart of hearts even the imagination of a thought which angels might not read; and teach our souls so bright, so deep, so indelible a lesson of purity that they shall not be capable of conceiving a thought by which that holy purity might be defiled. Until we do this; until we are, inasmuch as it may be possible upon earth, thus pure; until we have taught our souls this sweet and unfading lesson; we may not hope, we may not anticipate the enjoyment of the companionship of that bright band who are without spot or wrinkle in the sight of their Creator. Then, and not till then, may we be prepared to enjoy the rest of God; to enter the society of the seraph choir, and with the radiant forms that surround the throne of God, strike our golden harps in the eternal anthem of praise to the One — the Pure — the Holy!

Original.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

BY REV. BRO. WM. TOZER.

ODD FELLOWSHIP is based on these three virtues. And it can be but of little importance how ancient or modern the name may be, or how odious it may appear in the eyes of the-uninitiated ; nor is it of much importance how often, or how soon they may change that name. — If they only practice this trinity of virtues, and adhere to these heaven-born principles, which are as old as the creation, it must prosper.

Man was formed for society, and qualified to receive and impart pleasure in social intercourse. This is the very life and soul of friendship, without which it is a mere name, a vain pretence. All difference of situation and circumstances is lost sight of in the intercourse of friendship. In our beloved Order, all outward distinctions cease; the professional man mingles with the honest mechanic and laborer; all are here brought upon one common level, enjoy the same privileges, receive the same attention in the hour of sickness and distress. The poor as well as the rich are faithfully attended through every changing scene of life — his remains deposited in the house appointed for all the living — his widow and fatherless children protected, and their wants supplied.

Man was not only formed for society, but for love; created in the image of God, and God is Love. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God." "He that hateth his brother, is in darkness." "The darkness hath blinded his eyes." "He that loveth his brother, abideth in the light, and there is no scandal in him." So says the loving disciple. The relations that naturally subsist among men, lay a foundation for the exercise of this heaven-born virtue; for wherever we turn our eyes toward man, whether in our own native land or to the most distant part of the habitable earth, there we see our brother, whether he be a fair son of Europe or a brown Asiatic, the red man of America or the jet-black African. We trace all to a common origin; and the ties of consanguinity bind us to our brother — to soothe him in the hour of distress — to guide him in the path of happiness. The radiations of love ought to fly from family to family — from village to village — from city to city — from nation to nation — till the whole earth shall be filled with the blessed principle. This harmonizes with the idea of Friendship — the absence of this would tend to destroy the moral harmony of society. The object of Odd Fellowship is to promote this divine principle; and hence we banish from our temples the two monster sources of disagreement among men, viz: religious and political disputes. Who can look at the conduct of the religious sect-

aries of our day, and not be convinced of the necessity of banishing from the earth these bitter animosities that exist in the so called religious world? or who can look at the conduct of political disputants, and not feel the necessity of some more binding link for men than can be found within the political arena? The principle of love, as practiced by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, can, and must, if carried out, bring about this desirable end.

Truth — universal truth — is the bond of society; the foundation of confidence and intercourse between man and his fellow. It will be readily discovered that this is indispensable in our trio. Without this, the other two would utterly fail. Friendship would be a mere name, love an empty profession. Therefore truth is of the utmost importance to all rational beings. But in the present depraved state of the world, truth fails so much that deeds and bonds are absolutely necessary to secure any degree of confidence between man and man. But let the principles of our Order prevail — its moral requisitions be attended to — Friendship Love and Truth would dispel the gloom that hangs over the moral world — man would be united to man. Wherever he saw the "human face divine," he would see a friend and a brother. Were our principles in full operation, the world would be transformed into a Paradise, and everywhere would be Eden. The desert would bud and blossom as the rose. The universe would be restored to its pristine beauty; injustice and oppression would no longer raise its hydra-head, while the poor, the widow and the fatherless, are groaning under the iron rod of those who have deprived them of every comfort. The hands of the oppressor would be loosed; the captive set at liberty; all fetters would be burst asunder; Millennial glory would shine out on the world; a universal Jubilee would be proclaimed through the earth. This is the object of Odd Fellowship.

ODD FELLOW'S LIBRARIES.

AMONG the many ministries of good promised by the institution of Odd Fellowship, the enlightening of the understanding is by no means the least important. And yet we fear, there is no department of the vast field of labor before us, which has been so much neglected. Hitherto our labors have been devoted mostly to the relief of the *bodily* sufferings of our members, and their widows and orphans. Our Order has seen the stranger, far from his home in distress, and has ministered to his wants. She has seen the strong man become helpless as a little child, with no means to procure the comforts of a sick chamber. She has seen him go down to the grave, and has listened to the cries of the widow and the fatherless, as out of the depths of their distress they have called for some friendly hand to guide them through the perilous journey of life. This she has seen and heard, and she has put forth her power for the rescue. She has provided a home for the stranger — she has gone into the chamber of sickness, and soothed the

feverish brow of the emaciated sufferer, fed his children, and administered the balm to a disconsolate wife. And she paused not here, but when death has closed the scene, like some guardian angel whose birth-place is in the skies, she has lingered around the house of mourning, and done all that human power and sympathy could do, to wipe the tear from the eye of the widow, and hush the moan of the fatherless children, and through long years she has continued to cherish and bless them. All this has been done, and well done. But in the overflowings of benevolence, it seems to have been forgotten, that we might greatly benefit our own minds and understandings, and that too without at all interfering with our efficient labors for the relief of the physical sufferings that surround us. It may be time to pause and ask, whether the mind, the nobler, the better part of man, should not receive a greater share of our attention? And whether we ought not more fully to discharge that part of our duty which bids us enlighten the darkness of the human understanding.

In this work the organization of our Order gives us facilities, that are not yet half developed or appreciated; and our present object is, to direct the attention of our brethren to the establishment of libraries, as an excellent means of promoting our mental improvement, and thus carrying out one great object of our institution.

The utility of a well selected library in our Lodge rooms, free of access to all our members, and their widows and orphans, cannot be doubted for a moment. Reading, is one of the best methods of mental improvement; and to cultivate the habit of reading, where it exists, and induce it where it does not exist, is to do a very essential service to our members. There are comparatively few who are able to purchase for themselves a good and suitable library, and hence the propriety of associated action in this respect. Two or three hundred individuals may purchase at a small expense each, a good library, which will be to every one, for all practical purposes, as useful as if it were his own. To secure this end our Order has peculiar facilities, some of which we will name.

1. It is already an associated body, bound together by such ties as are not likely to be sundered. So that we are relieved from the necessity of raising a new organization, and measurably free from the danger of dissolution, which threatens all associations united merely for a single purpose.

2. Our Lodges are generally in possession of a room, in all respects suitable for a library, and where it can be kept without additional charge. This is an important point, and will save much expense.

3. Our Lodges have their regular meetings, affording the best possible facilities for receiving and returning books, and transacting all necessary business, without the loss of any considerable time to any of the members. With such facilities as these, there can be no doubt of our perfect ability to possess ourselves of all the advantages of a well regulated library, and that too, at the least possible expense. — Let us see how easily it may be effected. We assume as the basis of our calculation, the situation of the Lodge to which we are attached. It meets in a hall with two others, numbering in all about eight hun-

dred members. Now suppose each member of these Lodges should contribute the apparently insignificant sum of one cent per week. It would amount in five years to, say, two thousand dollars; a sum amply sufficient, with economy in purchasing, to procure a well selected library, of from fifteen hundred to two thousand volumes. And this may be done, and thus each member may secure to himself for life, and to his family, access to a good library, at an expense less than the *annual* subscription price of admission to institutions of the sort. — How can we appropriate the like sum to a more useful purpose? — How can we better advance the interests of our own members, or of the widows and orphans, who are left dependent upon us, than by opening to them the fountains of useful knowledge, and the sources of mental improvement? How can we better cheer the widow in the loneliness of her destitution, than by placing in her hands a pleasing companion in the form of a useful book, to store her mind with knowledge, and prepare her to endure the ills of life with fortitude and composure? We are^t pleased to know that the attention of our Order is being called to this subject; and that Maryland, the first in age, and ever the first in carrying out the principles of our Order, has engaged in this enterprise, and has already her library in a flourishing condition. We trust our Lodges throughout the Union will follow her example; and we hope the time is not far distant, when a well assorted library will be deemed a necessary appendage to every Lodge room. — In the mean time, if any of our Lodges are already engaged in this work, we should be pleased to hear of their progress. — *Covenant.*

Original.

THE ANTIQUE GALLERY.

BY T. B. READ.

It was of an autumn afternoon that I found myself slowly ascending the dusty winding stairs that led to an almost forgotten collection of pictures. Each foot-fall ran echoing up the spiral stairway, and like guests to a festival, they glided one after another into the long hall.

The figure of an old man stood in the shadow of the half-closed door. A dark mantle hung over his shoulders; and as he leaned upon a tall staff, his long white beard trembled on his yet more trembling hands. A crimson velvet cap half obscured his bald front, which, together with his sunken eyes and pallid cheeks, gave him the appearance of one of those dwellers amid ancient lore, that are seldom met with save in the imagination, and in the romance of the last century. Whatever object has the power, either by mysterious appearance or association, to awaken in the mind thoughts of the shadowy past, the

imagination at once clothes in robes, woven from materials like the spider's web, equally mysterious and intangible. At one moment I almost doubted the reality of what I beheld. Could it be that in the very heart of modern conventionalism, such a marvel continued to exist? Here was a being *in* this age, but not *of* it. A fragment of the past. A lone stalk, standing in the field of last year's harvest. It trembled beneath the weight of its own fruits. Why had it been passed over by the sickle of Time, and not garnered with its fellows?

"Most venerable Signor, forgive me if I intrude."

"None but my friends are permitted to enter here, and they *never* intrude," was the old man's calm reply.

"Your pardon, Signor, I had the impression that a fee was the *open sesame* to this collection, as is the case with other galleries."

"Thou art correct, young man; no gratification is gained in this world without an equivalent. Hast thou the sum?"

"That I am worthy to be numbered among your friends, I cannot say; that I am, at least, not an enemy, I can say; and my devotion to art should entitle me to some regard from one of its most venerable devotees. I *love* art, and if I have the sum that will gain me a pass here, you may command it."

The old man smiled, and taking me by the hand, bade me put back my purse and led the way into the hall.

"Thou dost *love* Art?" said he enthusiastically. "Thou dost love it! Remember, then, that love, pure love, which begets devotion, that is the key, the real *open sesame* to every thing that bears the stamp of the Beautiful and True. If you love true Art, you love Nature — love Nature, and she is no longer a mystery; you are admitted as a worshipper at her inmost shrine; her language ceases to be a hidden tongue; but you may speak with her face to face. Love Nature, and you shall be one of the high priests of Art, transcribing those mighty oracles that are sealed to the million eyes that daily pass them by. Be not a lover of Nature in part; love all of her splendid productions; but most of all, MAN! Love all Nature; then wilt thou be a high priest of art, and a teacher of thy fellows. Oh, never be like some that I have met with, a *mystifier*. They are but jealous lovers, who throw a veil over the charms of the beautiful, not aware that by so doing they alike blind themselves as well as others. Nor yet be like some who profane the sanctuary by taking those golden truths from the high altar with unclean hands, for the illiterate crowd to handle. But go down among the multitude, be a humble teacher, and lead them up to the holy temple. Debase not the True and Beautiful by what some erroneously call *simplifying* them; but elevate man that he may appreciate their magnificence. I have been for many years student and teacher; studying the Beautiful and teaching its truths, as they were revealed to me. Thou lookest incredulous at that word "*teacher*," as thou wouldst say that outward appearances do not corroborate the statement. No apology, I pray thee, for thou art in a measure right. The outward is as much a part of the man as the inward, as far as it goes. It has been my practice through a long life to make up my opinions of a man from what I *saw* and *knew* of him, not from what I heard of or from him. I

have been, as you suppose, an isolated student; yet have I had pupils. Few though they were, the more perfectly were the high principles of the Beautiful instilled into their minds. There are those grown bald and gray in the pursuit of art, and famous in the eyes of the world, who still remember their Venetian preceptor. And this collection of pictures, some of them the product of my own pencil, will ere long be cast upon the waters, and when they return, although my spirit shall be in another world, still will I receive a reward for having administered something to the advancement of the Beautiful and True. But come, let us examine the pictures. This is a Madonna, *copied* from Guido. I say that it is a copy, because I know it to be so, and have no desire whatever to deceive others or myself. If a picture is a good one, it matters not whether it be original or a copy; it should be admired because of its intrinsic merit. If a picture is bad, no name, however great, should rescue it from oblivion. Oh, my young friend, pray Heaven that the day may soon come, when the people will look for Truth, and cast aside tinsel. Ah! I see that your eye is attracted to the "Rustic Festival." That must either be an original or a very old copy of Teniers. The marks of age are very apparent. But let it be what it may, I consider that picture the least valuable of any in the collection. Why? Because this subject is an unelevated one; there is nothing whatever beautiful in the piece, if we except the coloring. It is like an uncouth story, told in pleasing language, and while we admire the skill of the author, we cannot but deplore the misapplication of talents that would otherwise have added a grace to the age and country that gave them birth. Besides, this is what I spoke of a few moments since. This is degrading Nature through the medium of Art, for the *gratification* of the vulgar and sensual; there is nothing to elevate the minds of the mass that it appeals to; but it is endorsing the vices of an age. The defenders of this school will find it difficult to hold up Hogarth as a justification of the style. Hogarth never stooped to these things without having in view some particular vice of his day that it was his object to satirize. Walpole says, "When the Flemish painters attempt humor, it is by making a drunkard vomit; they take evacuations for jokes, and when they make us sick, they think they make us laugh. A boar hugging a frightful frow is a frequent incident in the works of Teniers." Yet is there another school even below this, that seems to be an excrescence on the back of satire, whose professors are not satisfied with satirizing, but they even caricature the human body, and bring together groups of abortions for the sake of lampooning some particular party of mankind, who, forsooth, dare to hold opposite opinions to those enjoyed by the self-styled satirists — and they call this *Art*!

"But come, sir, come, let us pass on — there is nothing more that will at least shock your sense of the Beautiful."

"Oh, my young friend, would but the artists come out as one man, and fix their eyes upon that one great point, excellence, and press on, undismayed, with unabated ardor, pursuing the True, then would they achieve the Beautiful — then would they become high priests of Art in the Temple of Nature. The plea of neglect and starvation under

such circumstances, so often urged, is but a lame justification of their present course. If the public expect and patronize alone that species of art that appeals to the lower orders of their minds, who taught them this? Or, if it be asserted that that is the *natural* tendency of the mind, then, I say, why cater to it? Who are the teachers in Art? The artists! Is it not as easy to teach the true as the false? Ah, there is the difficulty, sir. The people can as easily learn to appreciate Nature, high Nature, as they can the false and vicious. But their teachers, the artists, it is vastly easier for them to go on headlong in error, unmindful of the great principles of Art, than it is for them to undergo self-denial, and take up the cross of hard study, that shall eventually make them masters of the True and Beautiful."

"But what is there in that picture, that is so interesting?" said the Signor, very abruptly breaking off his former strain.

"Much," I replied, "much—it is very beautiful!"

"Dost thou *really* think so?" said the old man, putting his face close to mine, and looking at me with a kind of sad incredulity.

"Think so? Indeed, I mean so!" I replied. "It is the very ideal; nay, more than the ideal of my brightest dreams."

The Signor gazed vacantly at the picture for some moments, and exclaimed, "It is a melancholy subject, sir—the artist was a most unhappy man."

"Unhappy! Oh, Signor, I should think that the artist who could give actual form to an airy ideal, beautiful as that is, should be, or have been, the happiest man alive."

The old man still gazed upon the picture with the most vacant expression imaginable; and, as if unconscious of my presence, he mused in a low, yet audible tone, that seemed more like a voice of the past than the present.

"He should have been happy methinks. Yes, even now I can see Ginano, gliding in his gondola through the silent, moonlit avenues of the City of the Sea; now lingering in the shadow of the palace that held all that was dear to him, his Beatrice. Even Art gave place to Nature in his affections. The bright ideal that he had pursued still eluded his eager grasp, till, like a beam of golden sunlight, it fell upon the face and form of Beatrice, and melted into her soul. Yes, she was the full embodiment of his ideal; the bright mantle of his imagination hung upon her brighter form. Art, to Ginano, was the shadow that fell from the beautiful reality; he worshipped the lovely shade, because, in so doing, he found himself always in the presence of the original. But it was not for an artist to enjoy uncrossed the love of the brightest daughter of Venice. No human rival gave a pang of jealousy to the heart of Ginano; but there came a dread wooer, who demanded the hand of Beatrice—a wooer that the maiden could not refuse nor fly from. He sought her in the guarded recesses of the palace. He won her. The midnight was their bridal hour, and Ginano was a wedding guest. Oh how beautiful was the pale, untrembling, unblushing bride! They took not the flowers from her brow, while the bridegroom DEATH clasped her to his bosom!"

The old man ceased; his whole frame became convulsed; he totter-

ed to a seat, covered his face in his hands, and was silent. A deep twilight was gathering in the hall, and the dim pictures seemed like a multitude of weeping witnesses; and I could imagine that I heard them exclaim, as they bent their tearful eyes upon that mysterious man, "*Poor old Ginano! Poor old Ginano!*"

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

[SEE PLATE.]

It was toward the close of what had been a fine day in June, 1813, when the last rays of the departing sun, as though loth to leave so sweet a spot, where gilding the solitary spire and chimneys and house-tops of the little village of Montcaon—one of the prettiest in the South of France—and pouring down a dazzling flood of golden light along the high-way leading to it, and the broad tract of surrounding country, that a way-worn traveller, afoot and alone, entered the environs of that quiet place. He was a man whose appearance was well calculated to excite curiosity and interest. He was not very young—perhaps some five and thirty summers had cheered him with their brightness—yet though he had passed through scarce half the period of years allotted to the common life of man, it was evident that those years had not been spent in idleness and ease, but had been attended with activity, adventure, and misfortune. He was habited in the well-known uniform of infantry of the leader of the armies of gay and conquering France, but it was soiled and tattered—having, without doubt, been through much service. He wore an apology for a cap fitted closely to his head. His knapsack, cartouch-box and an old and ragged cloak were strapped to his back; his sword in its iron scabbard dangled at his side, and in his hand he carried a long, steel-pointed staff, upon which he was obliged to lean for support at every step he took. His slow and faltering pace, his trembling limbs and the pale and haggard cast of his countenance, evinced that disease was preying on his vitals, and afforded but one of the melancholy instances of broken constitution and crippled body, which fall to the lot of many of those who blindly followed the fortunes of the bright-starred Napoleon, through his early, brilliant and glorious yet mad career. The thick coats of dust and mud upon his habiliments and accoutrements told, too, that he had travelled far that day. Yet there was something more in his appearance which excited the pity and commiseration of the passers-by. His left leg, from his knee downward was bound up and bandaged with strips of an old uniform coat, and though he suffered his foot barely to touch the ground, and bore but lightly on it, yet much pain seemed to attend the act, and it was plain that the limb was yet suffering from the effects of some severe wound.

Slowly through the village the wounded soldier dragged his wearied

body, and though he often paused for a few moments to rest and gaze around him, yet he tarried not long at any spot, but immediately resumed his course toward the heart of the little place. It would seem — notwithstanding that all who passed him, young and old, male and female, appeared to know him not — that he was not an utter stranger in those parts, and looked not upon surrounding objects for the first time. Occasionally his eyes brightened, and his step became rather more elastic, as he drew near to some well-remembered spot, and as he approached the market-place, his breath came shorter and quicker, and an expression of anxiety and fear of learning unwelcome tidings, was manifested in his looks. Thus on he went, until he arrived in front of a little two-story wooden house, at the side of the street, with an overhanging porch, and bench beneath for idlers and loungers, (which, at this hour of the day, was generally as was the case now, well covered with a motley crew of various ages and conditions, smoking and gossiping together, and enjoying themselves, at the close of their day's labors after their own manner,) and a swinging sign over the door, on which a rude attempt had been made to paint a huge, massy tankard overflowing with some kind of frothing liquid, and with letters of rambling proportions, to convey the information to all whom it might concern, that travellers were there taken in, fed and lodged at ten sous a head. Pausing in front of the door of this house, the soldier begged of a stout, muscular man, (who, from his appearance, had probably never known what a day's sickness was, and who was now tipped back in his chair, and puffing dense clouds of tobacco smoke from his mouth, listening the while very attentively to all that was passing between his companions,) a cup of cold water to quench his thirst. This speedily brought the landlady to the door, who thinking from the sickly and impoverished appearance of the wayfarer, that the probability was that he had but little, if, indeed, any money, to pay for anything that might be given to him, began to rail at him somewhat sharply, and threw out sundry hints and threats of loosing upon him the house dog, who, at that moment, as if to add effect to his mistress' words, commenced barking furiously. The soldier turned away from her without a word of comment on this unfeeling conduct, and had made several steps from the door, when one of those who were sitting in the porch and quaffing from their overflowing cans, touched with his sad condition, called to him to turn back.

"For shame, Goody," he said to the woman, as the soldier paused at the first kindly accents that had greeted his ears for many a day, "for shame Goody, to treat thus one who has, without doubt, bled in the service of our darling Napoleon. Come hither, friend; you shall share my cup, if it is the last that I ever have. I love soldiers well; I should have been one myself, but my poor old father — may he rest in peace — took a strap when, foolish boy that I was, I wanted to enlist, and beat my military fever out of me. Come hither, friend. — From the army?"

"From Moscow," replied the soldier, receiving with grateful looks the can of wine which the kind villager had tendered him, and drinking off the sparkling liquor at a single draught.

"From Moscow!" repeated all, while he who had performed this benevolent office toward the stranger, turned his eyes with something of a gleam of triumph in them, upon the hostess and his companions, and said,

"Served you through the whole of that sad campaign?"

"I did. I was among the first drafted to leave Paris. I crossed the Katocza with Murat, and received this wound in my leg at the assault upon Borodino, and was in the first division of the advanced guard, that entered Moscow. I saw the city of the Czars in flames — I saw the Kremlin blown up when Napoleon, in despair, quitted the place to return home, and I saw him who had led us into all this danger, and, to many, death, desert those who would have given their heart's best blood for him, and seek his own safety in flight."

These words had a magical effect upon the company. Closely they collected around the soldier, and besought him to be seated and narrate his adventures in detail. This, however, he refused, answering their pressing importunities by inquiring the way to the Rue Le Pont. The man who had previously been very kind to him now volunteered to go with him and show him the street, and then, drawing the soldier's arm within his own, he motioned to start, and the two moved off slowly toward their destination. As they progressed, the soldier became much agitated. His limbs trembled, and, occasionally when he spoke, there was a faltering in the tones of his voice, which told that his mind was ill at ease. "You are ill," suddenly exclaimed his kind-hearted conductor, noticing his agitation. "Sit you down; sit down on this stone, I will go and get something to revive you."

"No; no, I shall be better soon," replied the soldier; "old memories have a strange effect upon one. Tell me, does an old, yellow, wooden house still stand in the street to which we are going?"

"What, old Pierre Matthieu's dwelling? that it does," responded the other, "and a nice comfortable nest it is too."

"And the — the old man — Pierre Matthieu, is he living?"

"Living? yes, and hale and hearty, though he's over sixty years of age, and somewhat lame with the rheumatism, as well as stone-blind, yet he is strong and vigorous, and bids fair to live some years yet. — There's many a man in this village, much younger than he is who would give good round sums, could they be as healthy."

The soldier raised his eyes to the evening sky above, and his lips moved for a few moments, as though he was holding intercourse with beings of another world, and then, heaving a long, deep-drawn sigh, he turned his gaze again upon the ground.

"Blind, said you?" he said musingly.

"As blind as a bat," replied the other.

"He was once noted for the keenness of his sight," rejoined the soldier.

"Very likely, but we can't help the ravages of time and disease," was the response. "Ah! here is our street."

They turned down a short, narrow street, which branched off from the main one. The first thing that met the soldier's glance — and it may be supposed he was upon the look-out for it — was an old house

situated about half-way down the street, once painted yellow, but now so much faded and defaced, that it would have been almost impossible to tell what its color then was, with a bench at the side of the door, and honeysuckles trained up on each side of the same, a large, capacious garden around it, and a neat rail fence with one of the prettiest of white gates in front, extending around the boundaries of the lot.

"That is the house," said the villager, "and there is old Pierre Matthieu and his daughter sitting at the door."

The soldier had perceived sitting on the bench, an old man habited in a faded suit of regimentals, and by his side the form of a young and rather pretty girl, dressed very plain and scantily, yet neat and tidy, in the costume of the French peasantry of the day, and as he laid his hand upon the latch to open the gate, the latter left the side of her parent — for such he was to her — and advanced toward him.

"Will you give food and shelter for one night to one of the survivors of the flight from Russia?" inquired he.

"Who is that?" exclaimed the old man, as these words fell upon his ear, and the mention of that melancholy disaster struck a chord of sympathy in his bosom. "Who is that, ma chere Lucie, that you are talking with?"

"It is one of the emperor's soldier's father, just got back from Russia. Will you give him a meal, and rest for the night?"

"To be sure, girl, to be sure," responded the old man, "Let him come in by all means. Perhaps he can give us some news of our poor long-lost Jacques. Give him welcome, Lucie."

Thus cordially welcomed, the soldier opened the little gate and entered the garden, while his friendly conductor, having fulfilled his mission, left him, after bidding him good night, and returned to the tavern, where he was immediately assailed by his friends there congregated, with questions as to the stranger's history, of all of which he professed to be, as he was in reality, entirely ignorant. In the mean time, the soldier had been received with open arms by old Pierre Matthieu, for the sake of the service to which he was once attached himself, while his daughter busied herself in bringing out a small table from the house and placing on it several dishes of the good things of this life, well calculated to tempt the appetite of any one, who like the stranger, as he averred, had tasted naught save the cup of wine at the tavern, since morning. A bottle of the juice of the grape was added, and a chair being then placed close up, he was bidden to be seated, and to satisfy his hunger. He did ample justice to the plain, but substantial meal set before him, and smacked his lips right well when he swallowed the wine. Having finished the repast, the old man, who, during the time he had been eating, had appeared to be laboring with something on his mind, abruptly demanded,

"How long have you served in the army, friend?"

"Twenty years."

"Indeed!"

"Even so. Just twenty years since I ran away from my good father and enlisted in the army under Jourdan, and in three weeks from that time I was in my first battle."

"Where? where?"

"At Toulon."

Old Pierre Matthieu clasped his hands together, and the perspiration rolled down his forehead in big drops, as he said,

"Go on; go on! I am anxious to know more—I have a reason for it—go on, where else have you been?"

"In many places. I was in Flanders in 1794. I was at Lodi when the desperate charge across the bridge carried the day. I trod the burning sands of Egypt. I crossed the Alps with Napoleon, and I was at the bloody fight of Marengo, and stood within five yards of the brave Desaix, when he was struck down by a musket ball. I was at Austerlitz, and our detachment was following close upon the enemy, when the ice on one of the lakes gave way and engulfed them, and we barely escaped the same fate. I was at Jena too, and at Corunna, where Sir John Moore, as brave an officer as ever led on troops to battle, fell to rise no more. Russia was my last field, and there I received, at Borodino, the ball in my leg which I shall feel the effects of to the day of my death."

Pierre Matthieu listened with deep attention to the recital of this short summary of the soldier's past fortunes, and when he had concluded he exclaimed eagerly,

"Did you know my Jacques? His history is near like yours, for I have never failed, until within a few years, tracing his course by the means of friends. But where he is now, alas! I know not. Like you, he ran away from me, and singular enough, it is just twenty years ago. He was about your age, and one very easy to become acquainted with. You must have known him."

"I did, well and intimately," answered the soldier, "he was a staunch friend to me, and never, while I live, will I forget him or cease to love him. Poor fellow!"

"Ha! what say you?" exclaimed old Pierre, as his quick sense of hearing caught this expression of pity, "why poor fellow?"

"Alas! he fell at Austerlitz."

The old man clasped his hands together again, and bowed his head upon his knees. He spoke not, moved not, and for a few moments so completely were his feelings shocked, and his whole system paralyzed, that it seemed as if his soul had left its tenement of clay. At last, raising his head, he turned his sightless eyes upon the stranger, and as the big tears coursed down his cheeks, he said, in a voice broken with deep emotion,

"Your last words have crushed the little hope that was springing up in my bosom. I deemed—something, I know not what, told me that you was my long-lost, my darling boy. Ah! woe's me. I never shall again hold him, as I had fondly hoped, in these old arms—I could not see him—but I might have pressed him to my bosom, and welcomed him home again. I might have told him that I had forgiven all, and once more heard his voice answering mine. Alas! alas! I shall no more meet him here. Did he ever speak of me?"

"Often. He ever loved you, and often spoke of your teaching him when quite young, to fence and to go through the exercise in which

you was schooled under Marshal Richlieu, in the war of the alliance against the great Frederick."

"My brave boy!" ejaculated the old man, and then said, "How died he? I doubt not bravely."

"He fell like a soldier, upon a redoubt at Austerlitz, with his face to the foe, his musket in his hand which he had clubbed when ammunition failed him, and the shout of 'vive Napoleon!' ringing on his lips."

"And the emperor," gasped old Pierre Matthieu, "did — did Napoleon place on his body, when dead, that which he denied him living?"

"The Cross of the Legion of Honor?"

"Yes — yes."

"It was affixed to his breast upon the field of battle, and never taken from him."

The old man again clasped his hands together, while tears of joy ran down his cheeks.

"Come to my arms," he exclaimed, "stranger though you are, I love you for my poor boy's sake, and for the tidings that you have brought me. Come, you shall henceforth fill the place of my poor Jacques."

"I will," replied the stranger, springing toward him, "I can conceal it no longer. Father, father, I am that Jacques whom you have mourned so long, returned to be forgiven and to die in peace. Think not hard of the deception that I played upon you. I did, indeed, fall at Austerlitz, but not in death. Receive me penitent and broken-hearted to your arms and bless me."

Pierre Matthieu's joy was too intense to be expressed in words. — He caught him in his arms, but ere he pressed him to his bosom, his fingers had crept over his left breast in search of the prized token of bravery and merit, while the maiden, whom the noise and confusion of the moment had called to the door, now looked with surprise and a new-born feeling of strange pleasure upon the brother who had left his paternal home when she was an unconscious infant, and whom with her beloved father, she had long mourned as dead to them.

Boston Miscellany.

☞ Massachusetts, Montezuma and Shawmut Lodges, will hereafter hold their meetings at Winthrop Hall, which has been fitted up in a superior manner. The time of regular meetings of these Lodges, will be the same as heretofore.

☞ Friendship Lodge, at East Cambridge, meets on Monday evenings instead of Tuesday. We were in error by stating in our last the Lodge met on Tuesday.

☞ Maverick Lodge, at East Boston, have changed their time of meeting from Thursday to Monday evening.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE had prepared, as is our custom, a *leading article* for this number, but an overplus of matter has crowded it out. We must give a larger space in future to our editorial table. For this time it is only a *side-table*, and the reader will be compensated by the more substantial fare furnished by our contributors.

ODD FELLOW LIBRARIES. — We would earnestly call the attention of our readers to the article upon Odd Fellow Libraries, which they will find in this number, from the pen of Rev. Bro. I. D. Williamson. It appears to us that this is a most important subject. We should endeavor to derive from the association of large numbers of men, all the intellectual and moral advantages which that association is capable of affording. And one of the advantages is the establishment of *libraries* consisting of books, which both in number and quality are out of the reach of individuals, but which by the contributions of many may be easily obtained. We may devote more time to this subject by and by. At present we would say, however, that we are decidedly in favor of the establishment of Libraries, if not by every Lodge, at least by the members of the Order in any place where their numbers are so great as in the city of Boston. Think of the subject, brethren. Depend upon it, vast good may be accomplished in this way. The arguments for the project are so numerous and forcible, as hardly to require specification. Nevertheless, we repeat, we may devote larger space to the matter at another time.

OUR PROSPECTS are brightening, and we are beginning to secure a patronage which will place the Symbol upon a permanent foundation. Still, we need many more subscribers in order to make our work profitable, and we can assure our readers that in proportion to the support we shall receive from the public, we shall be able to present them with a magazine worthy their patronage. We think that we may say, without undue boasting, that we have already improved its literary character. We are receiving valuable communications, (witness the present number,) and we have in prospect contributions from some of the finest writers in our country. We shall also from time to time present our patrons with a handsome engraving. In short no pains will be spared to make the Symbol worthy of popular acceptance. But these efforts involve a heavy expense, and we must look to an increase, a large increase of our subscription list, for resources to supply means for the draft.

SPRING.—We have had fewer of the lingerings of winter than usual this season. The earth reeking with his storms, has been visited by days of pleasant sunshine, and baptized in rare beauty; and the promise now is, that "May-Flowers," outside the green-house, shall not be a mere metaphor. We are in the midst of the season of Faith and Hope. The sower, trusting to the ancient maternity of nature, scatters his seed, and the hands of confident enterprise lay hold of new undertakings with a fresh vigor inspired by the sunshine and the rain. It is a time for the sowing of all good seed. The period of natural renovation should become simultaneous with a moral spring-time. As the spirit drinks in the gladness of the season, as the heart glows with the genial influence, its rime of selfishness and its bands of sin should melt; it should gush out with love to God, and thus prepare a fruition of blessing to man.

A poet of the Elizabethan age, (Edwards) gives us the following lines, as beautiful as they are appropriate. We select them from "*The Paradise of Dayntie Deuices.*"

When MAY is in his prime, then MAY each hart reioyce,
When MAY bedeckes eche branch wt greene, eche bird streines forth his voyce.
The liuely sappe creeps up into ye. bloming thorne,
The flowres, which cold in prison kept, now laughs the frost to scorne.
All natures impes triumphes, whyles ioyfull May dooth last;
When MAY is gone, of all the yeere the pleasant time is past.

MAY makes the cherfull hue, MAY breeds and brings newe blood,
MAY marcheth throughout euery limme, MAY makes ye mery moode.
MAY pricketh tender hartes, their warbling notes to tune,
Ful strange it is, yet some wee see, do make their MAY in IUNE.
Thus thinges are straungely wrought, whyles ioyfull MAY doth last;
Take MAY in time, when MAY is gone, the pleasant time is past.

All ye that liue on earth, and haue your MAY at wyll,
Reioyce in MAY, as I doo now, and use your MAY with skill.
Use MAY, while that you may, for MAY hath but his time;
When all the fruite is gone, it is too late the tree to clime.
Your liking, and your lust, is fresh, whyles MAY dooth last.
When MAY is gone, of all the yeere the pleasaunt time is past.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MAVERICK LODGE, NO. 36.

This Lodge has fitted and furnished a very neat and appropriate hall, over the Universalist meeting-house, East Boston, for their meetings, which was dedicated in due and solemn form on the evening of the 5th inst., on which occasion the officers of the Lodge were installed in a very impressive and solemn manner, according to the usages of the Order, by the M. W. G. Secretary, Bro. Wm. Hilliard, Esq. The charge and extemporaneous address of Bro. Hilliard to the Lodge, delivered with the thrilling eloquence of truth and beauty, captivating in the artless and inimitable simplicity of native finish and perfection, was listened to with heartfelt admiration and approbation.

The scene and ceremony, at the dedication of the hall, which itself presents a subject of high commendation in its convenience, arrangement, furniture, neatness and adaptation, was enlivened by the introduction of the richest ornaments of humanity—the ladies. Nothing can exceed the interest shown by this part of the audience during the dedicatory address of the Rev. Bro. D. S. King, who pronounced it in his usually powerful and emphatic manner, giving to truth and charity the captivating and endearing character attached to them by the attributes of Divinity.

The whole performance elicited the hearty approbation of the brotherhood, and gave to their fair partners in life a view of the principles and purposes of the Order highly gratifying to the purity and benevolence of the female heart.

Very great credit is due to the committee under whose superintendence the hall has been fitted, and dedicated to the use of the Order.

E. M. C.

DEDICATION AT MALDEN.

The new Hall just fitted up for the use of the Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, was dedicated on Tuesday evening, April 16, by appropriate exercises. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Bro. E. G. Brooks. Occasional addresses were made by Brs. Adams, Tozer, Mc'Leish and Chapin. Appropriate hymns were sung. The following, by Rev. Bro. J. G. Adams, was sung:

With hearts attuned, let living songs
Of gratitude go up to Him
To whom unceasing praise belongs,
From earth-born man to seraphim.

Joy ! joy ! that in this hallowed place,
True loving hearts, and ready hands,
In Mercy's deeds, may find sure grace
And means to work their high commands.

Joy, that old Truth in freedom here
Its healthful edicts may declare,

The fainting, dying soul to cheer,
And for new life and peace prepare.

That here no discord's breath may come,
No base detraction, envy, strife ;
But that this ground is Friendship's home,
Sacred to Love's enduring life.

Unfailing Love! thy mission speed
O'er all this earth of sin and woe,
Till man from every ill is freed,
And heaven hath set its throne below.

The Hall was well filled with brethren, members of the Order, and friends who had been invited by them. It was desired that a general invitation to attend the exercises might have been given, but this was impracticable. The Hall is excellently located, and most tastefully fitted up; and the Lodge who have taken it for their home, are in the enjoyment of prosperity and peace. Long may they continue thus.

A.

DETROIT, (Mich.) April 5, 1844.

To the Editor of the Symbol and Odd Fellow's Magazine.

DEAR BRO. — Although I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, I take the liberty of presuming that any intelligence of

the rise, progress and prosperity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the State of Michigan would not be unacceptable.

I arrived in this city last September, for the purpose of spending the winter, and locating myself in some part of the State, and brought with me a visiting card from the Mechanic Lodge, No. 11. Also, a visiting card from the Monomake Encampment, No. 3, with the hope of finding a Lodge here, but was sadly disappointed. I not only found no Lodge, but no Odd Fellows in the place, and I made up my mind, being a total stranger, that I must get acquainted with the citizens the best way I could. I found them very good fellows, and regretted very much that they were not Odd Fellows, but it appears there were enough here and in a neighboring town to petition the Grand Lodge of the U. S. for a dispensation, which they obtained, and on the 13th of Nov. last a Lodge was instituted, and the officers installed, called Michigan Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F., which at first gradually, and has, of late, rapidly increased, until it now numbers 75 members, among whom are some of the first citizens in the place. Last Monday evening we had an installation of the officers elect for the ensuing quarter. They were installed by Samuel Yorke Att Lee, Esq., of this city, formerly G. M. of the State of Ohio, and who has received the appointment of D. D. G. S. for the District of Michigan. The ceremonies were performed in a most splendid manner. I never saw them excelled. After the installation, were initiated five candidates, among whom were the Attorney General of the State, the Judge of Probate for Wayne county, and other distinguished individuals. There has also been a petition presented to the Grand Lodge of the U. S. for an Encampment. There are now weekly applications for membership for the purpose of forming Lodges in different parts of the State, and it will not probably be many months before they will have a Grand Lodge in the State. With these facts before us, who can doubt the prosperity of the Order in the West? I have always had an exalted opinion of the Order ever since I became acquainted with it, but it is now more dear to me than ever; and I think I can safely say that nobody has received more benefit from it than myself. I do not mean by this pecuniary benefit, but the benefit of being associated with good men and true. And were I to come here now, instead of coming a stranger to a strange land, I should come among my brethren, with open arms ready to receive me.

Yours, in Friendship, Love and Truth,
J. M. REED.

☞ WE have a few copies of the 1st and 2d volumes of the **SYMBOL** on hand, which will be sold for \$1 50 per copy.

☞ WE have appointed Bro. DAVID ROBINSON, Jr., of Portland, our General Agent for Maine. All orders for the **Symbol**, addressed to him will meet with prompt attention.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Flower Vase — Edited by Miss S. C. EDGARTON. Powers & Bagley, Lowell.

This is a beautiful, gilt-edged miniature volume, which we ought to have noticed long ago, though we are glad to find that it needed not our sanction to secure patronage, having met with a very popular reception, if rapidity of sale is any evidence. — We have not read it, but such is our confidence in the fair Editor that we can heartily recommend it to all our readers. We have no doubt, brethren, that it is full of "Friendship, Love and Truth," twined among flowers as fresh and as fragrant. You cannot put a handsomer little volume upon your centre-table.

Letters to Parents. By a Clergyman. Boston: B. B. Mussey.

Here too is another book which we should have noticed before, and which has been quietly appealing to the public without our notice. But in this case, we do not feel so much to blame. We prepared a notice some time since, but it was crowded out of our first number, and lost before our second was issued. But we read a portion of the work and was pleased with it, for its plain, practical style. We hope it will be read and acted upon by thousands of parents. The subject is one of vital interest, and too much cannot be said upon it.

Graham's Magazine for May.

A beautiful number, so far as we can judge from externals. One plate in it, the Field of Brandywine, is worth the price of the number, and one poem by Longfellow, (which our readers will find on our pages,) is worth the price of three more numbers. So, leaving out all the rest, and Hawthorne has a piece among them, this number which you can buy of Redding & Co. for twenty-five cents, is worth a dollar. Graham's Magazine ranks among our very first periodicals. Perhaps this is a stereotyped expression, but we speak from conviction.

The Illuminated Magazine. Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD: London.

This is a splendid affair, beautifully printed, and filled with exquisite wood-cuts. — We have laid it by to read, and as we expect to receive it as it arrives in this country, we shall say more about it.

The Ladies' National Magazine for May.

We have not read it, but the present number is entirely filled by contributions from ladies, and we admire a plan which we have no doubt is as agreeable to the reading public, as it is honorable and independent. The present No. contains three plates.

For the last three works we are indebted to Redding & Co., No. 8 State street, at whose depot our readers will find the choicest American and English periodicals.

"*The Ark*." — We have received the first three numbers of a monthly periodical, bearing this title, published by Bros. BLAIR & GLENN, at Columbus, Ohio. We truly hope the Ark will receive a liberal support from our western brethren, and that the publishers may never have cause to regret having sent forth their bark on the waters of "Friendship, Truth and Love."

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

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Maine.

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LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1. Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.
 GRAND LODGE, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.
 MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.
 BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall. semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Winthrop Hall, Monday.
 Montezuma, No. 33, do do Wednesday.
 Shawmut, No. 37, do do Tuesday.
 Tremont No. 15, Encampment Hall, e Wednesday.
 Franklin, 23, do do Tuesday.
 Ancient Landmark, 32, do do Thursday.
 Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tuesday.
 Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.
 Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
 Oriental, No. 10, do Wednesday.
 Boston, 25, do do Friday.
 Union Degree, 1, do Saturday.
 New England, East Cambridge, Friday.
 Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
 Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
 Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
 Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
 Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.
 Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.
 Mechanics' Lodge, No. 11, " Friday.
 Oberlin, 28, " Tuesday.
 Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
 Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
 Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
 Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.
 Fidelity, 21, Andover.
 Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
 Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
 Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Thursday.
 Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.
 Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday.
 Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.
 Hope, 34, Methuen, Wednesday.
 Prospect, 35, Waltham.
 Souhegan, 38, South Reading, Tuesday.
 Quasacuncquen, 39, Newburyport.
 Bay State, 40, Lynn,

Maine.

Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland.
 Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 2d Tuesdays.
 Union Degree, 1, do Union st., —
 Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, do " " Thursday.
 Ligonias, 5, do " " Friday.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Nattanis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath.

Rhode Island.

Friendly Union, 1, Providence, 25 Market st. Thursday.
 Eagle, 2, do., cor. Broad and Pawtuxet sts. Saturday.

To CORRESPONDENTS. — "Professional Characters," by Wilson Flagg, and the lines "To the Departed," by E. A. Brackett, will be published in our next number.

"The Witch's Prophecy," is under consideration.

"Combination," and "Communities," we deem somewhat out of character for our Magazine.

MARRIED.

By Rev. Bro. O. A. Skinner, Bro. Sylvanus G. Pratt, of Cohasset, to Miss Harriet Adams, of Meredith Village, N. H.

At Lexington, April 11th, by Rev. C. H. Webster, Bro. Sullivan Wellington, to Miss Isabella L. Hastings.

At Charlestown, 16th ult., by Rev. Bro. E. H. Chapin, Bro. Francis Simonds, of Howard Lodge, to Miss Lucy Moulton, daughter of Jacob Caswell, Esq., all of C.

DEATHS.

In this city, 19th ult., Bro. Jeremiah Richards, P. G. of Siloam Lodge, aged 28.

In South Boston, 11th ult., Mrs. Susan B., wife of Bro. Geo. S. Meldrum, of Lowell, and daughter of John Cook, Esq., of Boston, aged 24.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1844.

NO. IV.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

THERE has been a great deal said about the rights and the capacity of woman; whether, in all respects, she is equal, or, in some, inferior to man. The whole dispute, it appears to us, may be settled by a little consideration. We believe that woman is fully, proudly equal to man, but that God has made her for a different sphere of action—a sphere in no wise inferior to his, either in its dignity or its influence. Because her work is not so prominent as man's; because she is not called upon so much to mingle in the stormy elements of the outer and busy world, we must not under-rate the influence which, in the retirement of home, or in the gentler ministrations of life, she exerts upon the great community, and upon the individual soul. Whatever may be the opinions of others, we hesitate not to say, that the tempestuous elements of busy life, the excitements of commercial, legislative and political action, are not in the sphere of woman. We do not say that she has no *right* to be there, but we say that no one who feels the true dignity and power of her woman-hood, *wishes* to be there. She glories in her station as the moon glories in its orbit, and for her to leave it would be to sunder that beautiful *duality* of nature—that wise law of *part* and *counterpart*—by which the whole is made harmonious, in which is *diversity* but also *equality*, in which each has a different office yet each is essential.

And what *is* woman's sphere? Let us, in the first place, ascertain where is her true power. The dominion of woman is the *AFFECTIONS*. It is her great and beautiful office to reveal the secret power that there is in *Love*—which is God's own nature. The brightest lineaments of her character appear, as the shadows of life grow darker. In seasons

of sickness, in hours of pain, in vigils of weary care, she rises into a sublime fortitude. The spirit which in calmer moments shrinks with trembling sensitiveness, gives out rich music in the storm. And when impending danger, pitiless calumny, or cruel persecution, assails the object of her affections, she gathers her virtue about her as a shield, and with a power that makes the weak things stronger than the mighty, and imparts to the timid a bravery that defies all peril, she goes forth to share his fortune to the last, exhibiting a constancy that is more eloquent than words, and a love that cannot die. Here, then, is woman's sphere. At home — in offices of benevolence and pity — in developing the heart's best and holiest feeling — she reigns with a royalty that requires no less spiritual dignity, no less intellectual exaltation, than man in the stormy arena of debate, the seething marts of traffic, the devious though dazzling path of ambition.

Let it not be supposed that we deem woman incapable of those efforts which are specially termed *intellectual*, or that we would have her desist from these efforts. No. Let her sing as Hemans has sang, and reason as Somerville has reasoned. Still, this is not her *peculiar* sphere, and therefore not the station where her peculiar power is manifested. Here she finds at least a competitor in man, and her triumphs are no more than equal to his. Besides, we feel that if she was wholly immersed in intellectual pursuits, or in business, or ambition, the harmonies of social life would be broken, some of the most tender offices of humanity would be left unfulfilled; in short, she would be *woman*, with all that we attach to that name which is beautiful and true, no longer. Even when she has left this better sphere, and triumphed, we have not admired that which was *masculine* in her conduct, but that which was *womanly* — the fearlessness of *faith*, and the strength of *affection*. Men have achieved as bold deeds as Joan of Arc, but the sainted rays that stream over the armed maiden fall from her true-hearted devotion and her religious intrepidity.

Shall woman go forth into the dusty, tortuous ways of trade and commerce? Who, then, will make bright the threshold and the hearth, and nurture the mind in its infant blossoming? Shall woman move in the stormy mazes of political action? Who, then, shall man find to soothe him when the bitter world has driven him back upon himself, when anger, scorn and calumny have roused him to madness, or crushed him with despair? Shall woman agitate in our legislative halls? Who shall bind up man's broken heart, and watch unweariedly by the bed of sickness, and wipe the dampness from his throbbing brow? Are not these high and holy offices — fully equal to the dignities of man? And would you break them up? Would you turn the sweet music of affection into harsh discords? Would you change the lighted eye of devotion into the fierce glare of political ambition, of forensic anger, or monetary disappointment? Would you crush the finer strings of woman's heart, and make it cold, callous, and world-hardened? No. The practical result of such theories would overthrow our domestic shrines, and turn them out of doors — would break down the crystal battlements that surround our homes, and make them like our streets, and caucuses, and courts, the haunts of selfish

cares, of discordant tongues, of hollow mockeries, and busy, bustling feet.

We do not appeal, then, against any abstract *right* which woman may have, but in behalf of a law of the Creator, who has assigned to the sexes different yet equal spheres — who has made the sun that travels in glory, no more admirable than the star that waits in bashful beauty at the gates of the morning — who has given a great and beneficent office to the *showers* that swell the mighty rivers, and the *deus* that nourish the opening germs. No true woman pants after political distinction, or the noisy bustle of the business world.

The peculiar sphere of woman, then, being comprehended in the affections, her efforts are intimately connected with those great and distinctive influences which especially belong to Christianity. It is not chiefly by *intellectual* exertions, or by *physical* force, that this achieves its triumphs, but by those influences upon the moral nature, those labors of love, those appeals to the affections, which stir the more silent but deeper and mightier springs of our being, which bring into prominence those qualities which have too much been neglected, and kept in the back-ground by the world, and which give to kindness and charity and brotherly love, an eminence above all other moral sentiments, and clothe them with the peculiar approbation of God. The direct contrast between the precepts of Jesus, and the warlike, the fierce, the dark passions of our nature, is too commonly noticed to require remark. These passions have agitated the old earth for ages. — With the sword, and the scourge, and the chain, men have thought to subdue their brethren, and to secure obedience to their ideals of truth and virtue. They have endeavored, though vainly, to link might with right, or, in the heat of the moment have lost sight of all kindly sentiments — have drowned every brotherly emotion in selfishness, ambition, or revenge. Religion itself has too often been made to play a false part in the world. Men have crowned with its name the most monstrous deformities, quenched all devotional life in the dry husks of form and ceremony, and wielded its mighty influence with covetous, lecherous and bloody hands. And that which we call *civilization* has too often been a covenant of selfishness, a sanctifying of fraud, and force, and meanness ; while the earth, in the name of legal battle, has been reddened with murders no more lawful in the sight of God than the slaughter of Abel. Christ came to shed the light and efficacy of a divine life through these customs and passions of the world — to substitute justice for fraud, and love for fear, and reason for force, and kindness for revenge — in short to reveal the brotherhood of man, the Fraternity of God. And just in proportion as Christianity has an influence in the world, will love, charity, meekness and mercy become exalted, and their sphere of operation widened. Just in proportion as the spiritual weapons of reason and truth and goodness prevail, the weapons of war will become broken, the law of force will be suspended, the shedding of blood will cease, and the affections of the human heart will go out and do their work, the beautiful, the sublime work of reconciling man to man, of revealing to each his relations to all, of revealing to all their relations to God.

Does not the Age, then, which, with all its absurdity and its sin, is full of these sentiments of Christianity, does it not open a wide sphere for the efforts of woman? Yes; as Christianity prevails, these distinctions and deeds which, in eyes blinded by show, and absorbed in the sensual, have dazzled men, obscured the worth of woman's offices, and given to the other sex an undue elevation, will fade out and be abandoned, and she will come up to that equality in *prominence*, which she has always had in true *power*. She will toil with him, side by side, in the great harvest-field of humanity, not like Ruth, gleaning the work afar, but gathering up the fallen, and binding the scattered sheaves.

The true beauty and power and triumph of woman, is to labor with that ability which God has given her, for the benefit of humanity. It is to summon the tenderness of her nature to noble deeds of charity and of self-sacrifice. It is to extend the sympathies that she may narrow within the compass of home, out to the unfortunate, the sinning, the destitute of our race. It is to second man's reason with her love — his appeals for goodness and truth with her deeds of benevolence and peace. While he goes out into the great marts, into the haunts of wickedness, amid the clashing of selfish passions, or the sorrowful spectacles of vice; while he goes out there, with a strong purpose and a good will, to plead for God and for humanity; let her triumphs, none the less great, none the less beautiful, be seen as she moves by the bed of sickness, as she supplies the shrivelled lips of want, as she brightens the heavy eye of care, as she gives to the desponding, the forsaken, the guilty even, the charity or the forgiveness which they require. Especially may she accomplish a great work with the poor and the sinful of her own sex. She may go where man cannot enter, and wield a power which he cannot exert. She may revive many a wretched spirit to virtue, causing it, if it cannot die with its pristine loveliness, at least to die with righteous peace. The gentle smiting of her words may open tears of penitence that have long been dry in the rocky heart, or choked by callous and shameless transgression. — In homes of poverty, in dwellings of virtuous but neglected humanity, where man is too proud or too harsh to go, she may brighten with her ministrations of sympathy, and the dim visions of age, and the eyes of the dying may turn upon her with a blessing.

When the law of Christianity prevails, woman will not have to abandon her sphere to assume a forwardness in the offices of reform, but her sphere will become enlarged out into that wide domain, where violence, and cruelty, and hate, and fraud have so long reigned. The universal diffusion of Christianity will extend the sanctity of home to the boundaries of the earth, and will cause meek, patient woman to go up with her ministrations of mercy where warriors have contended for empires, and kings have climbed to bloody thrones. When Acedoma becomes Eden once more, "*woman's sphere*" shall be the wide world of human action; for not then will be required the ambition that has struggled in dusty conflict, the talent that has battled in angry debate, the power that has curbed men as with a band of iron — but the love that has watched by the sick-bed, shone in the prisoner's dungeon,

nourished the hungry, lifted up the despairing, and cheered the desolate. For the distinctions which man has sought, the world has given its honors, but for the offices of woman rewards are comprehended in the beatitudes of Christ.

Original.

SONG.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

" Oh tell me not of sadness,
 Speak not to me of gloom !
The earth is full of gladness,
 Joys budding into bloom.
No thorns on life's sweet roses,
 No canker on their leaf,
Where dreaming Love reposes,
 In slumber soft and brief.

"Tis all one long glad summer,
 One happy festal day,
Grief, but a transient comer,
 Tears, dew-drops on the spray.
There's beauty all around me,
 All speak in joyous tone,
No fetter yet has bound me,
 No bright-winged hope has flown. "

" Oh, young and happy-hearted !
Oh, full of mirth and glee !
 When coming years have parted,
Oh wilt thou then be free ?
 When, Love's brief slumber over,
His fatal shaft has sped,
 And faithless friend and lover,
And false hopes all have fled !

Seek then a freedom higher,
 A joy more true and pure,
To loftier hopes aspire,
 That ever shall endure.
Earth shall give more of pleasure,
 Seen by the spirit's light ;
In Heaven shall be a treasure
 No storms of earth can blight."

Original.

PROFESSIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

SAILORS.

—
BY WILSON FLAGG.
—

THE character of sailors, as a class, is perfectly unique and strongly marked. A different original organization from that of men in general, disposes them to adopt their adventurous occupation, and the latter renders them still more widely different from their fellow-men. — Look at one genuine sailor, examine him and become acquainted with him, and you can never after fail to recognize one, whenever and wherever you shall meet him. The universal race of Yankee pedlars are not more characteristically marked, Sailors are for the most of their time isolated from the rest of the world, not only while sailing on the great deep; but even while in port they are attracted together by the similarity of their tastes and habits, and they keep aloof from the rest of the community. Hence, as the young sailor advances in years, he is constantly growing more and more like his fellow sailors, and less and less like his fellow men on shore. There is a manly air and a swarthy look about a sailor which marks him at once. A young man with a delicate complexion was passing by, wearing a cap and a short jacket. "There goes a sailor," said a by-stander. "No," said Jack, who was near by, "you never saw a sailor that looked like a young woman in a man's clothes."

Sailors are born with more than a common share of love of liberty. Yet they voluntarily submit to temporary imprisonment for the sake of gaining it. They prefer an alternation of the two extremes of confinement and entire freedom, to that doubtful sort of freedom, which the majority submit to on shore, which though not imprisonment, is something very different from liberty. If the sailor has any ambition, it is to be a hero and an adventurer; but he is generally actuated by a love of freedom and of adventure alone, without much ambition. If there were more such men in the world, there would be fewer willing slaves. The sailor possesses by nature a sort of truant disposition. Send him to school, and he will oftener be found at the top of a tree or a precipice than at the top of his class. If he suffers with a disease of the brain, it comes from a broken head, and not from excessive application to books. It will be found that a greater proportion of this class of men, have, when boys, without any difficulty at home, run away from their parents or guardians, than of any other class whatever. A young lad, who had twice left his father's house before he was in his teens, for the purpose of going to sea, and had been caught and brought back again, was heard to exclaim, after perusing the "Life of Paul Jones," "O! how I should like to be a Pirate!" Yet this little fellow had one

of the kindest dispositions in the world. But he loved adventure, and thought not of the wickedness, but of the boldness of the life of the Pirate. He afterwards became a sailor, but died young.

This love of freedom and adventure so characteristic of sailors, is also united with a peculiar species of courage which distinguishes them.— This is not the moral courage of a philanthropist and reformer, like Martin Luther, or the fortitude of a martyr. They have no more fortitude or moral courage than other men. Their courage is of that species which leads one to brave personal danger — the courage of a Nelson or a Paul Jones. I knew a sailor, who when a boy, used to amuse himself by going to the mast head, and exhibiting to the spectators the performance of various antics, while standing there without any support but to his feet. He improved upon these feats, afterwards, by diving into the water from the mast head. This reckless daring finally cost him his life.

Byron, in his poem of "The Island," has hit the character of some of the traits of this class of men in his character of Jack Skyscape —

—— "A mercurial man,
Who fluttered over all things like a fan;
More brave than firm, and more disposed to dare
And die at once, than wrestle with despair."

The very sight of a company of sailors awakes in your mind the ideas of all that personal bravery, recklessness of self, impulsive generosity, quickness of resentment and equal readiness to forgive, besides a hundred anomalous traits of character, all of which cause you to admire and respect the sailor, even while you are amusing yourself with his follies and eccentricities. The following, though not new, is characteristic : — A sailor passing along the street, saw a lady standing by a collection of mud and water which she could not cross; whereupon, without ceremony, he took her round the waist, and very gently placed her on the opposite side. The lady feeling her dignity wounded, turned round and said to him, "you are an impudent fellow." — "I am very sorry, madam, I have disoblged you — but there you are again," said Jack, as in the same gentle manner he placed her in her former situation.

Not less happy than that of Skyscape, is Falconer's description of Rodmond :

" Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happier skill descried;
Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferred his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech and naked was his heart,
Alike to him each climate and each blast;
The first in danger, in retreat the last."

The sailor has not many of those passive traits of character which enter into the composition of what is called a *respectable man*. His virtues and his vices are all positive, and often apparently contradictory. If you insult him, he don't stop to parley with you. He knocks you down, then hears your apology, extends you his hand, and offers "to

treat." He despises meanness. A *respectable* man may be as mean as a Shylock, but he would not violate decorum. A sailor would sooner be guilty of a bold crime than of meanness. No matter how degraded he may be in his moral character, he still retains the prominent traits of generosity and self-sacrifice. When Defoe, in one of his novels represents a band of pirates concerting together to go to a certain desert island for the humane purpose of rescuing a poor ship-wrecked crew, who were there cast ashore, he causes them to act consistently with those generous feelings which belong to them as sailors.

It is a true observation that there is every variety of human character in every profession as well as in every nation. But it is not the less a fact, that each profession is distinguished by the prominence of certain traits of character which yield to all its members a family likeness. In the general character of sailors, these distinguishing traits are more prominent than the distinguishing traits of most other professions. A gentleman, who is a retired sea-captain, and possessed only of a small property, carried a bill to one of his neighbors, a poor man, to ask his payment of it. Upon entering his debtor's house, he found him confined to his bed with sickness. "How do you do, Captain?" said the sick man, as he entered. "Say nothing to me," replied the Captain, "unless you open your mouth to curse me. I have come on a wicked errand. But no matter," he continued, casting the bill into the fire, you will hear no more from it." "What is the matter?" enquired the sick man—what are you talking about?" "Why, if the truth must be told, I came here to dun you, not knowing you was sick. But I have partly made amends for my cruelty. I have flung the bill into the fire, and you will never hear from it again. It is settled, and we are square, if you will forgive me." This was the deed of a man of noble nature, who had learned at sea to sympathize with misfortune.

I commenced a parallel between the sailor and the "respectable" man. The respectable man will not use profane language, but he may be entirely wanting in religion. The sailor will swear with a vengeance; but he will pray too, and pray with heartfelt earnestness and sincerity; not as many of our clergy seem to pray, for the sake of producing a certain desired effect on the audience, rather than with any expectation that the prayer will be heard in heaven. The sailor, when he prays, believes that God hears him, and hopes that he will answer him. He is not only more profane, but he is more religious than other men. Infidels are rare among sailors. The tendency of their minds is rather towards superstition than skepticism. There are more of them who believe in ghosts than who disbelieve in a God.

I have said that sailors, notwithstanding their profanity, are religious, and in the midst of their oaths and their curses, they always carefully avoid blasphemy. I was once in company with a young sailor, whose conversation was full of what Byron calls "England's native eloquence," whose speech was as full of single, compound and double-compound oaths as a modern magazine essay is of dashes. In the midst of his excessive profanity, a young man in his company made use of a profane expression, which seemed blasphemous to the sailor's

mind. Upon this the sailor, becoming very seriously grave, showered upon the blasphemer a sudden and overwhelming volley of imprecations, adding with a threat of castigation, if he ever heard him use such profane language again : " Mind this, my lad ; a sailor uses profane language, but he never speaks disrespectfully of his God ! "

It may appear somewhat remarkable that the sailor, reckless, bold eccentric and impudent as he is, should be possessed of *reverence*.— Yet this quality enters largely into his character and disposition. No man is capable of more hearty reverence or contempt than the sailor. He readily cowers to the manifestation of greatness and authority ; and those mean individuals whom he has learned to despise, he despises with utter contempt. He is easily duped with the insignia of official station. This trait in his character is probably encouraged by his isolated habits, which deprive him of the opportunity of finding out the mummery of all such exhibitions.

One of the most prominent objects of a sailor's contempt is a " land-lubber." A " land-lubber " is an inquisitive fellow, who has just got aboard a vessel as a passenger, who is ignorant of every thing that a sailor knows, and has not discretion enough to avoid asking questions. He is constantly inquiring the use of this thing and that, instead of learning it by his own observation. A true sailor makes it a point of honor never to give a correct answer to such inquiries from such a person. A correct answer would lower him down to a level with the inquisitive land-lubber. The only way the crew can make amends to themselves for the trouble this fellow gives them, is to set him up as a mark for their jests ; and he may thank fortune, if he does not get a ducking from the " chap " who is at the helm, who purposely " ships a sea," while the " land-lubber " is looking over the the rails at the great waves.

MARINER'S SONG.

Favoring gales from the landward are blowing,
Onward and seaward the currents are flowing ;
See, the gay vessel is loosed from her mooring,
Billows and breezes her course are alluring ;
Farewell to comrades and fathers and brothers,
Farewell to loved ones and sisters and mothers ;
Who but a sailor our sorrows can tell,
When from the harbor we bid them farewell ?

Swiftly behind us the landmarks are waning ;
Nought but the sea-view will soon be remaining ;
Rapidly forward our vessel is moving ;
Far, far away from our friends are we roving ;
Months will be gone ere again we shall meet them ;
Never perhaps in this world shall we greet them ;
Blow, ye light breezes, our bodings dispel —
Surely no landsman our sorrows can tell !

Hark ! from the windward the sea-song is pealing ;
Laughter and merriment loudly revealing !
Why should we always be thinking of sorrow,
Clouding to-day with the cares of to-morrow ?

No ! my brave lads, let us ever be smiling —
 Ever with laughter our sorrow beguiling !
 Thus all regrets and forebodings we quell ;
 Thus do we banish the pangs of farewell !

Proudly, in triumph, our vessel is gliding ;
 O'er the high mountainous waves are we riding ;
 Thro' the sea-foam we are diving and splashing ;
 Billows around us are wrathfully dashing ;
 Yet tho' the elements wildly are raving,
 All their vain wrath we delight to be braving ;
 Whether we revel by land or by sea —
 There are no mortals so happy as we !

Lightly and briskly we ride on the ocean ;
 With the gay breezes we keep up our motion ;
 Prosperous gales in our path are prevailing,
 Smoothly, like birds in the air, we are sailing ;
 Breezes and tides were more prosperous never ;
 Thus would we live on forever and ever ;
 Dancing forever upon the wide sea ; —
 There are no mortals so happy as we !

Homeward again to our coast we are nearing,
 High-bluffs and headlands are thickly appearing ;
 Welcome each face that will smile to our greeting !
 Blow ye * "sweet breezes," and hasten our meeting !
 Is it all well with the friends of our dwelling ?
 Hark ! all the voices their welfare are telling !
 Then with glad hearts we will leap from the sea ;
 There are no mortals so happy as we !

THE ORDER.

THE heart of every philanthropist must be gratified by the rapidity with which the forceful and invigorating principles of Odd Fellowship are causing themselves to be felt throughout our widely extended country. A few years since the mystic ties which bind our brotherhood together in the golden bonds of beneficence and active charity, were literally unknown even in Britain, the birth-place of the fraternity, whilst there are thousands yet alive who witnessed their first introduction into this land of untrammelled opinion. Humble in its origin, and having none of the adventitious aids of rank or power to promote its advancement, Odd Fellowship has laid hold on the good sense and kind feelings of Americans with a firmness and comprehensiveness of grasp to which prejudice can offer no adequate resistance. — Linked together by sympathies that spring from the noblest sentiments guided by the soundest judgment, the members of the brotherhood behold themselves ranged under the banner of Friendship, Love and

* "Sweet breezes" is a common expression with sailors.

Truth, and devoting their energies far and near to the promulgation of opinions, which have for their object the reinstatement of our kind in the proud position of which ambition and worldly pride had for a time deprived our race. Under the glorious institutions of self-government, Odd Fellows find ample scope for the full development of the philanthropy which embraces within its ample fold every heart that throbs responsive to the touch of pity, or glows beneath the genial sun of universal love. Awed by none of the imposing appliances by which power strives to lead captive the human will, they proceed upon their way rejoicing in their strength and looking forward with a confident hope that, ere long, the shadows that have so long obscured the sunlight of human intelligence, will yield to the powerful influence of truth, and usher in the day of all-pervading liberty.

In the manifestations of the spirit of Odd Fellowship, we behold no wild speculations that serve only to delude and amuse for a season, but deep-rooted practical benefits that must be recognized and felt so long as the social system shall exist. The philosophy of past ages, however calculated to surprise and astonish, had too often for its aim, results with which the real happiness of the mass of mankind had but little if any thing to do; but in the doctrines of our Order we find a healing and restorative principle, which addresses itself alike to the fireside circle and the sick bed, the manly struggle for wealth and high station, and the enfeebled conflicts of sickness and of want. They teach us that, to be entitled to honor and distinction, we must aid in sustaining the dignity and moral bearing of those with whom we are associated, and that to establish a claim to the good feelings of our fellow-beings, we must minister to their wants and make their sufferings our own. Where is the heart so lost to all generosity of impulse as not to feel itself ennobled and elevated by a warfare against ignorance and its attendants, misery and vice? or where is the spirit that gazing over the wide field of human usefulness, does not feel itself stimulated to new and redoubled effort in behalf of the happiness of our kind?—With such glorious opportunities of doing good, let us press forward in the harvest of good works and gather in the fruits of well-directed, unyielding effort in behalf not only of the present generation, but of millions yet unborn. Should prejudice assail and the rich man's contumely and the proud man's scorn venture to attack us and our ceremonies, let us point to the happy fireside and the returning glow of health, and proudly tell them that such are the noble products of what they are pleased to regard as unworthy their attention, for which our fellow-men are indebted to Odd Fellowship. — *Covenant.*

SOCIETIES — In all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house.

Original.

THE DEPARTED.

—
BY E. A. BRACKETT.
—

SHE sleeps within the silent grave,
That form so dear to me ;
The forest trees above her wave,
Murmuring pleasantly.
The tinkling brook, a low sweet sound,
Is ever hymning there ;
And gentle flowers hang o'er the mound
Like saints that bend in prayer.

At noon of life the angel came
With message from on high,
So mild, so calm, he quenched life's flame,
He scarcely dimmed her eye.
And he hath borne her spirit home,
To brighter realms above ;
While I unloved, unhonored roam,
Still weeping for my love.

Yet doth her spirit sometimes deign
My weary path to cheer,
It soothes the heart's unceasing pain,
And dries the silent tear.
A presence still of her I know
Doth guide my thoughts aright,
And leads me on towards the flow
Of heaven's unchanging light.

☞ He that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice, should go a little farther, and try to plant a virtue in its place, otherwise he will have his labor to renew : a strong soil that has produced weeds, may be made to produce wheat with far less difficulty than it would cost to make it produce nothing.

☞ The Odd Fellows of Philadelphia recently gave a concert for the benefit of the poor, by which was realized \$392, which was expended for their benefit.

Original.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE,

OR

THE WAR-LIKE GENTLEMAN.

BY T. B. READ.

CHAPTER I.

Hominem pagina nostra sapit. — MARTIAL.

MYNHEER GOTLIEB SPECKUNCROUT, was the proprietor of the Half-way House, a place of "entertainment for man and beast," situated on the road leading from Philadelphia to Lancaster. The host was a very diminutive specimen of humanity, with a very round head and a remarkably red nose. Of a warm summer afternoon he would take his pipe and station himself beneath the old elm tree that shaded the front of the inn, and for hours contemplate with intense interest the counterfeit presentment of the "Half-Way House," on the swinging sign board. It was with great complacency and secret admiration that he gazed upon something in the shape of a man, very uniquely enveloped in a long waistcoat and red night-cap, represented as helping a stranger from the stage coach. With considerable curiosity, too, he compared each particular button of his own vest with those of the one on the sign; and with quiet determination, he each day resolved that his cap should undergo a course of soap and water to restore its primitive brightness, in order that the one on the board might not outvie the original. Nor could Mynheer Speckuncrout refrain at all times from speaking aloud his admiration of that wonderful specimen of art. Every new guest must undergo the infliction of hearing all the merits of the picture explained and expatiated upon; and Mynheer never finished an eulogy upon John Dobbs, the painter, without repeating the exclamation of the frau Speckuncrout, when she first beheld the portrait of the Half-way House. He would take his pipe from his mouth, and exclaim, "Der frau, when she saw der pictur, put up her specs, den put 'em down, den looked close at der pictur, den stood away, an' she said, 'Vell now, John Dobbs, vell I declare, if I didn't know dat wasn't Gotlieb Speckuncrout, I should say that it was, for its just as much like Gotlieb Speckuncrout as I never see!' Ha, ha, dat was vot der frau said, yes." Thereupon Mynheer would replace his pipe, rub his hands briskly together, and send them on an exploring expedition into the depths of his pockets.

One warm afternoon in September, the host, as usual, was sitting beneath the old elm tree, gazing at his counterpart swinging gently to and fro, at the same time very meditatively rubbing his hand over the

features of his face ; but his *proboscis* was the especial point of attraction. He had just exclaimed to himself, as was his practice, when no other audience happened to be at hand, " And der frau said, vell now, John Dobbs — " Just at that moment he was startled by the sound of the stageman's horn. Mynheer left the exclamation of the frau Speckuncrout unfinished, for that was no time to contemplate the fine arts. The driver cracked his whip, and the horses dashed furiously up to the door of the inn. A very tall gentleman in a military suit, boasting remarkably red hair, tremendous mustaches and imperial of the same agreeable sunset hue, gave Mynheer Gotlieb his hand ; the little host very good naturedly assisted that savage-looking, warlike gentleman from the coach, and the warlike gentleman in a very commanding voice, ordered the good natured host to bring in his baggage, give him the best room in the house, and the best dinner that the place would afford, in the shortest possible notice. To all of which Gotlieb Speckuncrout answered " yaw, Mynheer," and proceeded to the business forthwith. However, in a few moments he was summoned very loudly by the warlike gentleman, and when the host made his appearance, the aforesaid gentleman looked Waterloo at him, and exclaimed, " I say fellow, where is the landlord ? "

Mynheer was thunderstruck. He opened his eyes to their fullest extent, partly with astonishment, and partly to view more perfectly the first person who had ever mistaken him for any one else than the veritable host. But the warlike gentleman repeated the enquiry with somewhat more of fierceness, and Mynheer, in as mild a manner as possible, replied,

" Vell, if so be as you never *did* see Gotlieb Speckuncrout, (here he turned his eyes to the ceiling, to pray all the saints in his calendar to forgive the warlike gentleman for the oversight,) " I say, if so be as you never did see Gotlieb Speckuncrout, vy just step this vay. " He walked towards the door, and the gentleman followed rather hesitatingly, looking all the time as though he would like a brace of just such vipers, with or without trimmings, for dinner. Although Mynheer's feelings were outraged, he, good naturedly as possible, directed the warlike gentleman to observe the sign-board. The son of Mars drew an eye-glass from his pocket, and gazed through it toward the above named object. He dropped his eyes several times from the picture to the original, thereby acknowledging the likeness. Mynheer's triumph was complete, and he exclaimed, " Vell, you see that's me, — me ! — Gotlieb Speckuncrout — yaw ! And mine frau, ven she first saw der pictur, she said — "

" Sir ! " growled the warlike gentleman in a voice of thunder. — " Sir ! is this the only public house in this place ? " That last interrogation was the very acmé of insults. Mynheer looked first with amazement all around, then at himself up and down, and then at the door very compassionately, for he knew that it must feel bad. At last, shading his eyes with his hand, he looked far down the village, and with great determination he replied,

" There *is* another house down der village, — but — Gotlieb Speckuncrout vas never the man to say anything against his neighbors, no !

But den I have been told by dem as have slept there, that they always vas troubled with some kind o' an'mals ven they vent to bed; — but I never says anything against my neighbors, no! P'raps dem an'mal vas the night-mare, and p'raps they wasn't, — I doesn't pretend to say — I never says nothing against my neighbors; no!" Thereupon the warlike gentleman walked into the Half-way House, registered his name, and retired to await the coming of his dinner.

On the tenth of September there was a stranger's name registered at the Half-way house, — (for, be it known, that at a country inn, every man and boy in the town scrawls his autograph in the dirty book that always occupies one end of the little counter at the bar. There you may find the ostler's name, looking for all the world like a very long animal, with a great many straggling legs, running off of the page, at an angle of forty-five degrees. There, too, you may find a page where the writing master has displayed his immense skill in drawing eagles, and very top heavy goose quills, ready made into pens, writing all of their own accord.) Yes, on the tenth of September, the warlike gentleman turned to a new clean place, and wrote in large fierce letters "Captain Courtly Cutlass, of the Queen's service." — That autograph was a bright ornament to the register, and in the eyes of Mynheer, the leaf that held that name was forever afterward sacred.

When the stage coach arrives at a village, there are always a number of persons ready to run and see who gets out or who get in; but there are others again, who will not mingle with what they deem the vulgar people; (for the pettiest town has its aristocracy,) but who, after common curiosity is gratified, walk leisurely past the inn, call as they return, as though it were the merest accident in the world. Such a person was the Hon. Timothy Littleworth, the only Justice of the Peace in Scrubbtown, and for one term, a Senator to the State Legislature from that place. This gentleman must have been some fifty years of age — his person was not over comely to look upon; he affected a sort of *neglige* in his dress, a very common custom with men of genius. Was it because Mr. Littleworth's gigantic intellect towered above all considerations of dress, that he thus neglected his outward appearance? To be sure it was! Think you that a politician ever thought of wearing shabby clothes, merely to gain votes with the poorer classes, at the same time to insinuate himself into the favor of the rich by appearing independent? The very thought is slander! But the Hon. Timothy Littleworth, member of the Harrisburg Senate, and Justice of the Peace of Scrubbtown, was often complimented by being told that he was the very counterpart of Napoleon, and Mr. Littleworth's conscience forbade him to commit the unpardonable sin of denying truth, even when modesty prompted him to the act. Who that ever saw Mr. Timothy Littleworth, standing by the fish-pond in his garden, with his arms folded over his breast, his right foot protruded somewhat in advance of his left, and his eyes fixed on the tiny ocean, perhaps contemplating a frog, who, I say, that ever beheld Mr. Littleworth in such a position, but was strongly reminded of Napoleon Bonaparte on the island of St. Helena? Such was the gentleman, who,

at four o'clock, P. M., stepped into the bar-room of the Half-way House. Mynheer Speckencrout was not a partizan of Mr. Littleworth, and as he set a decanter, containing a deeply colored fluid, on the bar before that honorable gentleman, he observed,

"Meister Leetlevort, my friend, I will drink your good health, yaw, I will wish you may be Guf'ner, because you decided the case of de brindle cow in my favor." Mr. Littleworth's countenance lit up amazingly. "But," continued Mynheer, "I have something just here, (Mr. Speckencrout placed his hand as he spoke, about on the tenth button from the top of his waistcoat.) I have something just here as tells me I can't fote for you, yaw!" Mr. Littleworth looked at the host for a moment reproachfully; but glancing at the glass in his hand, his countenance relaxed into a smile of forgiveness, he raised the liquor to his lips, and contemplated Mynheer for several moments through the bottom of the tumbler. "No!" ejaculated the host, as he set his glass down on the counter with considerable emphasis, "No, Johannes Clitersnider is the man, yaw!"

Mr. Littleworth no sooner heard the name of his opponent than he poured the remains of the liquor precipitously down his throat, and putting aside his glass, thrust his hands with alarming determination into the skirt pockets of his coat, and gave vent to a groan that seemed to come from the very depths of his shoes, accompanied with the exclamation of

"A tailor!"

"Yaw!" reiterated Gotlieb, as he turned to fill his pipe, "and what if Johannes Clitersnider is a tailor? Der man as fits me mit a coat, can fit me mit law — yaw, dats vat I tink."

Mr. Littleworth's feelings as a man, as a citizen, as a statesman, and as a patriot, were too much outraged to permit him to make any reply. He took a pinch of snuff from the box on the counter, drew it up his proboscis in a most desperate manner, coughed vehemently, and sneezed an indefinite number of times. His eye caught the glaring name of Captain Courtly Cutlass on the register; and, putting on his glasses to satisfy himself in regard to that remarkable autograph, he became convinced that it was no ostentatious flourish of Samuel Spatter, the writing-master. He left his card for the warlike gentleman, and assuming an air as though he had done one of the most condescending things in the world, took his leave of Mynheer Gotlieb Speckuncrout, and the Half-way House, very much as though he considered it a painful but imperative duty to carry away that vast amount of greatness that had for the last half hour shed a lustre on the most inanimate fixtures of the bar-room.

CHAPTER II.

Seven daughters had Lord Archibald
All children of one mother. — WORDSWORTH.

On the following morning, about twelve o'clock, the warlike gentleman sallied forth to view the beautiful though rather muddy village of Scrubtown, and to pay his respects to the important personage who

had sent him his card on the previous evening. Mr. Littleworth was at home to the warlike gentleman, and was delighted to embrace the opportunity of making the acquaintance of so distinguished an individual, although he, to speak truth, had never heard of the warlike gentleman before. However, that was nothing — the captain's name was a sufficient guarantee of his nobility. Mr. Littleworth loved anything that smacked of aristocracy, notwithstanding his declarations about his thorough democracy to his constituents. He claimed some of the first men who have ever lived as his ancestors, and should any one require it, he could trace his genealogy back, almost, if not quite, as far as to the greatest man of his time, viz : Noah. Mrs. Timothy Littleworth was, in every way, her husband's equal, not even excepting in size of body. In fact, Mr. Littleworth looked upon her as the most astonishing woman in the country. He would frequently say that Mrs. L's beauty was not alone comprised in her face and form ; but her intellect was equally gigantic and beautiful. Besides, she was born in France, and being a very distant relative to Napoleon, he felt that he was not going too far, when he acknowledged that he held her in divine admiration. She conversed in English quite as well as in French, and in Italian quite as well as either. In truth, she spoke all of the useful languages beautifully, giving the accent of each to perfection. And his daughters, too ; their mother had taught them the different languages. He was happy to say that they promised to equal in every way their more than talented parent. Mr. Littleworth had no less than seven daughters, averaging from two to sixteen years of age. Mr. L. left the warlike gentleman to amuse himself with the books and prints, while he hurried to the nursery to inform his precocious daughter, that a very great man was to dine there, and they must each try and improve by his examples — they must watch him closely at table, and imitate all of his graces.

"Remember, my daughters," he said, "remember, and be an ornament to your papa, and an honor to your mama. You, Napoleana, be very proper ; there's no knowing what may grow out of a very small circumstance. It has always been your papa's saying, my dears, that great events turn on remarkably small pivots. And you, Josephine, Maria Louisa, Austerlitziana, Lodina, Elbalna, and my sweet little Helena, you are to sit at the table with a nobleman ? Just think of it ! Do remember, and be very proper."

"Oh yes, papa !"

"And remember, Napoleana, if he addresses you in French, answer the gentleman promptly and sweetly as possible, for, as your papa has said before, there's no knowing what *may* grow out of a small circumstance."

The daughter addressed replied "*we* papa," and "*we* papa" passed from mouth to mouth, like the running of the upper octave of a flute, the last little note winding off with a very sharp screech. Ah ! that was a proud time for Mr. Littleworth. "Captain," said he, as he entered the parlor again, "I trust that you have been amused. Here are some of the first engravings of the age ; but its needless, however, that I should tell a gentleman of your taste such a thing. These are

all English prints. There, sir, that is a likeness of George the Fourth, if you have never seen his likeness. Oh ! I ask your pardon, you have seen it then, in London. Large city that London ! I correspond with several of the greatest men of that metropolis. Here is a likeness of Scott — quite a clever man — English I mean. Oh ! ah ! you've seen that before. But here, sir, here — this picture — did you observe this ? It is a picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps, executed by David, pronounced *Da-vede* in French. Yes, I presumed you knew the fact, but all do not ! Ah ! sir, I pray you think nothing of my weakness, excuse it — but I never look upon this picture of *Buonaparte*, on the island of St. Helena, without dropping a tear to his memory. You may think this weakness — yes, I knew you would — well then, sir, for your sake I will not contemplate that picture at present. Here, sir, if you are fond of wit, here are the works of the greatest humorist of his age. There, take a seat, you can't understand them in a moment, they are so far in advance of the age ! They are generally political pieces, hits at the Administration. You will not understand them — allow me to explain. Ah ! here on the first page we have the likeness of the artist himself, *Crowquill Crookfoot, Esq.* — fine intellectual face that ; the small twinkling eye indication of wit ; how expressive the nose is, turned slightly up, showing his sneering disposition to a charm. Were it not for the hair, sir, you would observe what a forehead he has. I advised Mr. Crookfoot to have it shaved, a thing frequently done. He writes me in his last letter that he has followed the suggestion, and thanks me for the advice. He is a wonderful man. By the way, I will give you his address, mention my name, that will be sufficient. Observe that figure — you don't understand it, I presume not — but, sir, that picture produced an alarming excitement. It represents a figure standing on its head — there are the two legs up in the air, the feet are rather large, but that is a part of Mr. Crookfoot's style, one of his peculiarities. The figure is allegorical ; it represents the present condition of the Administration — capital ! isn't it ? That book, sir, has done more for my cause in this town than you could imagine. Those spirited satires, sir, when I held them up to the people, and gave them the proper explanations, the effect was miraculous — unlike other senseless satires, they were not laughed at. No ! there is too much truth, sir — and whenever I presented them, a solemn silence pervaded the spectators. I have the greatest admiration for the genius of my friend Crookfoot. His illustrations of *Mother Goose* give general satisfaction among the smaller members of my family. Ah ! yes sir, I look upon this artist as one of the greatest benefactors of his age, if in nothing else than amusing *les enfans*."

In this manner did Mr. Timothy Littleworth entertain his distinguished visitor until the dinner hour, when he conducted the Captain the dining room, where was presented a formidable array of young Littleworths, each having her hair done into two long stiff braids, tied over with any quantity of blue ribbon, arranged into very systematic bow knots.

"Allow me to introduce my daughters. Miss Napoleana, Captain

Cutlass — Josephine, Maria Louisa, Austerlitziana, Lodina, and these two are the youngest, Elbana and Helena. Be seated, Captain, there, if you please, opposite my eldest. Ah! here comes madam. Madam Littleworth, Captain Cutlass." Now the lady L. was enormously fat, and as she waddled into the room, her appearance was almost too much for the rigid risibilities of the warlike gentleman. She bowed, for who ever saw a fat woman courtesy? No one, I imagine — in fact it would be hazardous,

"Bon apres — midi — Monsieur," said the lady, taking a seat next to her husband.

"I am vere mush glad to have ze pleasure, oui. You are in ze — ze — armee?" The Captain bowed, and the young ladies bowed.

"You have been in ze battle, eh, Monsieur?" The warlike gentleman coughed, and replied that it was warm, oppressively so.

"Oui, oui, — you have been in oppressive warm battle! Vere you ever shot?"

"Hem! no, not exactly shot, that is slightly wounded."

"Indeed! Where?"

"Ah! hem! it happened in a — a — vessel, madam — a sea engagement."

"Oh! possible? in ze blood vessel?"

"Oh! ah! yes, rather a bloody vessel, just at that time."

"But where is ze wound? Do let me see ze wound."

The Captain was confused, and could make no reply for sometime. At last he observed that the wound could not be discerned very easily.

"My daughters!" whispered Mr. Littleworth, shaking his head and frowning forbiddingly, "hush!"

"The fact is, madam," continued the warlike gentleman — "The fact is, a confounded piece of lead came very abruputly just across my chin, and dislocated several individual members of my imperial, a very serious loss, I assure you."

"Ah! Captain" continued Mrs. Littleworth, as she emptied a dish of chicken salad on her plate, "Come, Captain, tell some more about ze war, just to amuse ze daughters, do."

"Oh, do, do, do!" cried two or three of the young Littleworths.

"My children, be silent!" said Mr. L. firmly, "Elbanea, my daughter, take that soup dish off of your head, — papa will send you right away from the table. Helena, dear, take her fingers out of the butter plate, she shouldn't do so, pet."

"A battle is a very dreadful thing," said the Captain, wiping the moisture from his mustaches. "A very dreadful thing. You Americans know nothing of the horrors of war, nothing. I hope you will not. War is a dreadful thing."

"Oui — oui! — so I tink, so I have tell my husband one, three, several times. He sall nevare go to war. Eh, mon chere?"

"Yes, frequently, my dear. Ah! she is very affectionate — always in this beautiful serene spirit of tenderness that you now behold her in. Oh, isn't it delightful?"

"Exceedingly."

"Napoleon, was a vere great war-man, Captain, eh?"

"Yes, clever."

"A vere great war-man, I say!"

"Circumstances, you know, did every thing for him."

"I don't know ze man Circumstanz, but I nevere tink of Waterloo wizout saying Mon Dieu —!"

"Oh, my dear," said Mr. L.

"Yes, you know husband, ve bot hate dem Englishmen like ze —"

"Hush — sh — sh!"

"Vot for hush? Don't tell me hush! I nevere was told hush! — I love my country, and hate ze English like, like —"

"Madam," said the Captain, "I look upon Napoleon as the greatest curse that ever fell upon the world!"

"Sare, you are not gentleman!" screamed Mrs. Littleworth, coloring deeply up to the very edges of her wig, and as much farther as you may choose to imagine. "You are von grand coward!"

"Was it to be insulted, madam, that I permitted my person to grace your table?" exclaimed the warlike gentleman, rising.

"Grace my table! You are disgrace, sare!"

"I'll not be insulted! Mr. Littleworth, you shall answer for this. We gentlemen of standing always go prepared to repel injury — remember that!" roared the Captain.

"Mrs. Littleworth, oh! Mrs. Littleworth, you will be my ruin!" exclaimed the trembling husband.

"Ha!" screamed the lady at the top of her voice, at the same moment seizing a roast chicken by the legs, she flourished it over her head, with a most demoniacal laugh. The three youngest Littleworths caught up the scream of the infuriated mother, and clenching their little fists at arms length, shut their eyes very tight and prolonged it.

"I'll do something dreadful, Mr. Littleworth! I'll be the death of you!" cried the warlike gentleman, catching the soup ladle.

"Ask his pardon, do, my dear!" exclaimed Mr. L. very imploringly.

"No, take zat!" The action was suited to the word, the chicken struck where the Hon. Timothy Littleworth had been, but, fortunately, was not.

The hostess, being now left to her own protection, made a desperate attack upon the warlike gentleman. Seizing a large carving knife, and calling all of the deities, ancient and modern, to witness that she would not leave a hair on his chin to swear by, which declaration struck such panic into the heart of the Captain that he made a precipitate retreat, — but not, however, until he lost the skirt of his royal coat in the fray. Mrs. Littleworth, chopping the air with the knife, followed him to the front door. In the mean time, her ferocious husband crawled forth from beneath the table, where he had taken timely refuge, and he now ran from room to room, crying "give me my gun, where is my gun?" Nor did he cease the cry of "give me my gun!" even after he had laid his hand on it. Now was heard the approaching footsteps of his bigger half, he immediately made a bold rush to the front door, shut his eyes very tight, fired in the air at random, rushed

back to the dining room, sunk upon the floor, and cried "Oh! I've done it! I've done it!" During this time, the young ladies were undergoing certain gymnastics with their enraged mamma, not altogether pleasant — which performance being over, Mrs. Littleworth, with great determination, seated herself upon the table, unmindful of cracking plates and squashing contents, placed her arms akimbo, and gazing around on her husband and progeny, she felt, not for the first time either, that she was "monarch of all she surveyed, her right there was none to dispute."

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AS A MEANS OF RELIEF.

In our last number we entered upon a discussion of the question of the means appropriate to the relief of the poor and distressed. We attempted to show that the system of isolated individual charity, was not only objectionable in itself, but positively inadequate to provide the necessary means of relief to the thousands that are suffering; and we argued hence the necessity of combined and associated action, such as is presented in the system of Odd Fellowship. To this it is sometimes replied, that we have the same principle already in operation, in the public and legal provisions for the poor. Here the funds raised by the many are appropriated to the relief of the few, in distress, and hence there is no need of further associations for that purpose. We grant, that the provisions made for the poor, in our country, are liberal as compared with many others, and are an honor to the philanthropy of the age. But there are objections to the system, or at least defects in it, which it would be difficult, if not altogether impossible to remedy by any course of legislative action. One of these is, that it is not designed to prevent abject poverty, but only to relieve it, where it already exists; and consequently its aid comes too late. To receive aid from the public fund, a man must first become a pauper; and this of itself, is no trifling or inconsiderable obstacle in the way of the full and effectual operation of the system. So much of poverty and distress are caused by intemperance and vice, that the very name "pauper," is associated with guilt and infamy. And long will the virtuous endure, and keenly will they suffer before they will submit to the humiliating necessity of taking upon themselves that disreputable name. There, indeed, is the fund, but to receive it a man must be mortified and degraded; and yonder is the alms-house, but to go there, is to come in contact with squalid wretchedness and guilty vice in every form; and for this reason, that house is dreaded, as the very gate of the prison. It is evident, therefore, that the aid thus extended comes too late. It is not when hunger alone is preying upon the body that relief comes, but the heart must first be lacerated, the spirits crushed, the ambition paralyzed, and the soul bowed down to the earth by mortification, and a sense of degradation. All this has *passed* before the public hand is extended for relief.

And then again, it is a *heartless* system. It has no soul and it lacks entirely the gentle and soothing influences that give to real benevolence its brightest charm. It has no tender glances of friendship to bestow, no tears of sympathy to shed, no kind words of encouragement to speak to the down-trodden and the poor. It feeds the body indeed, as the swine are fed, but it has no cordial for the fainting spirit. And when the poor sufferer, driven by the gnawings of insatiate hunger, reaches forth his lean and withered hand to receive the pittance doled out mechanically by the agent of the law, the sickening thought goes down into his soul, that he is "*a pauper*;" and mortified and degraded he eats his humble fare, with a keener anguish of the heart than all his previous sufferings have inflicted. His hunger is satisfied for a day, but the scathed and smitten spirit is crushed and bowed to the earth. And these are probably the reasons why many prefer beggary to pauperism, and by these means many are driven out to beg. The industrious and virtuous mechanic, is able while in health to secure a comfortable livelihood for himself and his family. But he is overtaken by disease, and for long months lies languishing upon a bed of sickness. His little store is soon exhausted, and haggard want looks in at the door. Too proud to beg or become a pauper, the resort is had to the sale of such articles as can be spared; and one after another is sacrificed, until all are gone, but such as are indispensable. And still the prospect darkens. The next recourse is to the pawn-broker, and the coat, the cloak, the wife's ring, her *wedding* ring, the very implements of trade, and all else that can procure bread, is in the hands of Shylock. And yet, there lies the husband and father, pale, feeble and helpless as a little child, and there is no bread for the hungry, or fuel for the fire. The dread alternative has come at last; and pauperism, the alms-house, beggary or starvation is inevitable. To them, the alms-house is worse than the prison, pauperism is degradation and infamy; and to avoid these, with crushed hopes, and seared hearts, the wife and children go out to beg. They meet the cold and scrutinizing gaze of an unfeeling world, and the rude laugh, or the stale joke at the tale of their miseries. I know there are trusting hearts, that can endure all this, and yet remain steadfast in principle, but too often it is the wreck of virtue. And for the sick man, of what avail were the skill of Galen himself, in an effort to raise to health the sufferer, bereft of all the comforts of life, and his heart sick and his soul seared and bleeding, with the reflection that his doating wife and tender children are begging. He goes down to the grave, and that family is turned poor and hungry and naked upon the cold charity of the world, and often the end is vice and infamy. This is no fancy sketch, but it is, what every dweller in our large cities may see continually passing before his eyes. It was drawn from real life, and we have not stretched the canvass, or laid on a color too much. And these are defects, that necessarily attach themselves to the present system of public provisions for the poor, nor do we see how they can well be avoided by any course of legislative action.

But surely something more than this is needed. The principle of associated action should be coupled with the omnipotent spirit of kind-

ness, and devoted, not merely to the cure of the plague, where it is already raging, but to the prevention of the evil itself. An association should be formed, and a fund raised by the many, by periodical contributions so small, that every prudent man may have it in his power to become a contributor, and a beneficiary. And that fund should go to the sick in the commencement of his illness, and in sums sufficient, when united with the little store in hand, to prevent the possibility of being reduced to pauperism or beggary. And thus the *body* should not only be saved from want, but the mind from harrassing anxieties, and a sense of degradation. Above all, it should go with a heart to feel, and a soul to sympathize; and it should speak kind words of encouragement, and hope; and make the sufferer feel that he is no friendless outcast from the sympathies of his fellows, no degraded or despised pauper, but a *MAN*, with friends and brethren around him, having something yet left worth living for, and that he may look an honest man in the face without blushing at the thought, that he is a beggar. Thus the existence of want, with all its degrading, mortifying and corrupting influences, will be prevented, and thus many will be delivered, not merely from physical want, but from those mental sufferings, which are worse than the pains of famine itself. And then if death comes, the shield of the association should be thrown around the widow, and those orphans, fatherless and poor as they are, should be taken by the hand, and fed, and educated, and prepared for respectability and usefulness. And all this should be done with a cheerful alacrity, and a feeling of brotherly kindness, that shall warm and cheer the heart of the recipient, while it relieves his outward wants.

And such, we assure our readers, is designed to be the association known under the name of the "Independent Order of Odd-Fellows." A quaint and humble name indeed, and poorly expressive of its real objects, but still the name given by its founders, and that we cannot well alter, if we would. It is no part of our design to eulogise the institution, or employ the language of adulation in its praise. The hints here thrown out will, if we mistake not, show the necessity of something of the kind; and whether our institution is suited to the exigencies of the case must be determined by its *works*, and not by the professions of those whom chance, or the choice of their brethren, may have placed in the capacity of the public advocates and expounders of its principles. To these works the ultimate appeal will be made, and by them the institution must stand or fall. That our mode of operation is faultless we cannot hope, but to us it appears to combine many advantages, and to be free from many defects that attach themselves to other systems now in operation; and its past success, and present position and prospects, afford encouraging proof of its favor with the public mind. With its present organization, and its united energies devoted steadily and perseveringly to its legitimate objects, its career of prosperity will be great and good; and when its sacred principles shall be carried out, then shall "Friendship, Love and Truth" triumph over enmity, hatred and falsehood, and the sigh of the sufferer shall be hushed to silence, and the tear of the orphan cease to flow.—
Covenant.

Original.

THE FIRE-MOUNTAIN.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

THERE is a tradition among the natives of that once beautiful country,—the Paradise of which the Spaniard was the serpent,—that a young Aztec chief, being denied the daughter of the Cacique in marriage, carried her off in a raging storm across the lake. Being pursued, and taken upon the summit of one of the volcanic mountains, and sentenced to be immediately beheaded, the story runs that he burst from his guards, and sprang with the maiden into the flaming crater.

MIDNIGHT hung darkly over hill and vale,
 And wild the tempest raged;—the thunder rolled
 Along the heavens, and the shrieking gale,
 Like gibbering ghosts, swept hoarsely o'er the wold.
 The sheeted lightning flashed along the sky
 In fearful grandeur, and the burning mount
 Shot forth its lurid fires enwreathed on high,
 As it would rival with its flaming fount
 The fires of heaven. 'Twas a fearful night.

Across the heaving billows came a bark,
 Careering wildly 'mid the flashes bright,
 That gleam'd around its course,—across the dark
 And stormy water. Soon it reached the land,
 And dashed amid the surf, and from its deck
 Stood forth a figure, grasping in his hand
 An Aztec blade; and, while he spurned the wreck,
 With his retreating foot, with tender care
 He lifted in his arms a senseless form—
 A female form, so beautiful and fair,
 As 'twere an angel shape,—and, lest the storm
 Should beat too heavily upon the frail
 And delicate limbs, his ample mantle wrapped
 Around her, and press'd on—while, in the gale,
 The light bark he had quitted, rending, snapp'd
 Her timbers weak, and in the eddying whirl
 Swept, shatter'd from his sight. The rocks he scaled,
 And wrapping yet more close the fainting girl,
 Dash'd through the dark'ning mist, nor paused, nor quailed.
 On, on, he pressed across the gloomy heath,
 And through the rushing stream, and up the height,
 And o'er the yawning gulf, that far beneath
 Stretch'd fearfully, he leap'd with headlong might.
 The summit of the burning mount he reached—

Far, far below, the waving pine-trees toss'd
Their branches in the gale. Below was stretch'd
The dismal heath — the rushing river, lost
Amid the beetling crags, that, towering steep,
Shut in the burning mount, like vasty walls,
Piled by a Titan's hand around, to keep
Impregnable, the fire-king's flaming halls.
He stands upon the mountain's summit — black
And pall-like, heaven lowers, save when the flames
Shot upward from the crater, in a track
Of lurid vapor, roll in fitful gleams.
His eye is bright, and on his lofty brow
The impress of a noble soul is seen ;
Yet on that high, pale forehead, there is now
The signet of despair — yet calm, serene,
As tho' his soul had ceased to hope, yet still
Disdained to murmur.

'Neath a sheltering rock,
A maiden sleeps, haply insensible
Amid the dreadful scene — amid the shock
Of rushing winds — amid the lightning-flash,
The flaming pyres that fiercely burned around,
The thunders echoing in continuous crash,
Through all the vasty caverns, to rebound
In awful murmurs 'neath the ocean's bed.

But yesterday, she trod her father's hall —
The stern Cacique of Kazna — She had fled
With her young Aztec chieftain, who, 'mid all
The perils of the night, had shielded her.
Long had he loved her — in the battle's heat,
The thought of that bright, chosen one would spur
His soul, 'till, at each daring, ventu'rous feat,
Men wondered ; deeply loved the youth, and well
He fought beneath the banners of her sire,
And many a warrior of Tlascala fell
Beneath his conquering arm, when, with the fire
Of love and war commingled, he had sway'd
The mighty Aztec sword. But all in vain,
The hero fought for love — for love essay'd.
To deeds of daring on the battle plain.
'Twas well the maiden loved him — with the love
That woman's heart alone can feel, when first
It pours forth all the thoughts that, from above
Descending, and in purity long nursed,
Now sanctify the bosom that receives
And, haply, cherishes the holy gift.

She loved him with the holy love that weaves
 An ever-glowing future — that would lift
 The veil that shrouds our life in sombre gloom,
 And fain discover, 'neath its dark'ning shade,
 A fairy garden, clothed in summer's bloom,
 Array'd in glories that might never fade.
 She loved him — but the stern Cacique, whose breast
 Ambition's ice had chilled, forbade her love,
 And trampling mercilessly on the best,
 The noblest feelings given from above,
 Had doom'd his daughter to the dreadful thrall
 Of wedded life, unblest'd by love. 'Twas then
 The Aztec chieftain swore revenge. His soul
 Was moved to madness ; but there came again
 The image of his love, and gently stole
 Across his severed mind, and bade it still
 Hope on.

'Twas night — the pale moon flung
 Her silver light — the breeze scarce woke a thrill
 Upon the maiden's airy lute that hung
 Within her summer-bower — so soft it blew.
 Her sire slept calmly 'mid his guards, and all
 Around was silent — save, at times, when through
 The whispering trees was heard the tinkling fall
 Of far cascades, or some wild night-bird's note
 Amid the deep old woods ; or, it might be,
 The whispers of the viewless lips that float
 Above the flowers, and breathe their fragrancy.

A light, quick footstep pressed the dewy sward —
 A fairy form sped swiftly through the shade,
 Soft, noiselessly — until the outer guard,
 Were passed, and in the quiet starlit glade
 The Aztec lover and his trusting bride
 Had met.

A moment's fond and pure embrace
 Their lips exchanged — then, o'er the tranquil tide,
 Their light boat dancing in its airy grace,
 Sped merrily, and hope, and joy, and love
 Illum'd their future fate. Soon, soon the dream
 Of joy was broken. In the sky above,
 The gathering storm-clouds lowered — the sudden gleam
 Of lightning smote their eyes — the darkling waves
 Grew wild — the tempest rattled, and the peals
 Of thunder in the distant mountain-caves
 Meaned fearfully. And now the light bark reels
 And trembles on the billows, and the flame

Of watch-fires, and the distant shouts of men,
And blast of larum-trumpets, all proclaim
The swift and hot pursuit—then, chieftain, then
Thy love was proved—then, like a sea-bird, sped
The quivering skiff, beneath thy nervous arm
Urged onward, till the mountain's burning head
Gleamed on thy path, and mid the fierce alarm
Of yelling foes, and 'mid the deadly rain
Of mortal shafts, ne'er quailed thy lofty eye,
Ne'er droop'd thine o'er tasked strength.

But vain
His noble daring—vain his strength—the cry
Of fierce pursuit grew nearer, and the yell
Of Karza, foremost of the foes, rang high.
Lo! lulls the wind at once—the fitful swell
Of raging winds subsides—a moaning sigh
Comes from the distant woods—then, checked and still,
The quivering bark rests on the sluggish lake,
Pursuer and pursued;—vain, vain, the skill
Of mortal arm the heavy spell to break—
The sails flap useless, and the straining oar
Is plied, while nearer draws the yelling foe.
Hark, hear they not that low, deep, mournful roar?
The wild tornado comes, and, bending low,
The forests feel its power—the scatter'd skiffs
Dash wild before its rage, and 'mid the cries
Of baffled vengeance, on the breasting cliffs,
The lovers' bark with aimless fury flies;—
The father gazes, and in wild despair,
Beholds the shattered fabric sweeping by.
Where is his child—ye waters, is she there?
The lightnings flash again—the tempest rages high.

The tempest sank away in murmurs deep,
The thunder shook no more the echoing hills,
Yet still the maiden, hush'd in happy sleep,
Dreams not the fear her lover's heart that thrills;
Not for himself—the sharpest bolt of wo
His soul had met unmoved—but she, his bride,
Must she, too, perish—must the mortal blow
Be launch'd at her? His soul had still defied
All human ills—but well he knew the day
Would bring the vengeance of her raging sire;
Already, round the burning mountain, lay
The hostile bands—the gleaming beacon-fire
Shot up on either side, and to his ears
The shouts of foemen came with every breeze,

And ever and anon, his fancy hears
 The tread of coming feet, or 'mid the trees
 Discerns the flash of steel.

A shout was heard
 His fancy spoke no longer — flashing lights
 Broke round, and ringing cries the forest stirr'd.
 Like magic, all around him, on the heights,
 Leap up the foe, and, springing to the rock,
 Where slumbered still the maid — he grasped his sword;
 What hope but nobly there to breast the shock,
 And nobly fall for her his heart adored?

What boots his matchless courage? — what availed
 His high despair? — the arm that oft has turn'd
 The tide of war? — the eye that never quailed? —
 The heart that death and danger oft has spurn'd?

He stood a captive — and the stern cacique
 Had doomed him for the burning sacrifice;
 Short-seeing man — altho' his power might wreak
 Revenge — it could not pluck apart the ties
 That bound two loving hearts — it could not bring
 A tear, nor wrest a groan, — those hearts could rise
 Above his boasted might — could court the sting
 Of Death.

The fatal hour drew near;
 The chieftain to the crater's brink was led,
 A burning mount to be his glorious bier,
 A fiery sepulchre his marriage bed.
 Beside her father stood the Aztec maid —
 And looked upon the scene with eye so cold —
 So passionless — "She loves him not," he said —
 "Some fiendish witchcraft did her senses hold."
 And what thought he — the lover — who had dared
 The peril and the doom for her alone?
 Ah, who may tell?

The chieftain's breast was bared —
 The knife gleamed brightly in the light that shone
 From that strange funeral pile. — One look he cast
 On her. — Lo, springing from her father's side,
 Behold how swifter than the mountain-blast,
 She flies to him — he clasps once more his bride;
 His bands are burst — he strains her to his breast.
 Back, back, ye slaves, there's death upon her brow —
 A moment, and his arms are round her prest —
 The next — proud sire — thou hast thy vengeance now.

Original.

THE STRAW HAT, OR THE FRUIT OF BENEVOLENCE.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

IN one of the morning papers not long since appeared the following singular advertisement:

"A lady is desirous of obtaining for a short time the sum of one thousand dollars. Any gentleman who would be willing to advance this sum without security, will oblige the advertiser by addressing L. M. through the Post Office. Circumstances of an extraordinary and peculiar nature have compelled the advertiser to resort to this step."

This advertisement created no little sensation among married bachelors with generous temperaments. Many a confirmed Cœlebs began to think of bright eyes and matrimony. That the advertiser was young and pretty there could be no doubt thought they all. For what plain lady would presume to ask such a preposterous favor of a man as one thousand dollars *without* security! Pretty ladies, a handsome widow, for instance, might do it, but no one else.

No one was more profoundly moved by this advertisement than Neal Neville, Esq., though not exactly in the same way and from the same motives. This gentleman was a bachelor of forty; well preserved, and without a grey hair; for every morning he carefully extracted such untimely intruders from his dark brown locks and silky whiskers with a pair of tweezers. He was a man of cheerful temper, and his face therefore had few wrinkles. He might have been taken for no more than two and thirty. His person was well made and comfort, something tall and inclined, the least in the world, to corpulency. He was handsome, that is the ladies called him so with a clear florid complexion, fine teeth and an agreeable smile and voice. He was a lawyer by profession, but having inherited from an aunt a good fortune, he gave himself little trouble about briefs and fees, being constitutionally a lover of ease and a great pattern of indolence, lounges and cigars. His "sign" nevertheless kept its place among the host of signs of the living and dead that crowd the facade of the black granite law building in Court street.

Neal Neville though endowed with every quality of mind and person to win the female heart, had unaccountably to his friends and to numerous fair aspirants for his hand, remained until he had now got a full lustre past the half-way stone of his three-score and ten years. He was, nevertheless, what is called a "lady's man." He had leisure, and this he devoted to the sex. At an opera he was seen ushering into the boxes the brightest beauties of the town. If there was a Concert, Neal Neville was present with a smiling belle on either arm.

In Washington street he never walked alone, and at every third step he raised his hat to some beautiful girl or dashing widow. Yet he had never proposed. Nobody ever heard of his having been in love; and the ladies at length despaired! But so long as neither of them caught the butterfly, there was no envy nor cold looks, and his presence always brought smiles to the lips of those who no longer thought of him except as a friend and gallant for the street, concert, or drive.

Thus this happy, handsome, rich, young old bachelor fully realized the desire contained in the well-known song, —

“ I 'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Living where roses and violets meet —
Roving forever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet ! ”

The apartments occupied by our butterfly of forty years' experience, were at the Tremont. It is not therefore needful to say that he was lodged very luxuriously, and that his rooms were in every respect well appointed. Mirrors and sofas, a velvet divan, and voluptuous easy-chairs on rockers, were but a part of the means assembled to make him comfortable and at home. But the bachelor was by no means comfortable, and he never felt at home. There was something wanting, and his conscience told him it was a wife. He would lay late of mornings, read newspapers an hour over his coffee, linger long at his dinner, and plunge into every variety of amusement in the afternoon and evening to keep from feeling the loneliness of his bachelor chambers. He never liked to be in them unless he had a friend; and when that friend got up to go, he would take his hat and go with him! He felt the need of a wife, and therefore he sought and was only happy in ladies' society. Why then, possessing all marrying advantages, did he not take to himself a daughter of Eve and end his misery? That is a question a great many beautiful girls and handsome widows of his acquaintance put to themselves, but which they were not able satisfactorily to answer. Fortunately it is in our power to reply to it.

Up to Mr. Neville's thirty-fourth year, he had got along without much solicitude about marrying. He felt himself still young and that there was time enough; nevertheless he kept his eyes about him and was on the look-out for some one with whom he might unite his destiny. But being fastidious, and requiring a high order of perfections, he was not easily satisfied. One was a little too short, another a little too tall, another talked too fast, another too slow; one was too lively, another too sober; one had a nose with a high bridge in it, and another a nose without any bridge at all, and a third had a saucy turn-up at the end. One laced too tight and he feared she would die on his hands of consumption; and another was too fat, and he apprehended apoplexy! We might go on with the enumeration without end. Neal Neville, Esq. seemed destined never to marry. But when he had, as we have said, reached his thirty-fourth year, chance threw in his way a piece of perfection of woman-kind. She seemed faultless to his eye and taste, — not that he kissed her as the butterfly in the song did the flowers! He was at Nahant, lazily lying on a rock fishing for gudgeon or any other fish that might be foolish enough to bite, when

he was startled by seeing a straw hat and ribbons flying directly before his eyes, and after a gyration or two through the air light gently upon the water and there float. It was a lady's hat, and a lady must be near. Up he sprang and looked around him, (for the place was somewhat retired,) and he saw two young ladies, one of them bonnetless, and both running towards the spot where the hat was cradled upon the waves. The one who had lost the hat run like a fawn, bounding lightly from rock to rock, laughing as she flew, her golden brown tresses dancing in the wind, and her countenance flushed with health and excitement.

Our bachelor stood entranced. Such a beautiful creature had never before met his eyes.

"My hat, sir, my hat!" she cried, in a voice of music, like a silver trumpet sounding down the winds. Her voice recalled him to himself. With characteristic gallantry he bounded down the steep rock, and with his long fishing pole fished up just in time the sinking straw hat, heavy with the briny fluid, which dropped from it as if from a sieve.

"What a condition!" she said merrily, as she took it from the end of a pole, for she stood several feet above on the rock, and he had to reach it up to her. "Sir, I am very grateful to you! The rude, saucy wind took it off and bore it away without ceremony! Indeed, sir, if you had not been so good as to fish it out for me, I should have had my complexion spoiled! Have you caught any fish, sir? I hope my hat has not scared the fishes away!"

"No, I assure you. It would have an attractive power. I have caught no fish; I am satisfied with having caught so fair a prize as your hat."

"You are very gallant, sir. Come, Julia, our party will think we have fallen from the cliff. Good morning, sir."

And before the fisher could speak to say he hardly knew what, but only with one idea of desiring to have her always present, she was far away bounding like a sylph along the ridge of rocks, and was the next moment hidden from his sight. He had been bewitched by the witching girl, and stood awhile with his fishing-rod in one hand, and his cap in the other, like a —— like a —— we won't say "fool" exactly, but looking very foolish. As soon as he recovered his senses he started in pursuit, resolved to ascertain who she was. But nowhere could he discern her. All day he was in pursuit, and he could see nor hear anything from her. From that time there was a change very perceptible to his friends in Neal Neville, Esq. He was sentimental, wrote poetry for the magazines, and strayed about of moonlight nights. But this wore off in time, and he became himself again; but the face of the beautiful unknown was so indelibly impressed upon his heart and memory, that there was no place there for any other. The world knew not the secret, and many a fair maiden secretly accused him of being cold and hollow-hearted, when unknown to her the purest flame of devotion to one of her sex burned on the altar of his heart.

Having now acquitted Neal Neville, Esq. of this serious charge, we will proceed to our story. He was a generous man. Liberal to a

fault he gave to the poor and the needy, and blessed with his benevolent donations many a roof of poverty. He delighted in seeking out worthy young men and placing them in business; and he was a public benefactor of the poor and industrious sewing-girl. Such an advertisement, therefore, as that with which we have prefaced our tale, could not fail to attract his eye and move his benevolent feelings, ever alive to any calls of misfortune. He was lounging on a divan, taking his coffee and reading a newspaper together as was his custom — now a sip of coffee, now a paragraph, then a bit of toast and then a dozen lines. In this manner he came upon this advertisement. It at once dissipated all his ennui, for he felt particularly dull that morning, and an opportunity of doing good always made him better and happier. — He read it over three times, and then seemed to dwell upon it and endeavor to be guessing at the circumstances which could have produced such an advertisement in the public gazette.

“No matter what they are; it is plain that a cloud hangs over some one's head and heart; it is in my power to remove it; she is a woman too — this is appeal enough. She may be young and beautiful. She may be old and infirm; and in this case much more may my aid be needed. I will respond to the advertisement and see the issue.”

With this noble sentiment he took a pen and wrote as follows:

“MADAM:

Your advertisement has met the eye of one who is able to serve you, if you can show that the circumstances of which you speak are such as to render his assistance judicious. A reply addressed to Box No. —, informing me where I can have an interview with you, will receive prompt attention.

To L. L. M.”

This note he at once despatched to the post-office. In the afternoon of the same day he found in his letter-box the following note:

“SIR,—

Your kindness commends my gratitude. If, as I cannot but believe, you are sincere in your feelings, you can have the interview you request, by calling at No. — Sudbury street. L. L. M.”

Mr. Neville knew this street to be a retired and by no means a fashionable street, though none the less respectable. But he did not expect to find in fashionable life a person advertising thus, for a loan. He took his way to the street and found the house to be an antiquated mansion of the last century, with a bronzed lion's head for the door knocker. Its appearance was very respectable and was evidently once the residence of an old and distinguished colonial family. He knocked, and a woman that seemed in the condition of a servant, opened the door. On asking for the lady who had advertised, she showed him into a small wainscoted room on the left. A patch-work carpet covered the floor; old high-backed chairs stood stiffly around the room; a black beaufet was in one corner, and one or two portraits of gentlemen of a former age, in queues and ruffs, hung on the walls. The air of

every thing was genteel and respectable. He had time to make these observations, when the door opened and a female entered, in mourning and deeply veiled. She gracefully courtesied, and said with a silvery voice, that strangely thrilled his soul :

"Pardon me, sir, if I do not unveil ! If you decline to grant my wishes, I do not desire you to know whose request you have refused, lest we meet again ! My object in advertising as I have done, I will briefly explain to you. I am a southerner. I married the son of the lady who dwells here. He was descended from one of the crown Governors of the Province. But he was not rich. He went south, and he became unfortunate, and lost all my property with his own ! — We came north. He dwelt here with his mother, and here we lived retired from society. He prevailed on her to make over to him this house, and all she was worth. I shrink at the exposure of his act, but it is needful you should know the circumstances, sir. He got the property unknown to me, and lost it all in a few weeks by gambling. He then became desperate, and giving himself up to intemperance, he soon died. This was about a year since. I was left destitute and remained here, my mother-in-law giving me an asylum. She, as well as I were ignorant until yesterday, that he had mortgaged the whole property obtained from his mother."

"Mortgaged it !" exclaimed Mr. Neville, deeply interested.

"Yes, sir. Yesterday morning the mortgagee came to say that one thousand dollars were due upon it, and that, unless paid within three days, the whole should be sold. I did not feel so much for myself, as for the venerable lady who was thus to be cast into the street. In the impulse of the moment, I sat down, wrote and sent the advertisement to the gazette, hoping against hope that it might meet the eye of some benevolent person, through whose aid this calamity would be averted."

She ceased, weeping and trembling with the deepest embarrassment.

"I will advance the money, madam. The mortgage I myself will assume for the present. Let your fears be allayed. Will you do me the kindness to raise your veil ? All the while you have been speaking your voice has seemed familiar."

She gracefully yet modestly obeyed, and he beheld the lovely features of the unknown.

"Can it be possible !" he exclaimed. "This is a moment of happiness I did not anticipate. Do you not recognize me ?"

"Yes sir. You rescued my straw hat from the water with your fishing-pole. I have never forgotten you !"

"Oh that we had met before you were married. But I trust —"

He blushed, and with an embarrassed air, added,

"Pardon me. I have long remembered you, and have daily hoped to meet you again."

The lovely widow hung her beautiful head, gently smiled, and suffered him to take her hand and press it to his lips.

That day three months, to the surprise of every lady of his acquaintance, Neal Neville, Esq. became the happy husband of the fair advertiser. True benevolence never goes unrewarded.

Original.

LINES,

In memory of Mrs. SURAN B., wife of Bro. GEO. S. MELDRUM, of Lowell, who died April 11th, 1844.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO HER FRIENDS.

SHE has passed from the earth, that gentle one —
An angel hath taken her spirit home ;
All sorrow, and suffering, and death is past,
No more will life's changes their dark shadows cast.

She has gone where the weary and sad shall find rest,
To join the bright throng of the pure and the blest,
A star in the crown of her Savior to move,
And chant the rich song of redeeming love.

O mourn not that thus she was early called
From sin and affliction for aye disenthralled ;
For they, the pure-hearted, the lovely and fair,
Find only true bliss where the angels are.

Weep not, that she passed through the dark vale before thee,
For her Savior's bright presence lit up the dark way ;
And opening the radiant portals of glory,
Conducted her home to eternal day.

But rather look up from this dim fading earth,
To the glorious mansion where joy hath its birth ;
And pray to thy Father for hope in his grace,
To guide thee through trials, and grant thee true peace.

Ye will lay that dear form, so lovely in death,
Where the soft zephyrs float o'er the evening's breath,
In Auburn's sweet garden of beautiful flowers,
Where the soul loves to dream of unfading bowers.

And consigning the urn to its perishing dust,
Turn thy thoughts to the spirit that dwelt there with trust,
And a faith in the gospel thy Savior hath given,
That, though lost to thee now, thou wilt meet her in Heaven.

M. A. M.

South Boston, May 1844.

DEATH OF BRO. HENRY A. MORRILL.

Remarks made by Bro. AARON P. RICHARDSON, on announcing to the Covenant Lodge the death of Bro. HENRY A. MORRILL, on Monday evening, May 6th, 1844.

BROTHERS:—It is my painful duty to announce to you the death of our worthy brother HENRY A. MORRILL. As was mentioned on the last evening of our meeting, his health began to fail soon after he joined our Lodge, and it was thought advisable for him to go South in hopes of regaining it. He went to Charleston, (S. C.,) Mobile and New Orleans. The journey not proving so beneficial as was anticipated, and his health continuing to fail, he embarked on board a steamer at New Orleans with the intention of returning to his family. Soon after the steamer left port, he died, and he was buried on a plantation upon the banks of the Mississippi.

Brothers,—For the first time since our organization, we are called upon to mourn the loss of a worthy brother. For the first time since our organization, Death hath entered our ranks. He has singled for his victim a most worthy member, and one who, had he lived, would have been a pillar and an ornament to the Order.

Bro. MORRILL was a most estimable man and consistent Christian. It was my happiness to know him well. As a man and a citizen, he was every thing that could be wished. He was a kind husband, indulgent father, and valuable friend. It was my honor to share his confidence to a certain degree, and he has laid before me his future plans and prospects, little thinking at the time that he would be cut off in the midst of them, and before he could bring them to maturity.

It must have been exceedingly painful to our departed brother to feel the necessity of tearing himself from the bosom of his peaceful and happy family, knowing, as he must have known, how uncertain it was whether his health would in reality be benefited by his journey. What must have been his feelings when he found that his health and strength failed day by day, and the conviction that he never more could see his family and friends, stole reluctantly upon him? What must have been his feelings while lying alone in his berth, with no eye but the eye of the Almighty resting upon him—while the cold hand of death was pressing heavily upon his heart—and he thought of his home, the wife of his bosom and the children of his love, whom he never could see again, and whom he was about to leave without a protector, to buffet the storms and trials of a cold and unfeeling world?—While thus situated, with no kind friend at hand to administer to his wants, I know he was comforted by the promise made by the Father of us all, who hath said that He will be the widow's God—a friend and a father to the fatherless.

I know, too, brothers, that as his spirit was leaving its clay tenement, and winging its way to the presence of its Maker, he was comforted by the belief that his family would not be without earthly protectors, but that should all others neglect and even *forsake* them, his brethren of the mystic tie would watch over and protect them, and not

allow them to suffer. This must certainly have been a comfort to him; and I know that not a brother of this Lodge will refuse or hesitate to do every thing that our departed brother could have wished, for his young and helpless family.

Brothers: — Though the cold grave hides our brother from our view, he still lives in our affections. Though he hath left this terrestrial Lodge, he is now in full communion with the celestial Lodge above. May it be our happiness, when the Messenger shall summon us to the tomb, to receive that passport which shall admit us to the same happy home.

ODD FELLOW'S HALL ASSOCIATION.

We have the happiness to announce to our readers, and particularly to our brethren of the Order, that a charter has been granted by the Legislature of this State to the Association whose name heads this article. The most prominent men of our fraternity in this city have exerted themselves for a length of time with untiring energy to accomplish this object, and triumphant success has finally crowned their efforts. We do not propose, at this time, to enter into a discussion of the numerous advantages to be derived from so great a work, but it will suffice us to present a single remark, which we conceive our brethren will view in a favorable manner. We are at all times happy to meet our brethren from abroad, and we all know the inconvenience not only of travelling the length and breadth of this great city, from one Lodge to another on the same evening, but we also know that the unpleasant and sometimes very disagreeable entrance to many of our Lodges, leading up a cheerless and fatiguing stairway to the uppermost floor of the building, is in itself almost sufficient to deter one from entering even after he has become accustomed to tread their dark and dangerous steps. This Hall once erected will accommodate all our Lodges, should they deem it proper to meet on the same evening, and thus a brother desirous of visiting can do so with pleasure and profit. The grand object to be attained is *unity of sentiment and feeling*, and where can we act more in the spirit of brotherly affection than in one common hall, erected in one common family, and dedicated to the furtherance of our cherished principles. It needs no appeal to find favor, its merits are as palpable as the sun at meridian, and with the following brief statement we leave the subject for the present, but will embrace an early moment to treat of it more fully. A meeting of the Association Trustees, &c., will shortly be held, (of which due and public notice will be given,) and the brethren of the Order individually, or as Lodges, and any person who may wish to subscribe to its stock, will have an opportunity afforded them.

The capital stock to be raised is \$60,000, and is divided into shares of ten dollars each, which will render it in the power of almost every brother of the Order to possess an interest in this enterprize. The subscription book will in a few days be opened, and we bespeak a rush of anxious friends, envious of the first opportunity of showing their interest in this magnificent undertaking. — *N. Y. Golden Rule.*

EXTRACTS FROM THOMAS FULLER'S WRITINGS.

OF JESTING.

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pish!" said the Queen, "it is his profession; I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learned at the first admissions, and profane jests will come without calling. If, in the troublesome days of king Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign, more dangerous is it to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray God to forgive thee.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. — Abuse not any that are departed, for to rob their memories is to rob their ghosts of the winding-sheets.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own. Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality, 1349, wanted their four check-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long as till thou becomest one.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off; like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time, jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii*; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ODD FELLOW'S LIBRARY.

WE resume this subject, to which we alluded in our last number. It is a favorite one with us, and we cannot let it rest — we cannot see it neglected or defeated without making an effort. We wish to press it upon the attention of our brethren, until some action shall be taken upon it. The arguments in favor of an Odd Fellow's Library in the city of Boston, (for we will adapt our remarks at present to the circumstances of the Order in this place,) are many and forcible.

In the first place, we have the same reasons as those which exist for the formation of any public Library. The importance of cultivating the mind, and extending the sphere of knowledge. Upon this trite argument it is unnecessary to dwell. Every one must feel that it is not only a privilege, but a great and sacred duty, to learn and to know. Everything around us invites us to search and to reflect, and we are recreant to the highest faculties of our nature if we fail to do so — we cut ourselves off from the noblest delights of which that nature is capable — we live dwarfed, sensual, half-developed lives. With the infinite depth of truth surrounding us, and heaving its treasures at our very feet, we neglect them for possessions that are uncertain, unsatisfactory and temporal.

Of this knowledge books form one great organ. That their influence may be extended too far — that their worth may be over-estimated, no one doubts. It is better, of the two, to leave ourselves to the suggestions of nature, than to absorb our minds wholly in the printed wisdom of other men. In the one case we apply to the original source, in the other it is one human mind revolving within the limited circle of another. Still, in neither of these modes alone can we receive great benefit. In books we have the suggestions and discoveries of other men to aid our own — we have interpretations of nature that may illuminate our ignorance and confirm our convictions — we have preserved the wisdom and invention of past ages, that would else die out with every generation, or become broken and corrupted — we have records of facts that we can neither see nor handle for ourselves. — Moreover, we have in books truths of a higher order than those which appear in nature — we have the experience and revelations of the soul — we have the original creations of genius, the mighty emanations of mind that kindle other minds, that develop and strengthen them. — But it is superfluous for us to dwell upon the advantages of books as

sources of knowledge and improvement. We have referred to this fact, however, as the prime reason why libraries should be established which are accessible to large numbers of people. They are a public blessing. They are treasuries of a priceless wealth. They act and re-act upon *mind*.

But they are comparatively few who can establish libraries for themselves—at least libraries of any size and of true value. But those contributions which, separately, can accomplish but little, united may procure books valuable both in number and in character. It appears to us that every association, whose objects are at all social and moral, should establish a library—at least where there is not access to one. It is to us somewhat a matter of surprise, that there is not a library more truly *public* in our own good city. The price of shares in the Athenæum are without the means of many of moderate pecuniary ability, and although the adjacent library at Cambridge has been opened with a noble liberality to a wide class of readers, it cannot be expected that it should be extended to all. There is needed among us an institution where the public, for a small price can go and read books of value, and where may be concentrated an amount of knowledge which is now inaccessible by the poor, and those who most truly need such knowledge. He who shall found or endow such an institution, will build a monument to his name worthy of standing by that on yonder hill!

But as such an institution is lacking among us, we must act upon the fact as it is, and we are placed precisely in the position which we defined above—that of an association, whose objects are social and moral, organized where there is not general access to a large library. What an admirable opportunity is there, then, for the establishment of such a library for the benefit of the members of the Order! A contribution from every member of the Order in the city of Boston, together with a small quarterly assessment, would soon create a library which should be an honor not only to Odd Fellowship, but to the city of Boston—besides being a source of incalculable intellectual and moral advantage.

There is another consideration which comes in here. This is a Reading Age, and it is not, therefore, to excite a taste for reading that we need a library. But it may be necessary in order to excite a healthy taste for reading—a taste for sound, deserving, truly improving books. It is an age of reading indeed! Every street has its literary depot—shops for the sale of cheap publications are as common as restorateurs, and we deny not that the books which are purchased at their counters exert in many respects a good influence upon the public mind. Many a valuable work—many a work of true literary merit, has been rendered accessible almost to the poorest, and the threadbare scholar need lack neither reading nor food. Far are we from waging war with cheap publications, as such. But, still, every one must feel that the public taste for reading is not all a healthy taste—that eyes gloat over all kinds of literature—that all passions and appetites are pandered to, and that the market is deluged with weak, trashy, worse than useless sentimentalism, all of which, in this “age

of reading," is eagerly devoured. Now one advantage of such a library as we contemplate, would be the formation of a correct taste.—The books should be solid, instructive, truly valuable — such as should suggest thought, and beget a desire for further knowledge of the kind. In this a vast and beneficial influence might be exerted.

Odd Fellowship has been employed merely as a means of physical benefit, or of social good — and this social good has only comprised the sanatory or pecuniary welfare of the brethren. We feel that it furnishes facilities for other and better results, while its efficacy in these respects, need not be diminished. Its bond of union may embrace the intellectual and the moral good of its members. They may assist each other not only over the more rugged and material obstacles of life, but in attaining those higher interests, in pressing forward in those more excellent paths, which are the noblest aims and possessions of man. We say it emphatically, let Odd Fellowship be turned to account as an agent for the intellectual and moral improvement of those who cherish it. And what shall we build up as the fruit of our organization, which shall be more noble, more lasting, more beneficial than a Library? Here the weary in body may grow in mind, even while they rest. Here the noble sentiment of benevolence may be quickened by the philanthropy and example of great and good men, embalmed in books. Here long hours of the winter night may be rendered warm and bright by a generous enthusiasm for knowledge, and a genial influence of wisdom. Here the poor brother may find something even richer than alms. From hence the sick may draw medicine that shall heal half their pains. And long and prominent shall it stand as an institution born of the genial influences of Friendship, Love and Truth.

We have not entered into details, but may do so in another number. And if we have applied our remarks to the circumstances of the Order in Boston, it is not that we overlook the claims of sister Lodges, but because here the experiment seems most practicable to a great extent. We should be pleased to have a similar work accomplished in every town where there are two or more Lodges — or, where there is but one, in every Lodge room.

THE PHILADELPHIA RIOTS.

BUT few events have occurred in our country, which have occasioned more excitement, than the recent outbreaks in our sister city. Taking place upon a spot consecrated by memories of peace and brotherly love — appearing in the form of murderous assault, and ending in destruction and flame — arraying one portion of our diversified population against another — awaking grave suspicions — exciting the most sensitive prejudices — it presents us with an instance which, we trust, will never be repeated, while we shall continue a nation. For our own part, lamenting deeply the evils which it produced, we cannot but hope that it will be the means of great good in the end, by teaching

us to quench, at the first outbreak, those inflammable materials which so readily kindle riot and destruction—by showing us the dreadful operation of mob law, by bidding us shudder at the spectacle of authority set at nought, and justice trampled down, and by inducing each of us, to set a guard over our own stormy passions; for, after all, in individual bosoms lie the sources of all these overt acts of riot and destruction.

In all our speculations as to who are the most to blame in this affair, and what were its causes, let us not forget one cause which is most radical, though it may be little thought of. That cause is, *lack of brotherly love*, failure to realize the essential unity of the race, the great fact that we have common interests and common natures. Until this is practically felt, not only throughout our land, but the wide world over—until we learn to respect each other's rights as our own, to regard each other's feelings—until selfishness is absorbed in philanthropy, and the law of force gives place to the law of love, there will be riots and battles and civil wars. We should be jealous of our rights, but let us remember that we cannot truly know our rights until we know our duties, and that one of the greatest of these duties is, rendering unto our brother that which we would wish him to render unto us. God grant that this great, this golden rule, may subdue all hearts, and link them in inseparable bonds.

GRAND LODGE.

THE Grand Lodge of Massachusetts held its regular quarterly session on the first Thursday in May, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M.—No business of importance was transacted. Nominations were made for the several offices in the Lodge, which become vacant in August next, when the election takes place. So far as the city members are concerned, it is, doubtless, more convenient to meet in the afternoon, as has been customary, until the last session. But we presume the morning meeting better accommodates the representatives of Lodges out of town, and we much prefer day-business to a protracted night session. A proof of the new charter was exhibited, which is truly a splendid affair, and as a vote was passed some time since to present one to each of the Lodges in the State, the members of the Order throughout the Commonwealth will soon have an opportunity of seeing for themselves. The number of initiations in this State, as reported for the last quarter, were 1127. Number of suspensions, 5. Rejections, 65. Deaths, 8. Withdrawal by card, 153. Receipts, \$14,396 72. Whole number of contributing members, 3581. No returns were received from Covenant, Fidelity and Souhegan Lodges. Including these, the number of members would probably amount to about 3700.

ESSAYS. — We solicit from our correspondents, Essays, upon subjects pertaining to Odd Fellowship, or upon topics of a moral, philanthropic, and literary character. Short articles of this kind will be acceptable.

CELEBRATION.

It has been proposed to have a general State Celebration of the Order, in Boston, on the anniversary of the restoration of Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts, which occurs the 22d of this month. Whether it will be carried into effect, is yet doubtful, as the brethren differ in regard to the propriety and expediency of such a demonstration. The Grand Lodge, at its last session, voted in favor of it, and appointed a committee to confer with committees from the several Lodges, in order to arrange the affair. For our own part, we have no strong feelings about the matter, either pro or con. We are opposed, however, to frequent celebrations, or to a parade in full regalia, as incompatible with the true object of the institution, and not representing its real principles. However, if the proposed celebration takes place, we hope it will be something worthy of public attention.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROSPECT LODGE, NO. 35.

Waltham, May 20, 1844.

MR. EDITOR—The above named Lodge was instituted in this place some three or four weeks since, by D. D. G. M. Slack, under favorable auspices, and to the present time our success has been as great as we had reason to hope. We have fitted up a hall in a neat and tasteful manner, and every thing connected with the Order here, I am happy to say, is going on finely. The brethren take hold of the work with great earnestness, and manifest an interest in the cause which reflects upon them much credit. We cannot but hope that the seed thus planted in our beautiful and thriving town, will be the means of converting many to a knowledge of the principles of our beloved Order.

In behalf of the brethren of Prospect Lodge, I would extend an invitation to our brothers in Boston to make us a visit. We promise them that, though our numbers are not numerous, and our means of accommodation not so extensive as in many places, yet we trust that those who may favor us with a call, will not regret of having done so.

Truly yours, in F., L. & T.,

J. E. C.

Detroit, (Mich.) May 3, 1844.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—A few copies of the "Symbol" have found their way hither, and we hope in a short time to be able to send you a list of subscribers.

Many of the members of the "ancient order" in the West, are na-

tives of New England, and, aside from their natural desire to sustain a periodical devoted to the diffusion of the principles of our institution, they wish to learn how their old friends in the Yankee land are thriving, and to have authentic intelligence of the prosperity of Odd Fellowship at home, will give great interest to the perusal of its pages, and, we hope, extend its circulation.

It may not be uninteresting intelligence to your Yankee readers to learn that in the "far West" Odd Fellowship is spreading with a rapidity and success that its most ardent friends can wish. It is scarcely a year since the first Lodge was established in this State. There are now two in this city. One is immediately to be organized at Pontiac, (Oakland County,) one in Marshall, (Calhoun County,) one in Ann Arbor, and another in the city of Monroe. Before the close of the present year, you may confidently expect to learn that eight or ten new Lodges have been organized in our Peninsula. It is encouraging indeed to the friends of the Order to see extended from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the bright chain of brotherly affection linking together by its common tie those so widely separated.

From a perusal of your list of New England Lodges, one would imagine that in the "land of the pilgrims" all were Odd Fellows. We are not however surprised at this, — the society should flourish there. If in any place the pure tenets of our Order should take deep root,—if any where should be gathered a rich harvest of the good seed sown by a diffusion of its blessings, New England is the land.

To the New England brethren of the Order, the *Yankee* wolverines of Michigan send cordial greetings. Our hearts are gladdened to learn of their success, and we do sincerely hope that in the midst of their prosperity they will not forget those who, bound with them in the bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth, are endeavoring in the "far West" to build up and sustain our loved and honored institution.

In F. L. and T.,

T. F. BROADHEAD.

Extract of a letter from Bro. D. P. Watson, dated Nicholasville, (Ky.) April 19th, 1844.

Our Order in this place is in a very prosperous condition. Bereth Encampment, No. 5, has just closed, and I herewith send you a list of its officers for the ensuing term:

A. K. MARSHALL,	-	-	-	-	C. P.
J. A. SCROGGINS,	-	-	-	-	H. P.
R. W. DAVENPORT,	-	-	-	-	S. W.
D. P. WATSON,	-	-	-	-	J. W.
R. E. WOODSON	-	-	-	-	Scribe.
J. C. CHRISTOPHER,	-	-	-	-	Treas.
A. R. NORTHROP,	-	-	-	-	Guard.
D. P. WATSON,	-	-	-	-	P. C. P.
J. C. CHRISTOPHER,	-	-	-	-	P. H. P.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Sweet Auburn und Mount Auburn, with other Poems. By CAROLINE F. ORNE.
Cambridge : John Owen, 1844.

We have received this neat volume of Poems, by Miss C. F. Orne, whose contributions have adorned our pages, and are ever welcome. We merely advert to it now, and will endeavor to give it a more extended notice in our next.

Graham's Magazine for June

Has come to hand, containing an illustration of Moore's beautiful poem, "Paradise and the Peri," an elegant engraving of "Brownwood Female Institute," and a portrait of Judge Conrad, together with a burlesque sketch of the fashions. It contains articles, among others, by Longfellow, Cooper, Street and Poe. The present number closes the twenty-fourth volume. For sale by Redding & Co., 8 State st.

The Illuminated Magazine.

We wish to urge the claims of this splendid periodical upon our readers. It is intrinsically valuable, besides being most beautifully illustrated. It is edited by the celebrated Douglas Jerrold; and if our readers wish something rich and interesting, in the way of a literary magazine, they will find but few works superior to this. The April number contains a large colored engraving, and numerous wood plates. We are sorry to hear that it does not meet with a large patronage. Call at Redding's, examine, purchase, and read for yourselves.

The Lady's Book for June

Contains an engraving entitled "The Belle of the Ball," a beautiful one called "The Pic-Nic," and a plate of the Fashions, besides two illustrations of fashions in the olden time. It presents us also with an attractive table of contents. From Redding & Co, No. 8 State st.

The Burglars, or The Mysteries of the League of Honor.

A novel, of a local character, with the above singular title, is in press, and will shortly be published in this city. What the "League of Honor" signifies, is to us a decided "*Mystery*."

☞ We are requested to state that Franklin Lodge, will in future hold its meetings at Winthrop Hall instead at Encampment Hall. — The Lodge has also changed its time of meeting from Tuesday to Friday.

☞ We are also requested to state that the time of meeting of Ancient Landmark Lodge has been changed from Thursday to Monday.

☞ Friendship Lodge is at *Cambridgeport*, not East Cambridge, as erroneously stated in our last number.

☞ "*The Witch's Prophecy*" will appear in our next.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

- GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—Dan'l Hersey, G C P. Edw'd Tyler, G H P. Tho's Barr, G S W. John S Ladd, G J W. Sam'l R Slack, G Scribe. Hex'h Prince, G Treasurer, Jas M Stone, GS.
- MASSASSOET ENCAMPMENT, No 1.**—C C Hayden, CP, W H Jones, HP, H Willis, SW, A P Cleverly Scribe, N S Prince, Treas., Wm Ellison, JW.
- TAR-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.**—Newell A Thompson, CP, Raymond Cole, HP, George L Montague, SW, John McClellan, JW, Edward Howe, Scribe, Alfred Mudge, Treas.
- MENTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.**—John Schouler, CP, J Vaughton, HP, J H Russell, SW. Ichabod Fessenden, JW, J P Patten, Scribe, J P Hartwell, Treas.
- MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT No 4.**—Thomas Barr, CP, Jam esM Stone, HP, Hargraves Lord, SW, Jno H Cole, JW, Alex'r Greene, Scribe, Francis M Kittredge, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No 5.**—J S Ladd, CP. G R Welch, HP. N Y Culbertson, SW, C Cushing, JW N P Brooks, Scribe. D Johnson, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE.**—E H Chapin, MWGM: Tho's F Norris, RWDGM: J Henry Browne, RWGW William Hilliard, RWG Sec'y: Heseekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Stephen Lovell, RWG Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.** J L Drew, DM, Edw'd Tyler, ADM Jeremiah Richards, ADDM: Wm Ingalls, PG, E F Follenabee, VG, Charles Waite, Sec'y, Charles B Kingman, Treas.
- MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.**—Wm H Jones, NG. Louis Dennis, VG. N M George, Rec Sec. A P Cleverly, Per Sec'y, W A Harrington, Treasurer. A P Cleverly Chaplain.
- SUGAM LODGE, No. 2.**—Alfred Mudge, NG. Calvin W. Haven, VG. Eben. Seaver, Rec Sec'y. John McClellan, P Sec, John Farrington, Treas. E M P Wells, Chaplain. G N Thomson, Physician.
- NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.**—Wm. A: Hall, NG. John S. Pulsifer, VG. Justin Jones, Sec'y. George W. Fifield, Treas'r, Elbridge G Brooks, Chaplain.
- MERIMAC, No. 7.**—Alex'r Green, PG, John Wright, NG; John Taft, VG; Dan'l McLennan Secretary; A Green, Treas'r.
- SUFFOLK, No. 8.**—D H Storer, NG. Wm G Mickell, VG. Jos Outler, Rec. Sec'y. A S Wheeler, Per Sec'y. C S Brown, Treas.
- CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 9.**—Alvan Hussey, NG; Leonard Thompson, Jr, VG; J M Durgin, Rec Sec; Willard Adams, Per Sec'y: Sumner Young, Treas; Webster B. Randolph, Chaplain.
- ORIENTAL, No. 10.**—F H P Homer, NG. Rufus Gorlish, VG. H Whiting, Jr, Rec Sec'y. Jacob H Hathorne, Per Sec'y. Sam'l G Andrews, Treas.
- MISCHANIC, No. 11.**—Isaac S Morse, NG. A R Abbott, VG. S J Varney, Rec Sec'y. H S Orange, Per Sec'y. W N Owen, Treas.
- BETHEL, No. 12.**—John Jarvis, NG. Jesse P Patten, VG. Duncan Macfarlane, Rec Sec'y. Michas Kenney, Per Sec'y, J H Russell, Treas. Isaiah Jenkins, Chaplain.
- NAZARENE No. 13.**—Sam'l H Phelps, NG; George S Wylie, VG: George E Winslow, Sec'y: H Lyon, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.**—J K Dunham, NG. Wm Caban, VG. Wm H Crafts, Rec Sec'y. Samuel Rhoades, Per Sec'y. Asbel Waitt, Treas. E H Chapin, Chaplain.
- TREMONT, No. 15.**—C Allen Browne, NG. Henry Seaver, VG. Wm English, Rec Sec'y. Orrville Huntress, Per Sec'y. Nath'l S Prince Treas. F T Gray, Chaplain.
- COVENANT, No. 16.**—J A Cummings, NG. Charles Siders, VG. Wm Rogers, Rec Sec'y. R W Lord, Per Sec'y. T D Chapman, Treas. Chandler Robbins, Chaplain.
- MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.**—J G Adams, NG.; Augustus L. Barrett, VG; Geo Baldwin, Sec'y; Jona Kimball, Treas. Wm Tozer, Chaplain.
- WARREN, No. 18.**—Robert Seaver, NG. Wm J Twombly, VG. Benj. F Campbell, Sec'y. James Anderson, Treas. Daniel Leach, Chaplain.
- MONUMENT, No. 19.**—Chas M Wetherbee, NG, Wm E Cogswell, VG, George Stearns, Sec'y, Loring S Pierce, Treas, J M Usher, Chaplain.
- FRIENDSHIP, No. 20.**—John J Eaton, NG. John A Fulton, VG. Stephen P Greenwood, Sec, Albert Bridges, Treas.
- FIDELITY, No. 21.**—James Howarth, NG; Geo. H. Kittredge, VG; John H Clark, Sec'y; William S Marland, Treas.
- HOWARD, No. 22.**—Horace F Edmands, NG. Tho's R B Edmands, VG. Francis Simonds, Sec'y. Abraham W Crowningshield, Treas.
- FRANKLIN, No. 23.**—A A Clark, NG. Jos Newmarch, VG. A Wellington, Rec Sec'y. Andrew M McPhail, Jr., Per Sec'y. N S Lund, Treas.
- WINNISIMMET, No. 24.**—A M Hill, NG; John Lothrop, VG; Wm Pearmin, Sec'y; Wm Munroe, Treasurer.
- BOSTON, No. 25.**—Samuel Adams, NG, E Hennessey, VG, George C Rand, Sec'y, Moses A Dow, Treas., A Stevens, Chaplain.
- ESSEX, No. 26.**—James Kimball, NG. Tho's Harvey, VG. James C Briggs, Sec'y. Adrian Low, Treas. J P Atkinson, Chaplain.
- HAMPDEN, No 27.**—Addison Ware, James M Thompson, VG, Thomas Hasard, Jr, Sec'y Josiah Hunt, Treas.
- OVERLIN, No. 28.**—A Huntington, NG, James M Stone, VG, J G M Ladd, Sec'y, E B Herrick, Treas..
- COLUMBIAN, No. 29.**—Asaph Langley, NG; Lyman Dike, VG; Jos. B Kittredge, Sec'y; Jonathan Hay, Treas.
- BETHESDA, No. 30.**—Dan'l N Pickering, Jr, NG. Joseph Leonard, VG. Wm A Butters, Rec Sec'y. Franklin Ruggles, Per Sec'y. O Rich, Treas. J H Clinch, Theo. D Cook, Chaplains.
- LAFAYETTE, No. 31.**—B. Snow, NG; N Howard, VG; J Gould, Sec'y; A Cole, Treas. Emmons Partridge, Chaplain.

ANCIENT LANDMARK, No. 32.—Edward Stearns, NG. S P Oliver, VG. W H Johannot, Rec Sec'y. S Gould, Per Sec'y. Joseph Moriarty, Treas. John Woart, Chaplain. J Moriarty, Lodge Physician. MONTREUMA, No. 33.—A W Pollard, NG. C Eastham, VG. J W Warren, Jr, Rec. Sec'y. Harvey Lincoln, Per Sec'y. C C Hurd, Treas. HOPE, 34.—J B Atkinson, NG. J H Conant, VG. Geo A Waldo, Sec'y. H B Humphrey, Treas. H B Nye, Chaplain. PROSPECT, No. 35.—P Upham, NG; J E Chase, VG; J T Hemmanway, Sec'y; A Whitney, Treas. MAVERICK, 36.—Wm H Calrow, NG. G W Morrill, VG. G H Plummer, Sec'y. John P Pierce, Treas. SHAWMUT, No. 37.—Wm E P Haskell, NG. T Prince, VG. Pelham Harlow, Rec Sec'y. Henry Hart, Per Sec'y. Joel M Holden, Treas. SOUTHGAM, No. 38.—J W Atwill, NG; Jacob Townsend, Jr, VG; J H Stone, Sec'y; T Emerson, Jr, Treas. John H Willis, Chaplain. QUASCAGUQUEN, No. 39.—Geo Emery, NG. E S Stearns, VG. Wm. Bradstreet, Sec'y. Philip K Hills, Treas. BAY STATE, No. 40.—Wm Read, NG; Jas M Usher, VG; D M Hildreth, Sec'y; T Herbert, Tr J M Usher, Chaplain. PACIFIC, No. 42.—Chandler Robbins, NG; Phineas Capen, VG; Alex'r McLane, Rec. Sec'y; Sumner Sargeant, Per Sec'y; Henry A Fuller, Treas.

Maine.

MACHIGNON ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—E Wheeler, Jr, CP. J T Mitchell, HP. J Pratt, SW. W E Kimball, JW. E P Banks, Scribe. Benj Kingsbury, Jr, Treas. EASTERN STAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Theo. C Hersey, CP; Cha's F Safford, HP; N F Deering, S W; S H Sanborn, JW; H W Hersey, Scribe; Rufus Read, Treas. GRAND LODGE.—G W Churchill, MWGM. L H Chandler, RWDGM. J Smith, RWGW. D Robinson, Jr, RWG Sec'y. J N Winslow, RWG Treas. UNION DORRIS LODGE, No. 1.—David Robinson, Jr, DM, E R Banks, DDM, James N Winslow, ADDM, J D Kinsman, Sec'y. MAINE LODGE, No. 1.—J N Winslow. PG. E Wheeler, Jr, NG, J Pratt, VG, J H Williams, Rec Sec'y, J G Warren, P Sec'y, E Clark, Treas. L L Sadder, Chaplain. SAGO, No 2.—J Smith, PG, T Scammon, NG, S Webster, VG, G W Quimby, Sec'y, S Hidden, Treas. GEORGIAN, No 3.—George Abbott, NG; O W Jordan, VG; B Robinson, Sec'y; Dan'l Rose, Treas. Woodhull, Chaplain. ANCIENT BROTHERS, No 4.—B Kingsbury, Jr, NG; M F Whitler, VG; R A Bird, Rec Sec'y; J G True, Per Sec'y; Jas Todd, Treas; W F Farrington, Chaplain. LIGONIA, No 6.—Rufus Read, NG; C W Thomas, VG. Andrew T Dole, Sec'y. Wm P Fessenden, Treas. SABBATHS, No 6.—J G Sawyer, NG, Wm R Smith, VG, Wm B Hartwell, Sec'y, I Snell, Jr, Treas. PENOBSCOT, No. 7.—S Thacher, Jr, NG, J R Crockett, VG, D B Roberie, Sec'y, E W Dennison Treas. RELIEF, No. 8.—N C Fletcher, NG. Moody E Thurlow, VG. Jno P Wice, Sec'y. J T Berry, Treas. LINCOLN, No 10.—Nath'l Walker, NG. George H Gardiner, VG. Jacob S Sewall, Sec'y. Benjamin F Chase, Treas.

New Hampshire.

GRANITE No 1.—Cha's Main, NG. E P Hill, VG. Ed'w P Emerson, Sec'y. C W March, Treas'r. A C L Arnold, Chaplain. HILLSBORO' No 2, Manchester.—Walter French, NG, Chas Wells, VG, Isaiah Winch, Sec'y, J G Cilley, Treas. WECANAMET, No. 3.—Sam'l H Parker, NG; Jos H Smith, VG; Wm J Moses, Rec Sec'y; Elijah Wadleigh, Per Sec'y; Wm Tredick, Treas. WASHINGTON, No. 4.—Sam'l Clark, NG. W G Mathews, VG. J H Lamos, Sec. H Hobbs, Treas. WHITE MOUNTAIN, No. 6.—G H H Silsby, NG; Nath'l B Baker, VG; Jona E Lang, Sec'y; Lewis Downing, Jr, Treasurer. J F Witherell, Chaplain.

Connecticut.

PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Giles M Eaton, CP. Wm L Brewer, HP. Rufus L Fanning, SW. Chauncey Burgess, JW. Edw'd W Eells, Scribe. John T Wait, Treas. UNGAS LODGE, Norwich.—Charles A Converse, NG. Philo M Judson, VG, T Wait, Sec'y, J G Cilley, Treas. THAMES, No. 9.—Henry Champlin, NG. Royal J Kimball, VG. Sam'l Barry, Rec. Sec'y. Hiram Willey, Per Sec'y. Henry Stayner, Treas. R A G Thompson, Chaplain.

Rhode Island.

FRIENDLY UNION, No. 1.—S H Thomas, NG; G Arden, VG; P Williams, Sec'y; S Phillips, Treas. EAGLE, No. 2.—Asa W Davis, NG; Wm W Knight, VG; Wm Hicks, Rec Sec'y; B F Ferrick, Per Sec'y; Geo Ham, Treas. ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—W W Webster, NG; Eli Brown, VG; S Williams, Sec'y; N C Northrup, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1. Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.
 Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.
 Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Winthrop Hall, Monday.
 Shawmut, No. 37, do. do. Tuesday.
 Montezuma, No. 33, do do. Wednesday.
 Pacific, 42, do do. Thursday.
 Franklin, 23, do do. Friday.
 Tremont No. 15, Encampment Hall, Wednesday.
 Ancient Landmark, 32, do do. Monday.
 Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tuesday.
 Covenant, No. 16, do do. Monday.
 Siloam, No. 2, do do. Thursday.
 Oriental, No. 10, do do. Wednesday.
 Boston, 25, do do. Friday.
 Union Degree, 1, do Saturday.
 New England, East Cambridge, Friday.
 Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
 Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
 Chrysal Fount, No. 8, Woburn, Monday.
 Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
 Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.
 Merrimac, No. 7, Lowell, Monday.
 Mechanics' Lodge, No. 11, " Friday.
 Oberlin, 28, " Tuesday.
 Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
 Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
 Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
 Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.
 Fidelity, 21, Andover, Bank Hall, Thursday.
 Winnisimmet, 24, Gerriah Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
 Essex Lodge, 28, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
 Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Thursday.
 Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.
 Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday.
 Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.
 Hope, 34, Methuen, Wednesday.
 Prospect, 35, Waltham.
 Souhegan, 38, South Reading, Tuesday.
 Quasacuncquen, 39, Newburyport.
 Bay State, 40, Lynn.
 Acushnet, 41, New Bedford, Wednesday.
 Quinsigamond, 43, Worcester, Monday.

Maine.

Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
 Eastern Star Encampment, 2, Portland.
 Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland.
 Union Degree, 1, do. Union st., —
 Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, do. " " Thursday.
 Ligonis, 5, do. " " Friday.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 8, Thomaston, Monday.
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Nattanis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath.

Rhode Island.

Friendly Union, 1, Providence, 25 Market st. Thursday.
 Eagle, 2, do., cor. Broad and Pawtuxet sts. Wednesday
 Roger Williams, 8, North Main street, Tuesday.

Connecticut.

Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
 ——— Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam.
 Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich.
 Unity Encampment, No. 4, New London.
 Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.

Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, Wednesday.
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.
 Ousatonic, 6, Derby, do.
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Saturday.
 Thames, 9, New London, Monday.
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk,
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.
 Central, 12, Middletown, Tuesday.
 Charity, 13, Lower Mystic.

New Hampshire.

Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tuesday.
 Hillsboro, 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall, Monday.
 Wecohammet, 3, Dover, Monday,
 Washington, 4, Great Falls, Friday.
 White Mountain, Concord, Wednesday.

DEPUTY DISTRICT GRAND MASTERS,

Are requested to send in a report of their proceedings during the current quarter, by the 20th of July, in order that I may make up my Report for the Grand Lodge.

E. H. CHAPIN, *Grand Master.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on Sunday, 5th inst., by Rev. Bro. O. A. Skinner, Bro. THOMAS RUSSELL, of Covenant Lodge, to Miss ELVIRA DEMERITT, of Wolfboro', N. H.

In this city, April 22d, by Rev. Dr. Jenks, Bro. ELIAS W. JONES to Miss MARY JANE MORRISON, of Newburyport.

In Stoneham, April 18th, by Rev. J. M. Fernald, Bro. DANIEL L. SPRAGUE to Miss MARY P. HADLEY, all of Stoneham.

By the same, April 23d, Bro. JONATHAN DUSTIN and MARY B. NOBLE, of S. In Concord, 16th inst., by Rev. Mr. Frost, Bro. WILLIAM A. HALL, of East Cambridge, N. G. of New England Lodge, to Miss JULIA A. WRIGHT, of C.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Those of our subscribers who receive the Symbol by mail, and who have not paid for the present volume, are respectfully requested to forward the amount for the same. We have not an extensive circulation, and consequently can get along much better when subscriptions are paid in advance. We look but for little support out of the Order, and our patrons we hope will see the necessity of being prompt on their part to assist us. Those of our distant subscribers who have not paid their subscriptions, and wish to continue to take the magazine, we shall expect will remit the amount before the issue of our next number; otherwise, we shall take it for granted they wish to have their names stricken from the list, and we shall erase them accordingly.

June 1, 1844.

Bro. DAVID ROBINSON, Jr., of Portland, is our General Agent for Maine. Orders for the Symbol addressed to him, will be promptly attended to.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE,

Is published on the first of every month, at No. 32 Congress st., Boston, at two dollars per annum.

THE SYMBOL,

AND

ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1844.

NO. V.

ADDRESS

Delivered before Benevolent Lodge, No. 38, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at Middletown, Md.

BY BRO. J. LUSBY PITTS, OF FREDERICK.

BROTHERS: — The pageant of this day is a happy exemplification of the union and harmony of Odd Fellowship, and an additional source of pleasure to us all. I feel myself honored in being the organ of fraternal congratulation on this pleasing occasion.

The very large assemblage of respectable brethren gives a dignified aspect to the day. I salute them all with fraternal affection. May the honor which our institution derives from their patronage and our festival from their presence, be repaid in all those acts and expressions of respect which we delight to accord to the worthy, the virtuous and the good.

Were there nothing congenial in the sentiments of the liberal—were there nothing assimilating in the tempers of the benevolent, that mind must be warped indeed to every generous emotion of humanity, which is not gladdened at the fair occasion which the present affords for congratulating the progress of a society which proposes, by its influence, to lessen the aggregate of human misery and swell the measure of human happiness.

Who does not know and feel that man is ordained to converse with his fellows; to impart to them what he is and has: to interchange his reflections and sentiments with theirs? Who has not tasted the pleasures of social life, or been charmed with the more intimate union of Friendship? Who does not therefore find in himself sufficient impulse to the use of the one, and the enjoyment of the other? But, whether this tendency to society procure us all the good it might; whether there be not some forms in which a wise and benevolent man may de-

rive from his companionable propensities, and affectionate dispositions, greater utility and more noble pleasures than in their common application, is a subject of interesting inquiry. Man is fond of social life. But if the fondness be without limitation, it is extravagant; if it be not regulated it is unreasonable. When the affections are extended indiscriminately they become languid. When confined to an individual object, they are narrow and contracted. Like the rays of light, if concentrated in a small focus they are intense; their real use is in a due medium, where they are collected so as to warm, to vivify and to cheer; not to burn, effervesce and consume.

"A friend," says Solomon, "loveth at all times." But how rare is such a friend! When found, tried and proved, how valuable such friendship!

Friendship is not wanting in panegyrists. Philosophers, historians, orators and poets have made it their favorite theme, and dwelt upon its praises with enrapturing eloquence. There have been found some, in all ages, to decorate its shrine with the choicest flowers of fancy and the most exquisite adornments of art. And yet, in all ages and at all times lamentations have been made of the selfishness, the insincerity, or the perfidy of professed friends.

Few who have tried it have found it capable of affording those high pleasures which are ascribed to it. Most men have suffered from the ultimate worthlessness of the bosom companion, or from his low and sinister views, and have had the fund of sensibility and confidence with which they commenced the attachment fairly exhausted. Their bleeding affections and injured peace have given them cause to regret the trust they reposed with such fond and unsuspecting affiance. How many, too, under the specious garb of friendship, have been betrayed by their fond credulity, or precipitated by their unsuspecting heedlessness into extravagant attachments and pernicious intimacies! And O! how many have been deceived and undone by unprincipled companions, whom they have cherished as virtuous friends!

The fact is, friendship as it is known and cultivated in the world, seldom arises from a cool, discriminating choice, founded on worth and sanctioned by virtue. Men revolt from such formal contracts, where the affections must wait for the slow approbation of the judgment, and the heart restrain its impulses or delay its regards till reason has been consulted, and had opportunity to decide upon the propriety for their indulgence. Hence the connection of which we are speaking most commonly originates from casual acquaintance, the consequence of a similarity of sentiments, situations or pursuits, rendered more and more agreeable and intimate as it is found conducive to mutual convenience, pleasure or advantage. Sometimes it is nothing more than the reciprocal negotiations of interest, or the mercenary exchange of services, which the selfish employ to promote their advantage. The intercourse ceases with the motive that gave it birth, as partnerships in trade are dissolved when the special object of the firm has been accomplished or has failed.

There are friends enough to be faithful, and brethren enough to love in the season of prosperity, to participate in our abundance, to feast

on our plenty, and to rejoice in our pleasures. But it is the most deplorable fate of adversity that, when we are in the greatest need of friends, it often puts them farthest from us. A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity; in the prosperity of a man, enemies will be grieved, in his adversity even friends will depart.

In short, friendship is so commonly founded on self-interest, and in its utmost purity is so much like self-love; it is subject to so many interruptions; so uncertain and short lived, and withal is so partial and limited an exercise of the social affections and benevolent dispositions of our natures, that we must abate much from the high praises with which it comes recommended to us, and expect to find it defective as a pure virtue. Christianity does not expressly inculcate it. She indeed enjoins upon her followers benevolence towards all, and universal kindness and brotherly love, but not discriminate friendship, which strictly speaking cannot be a permanent obligation upon all. It is not to be enjoined like justice and general kindness. Its rise and progress must often depend on circumstances and events, which we are not always able to influence or control. That could not properly be made the object of a Divine requisition which is purely a matter of free choice, and so delicate in its nature as to render the meeting of those who are qualified for it altogether uncertain. So that even intelligent and worthy men of the most amicable dispositions may, and often must, forego the attachments of this peculiar and appropriate alliance, in their strictest intimacy and warmest cordiality; not from any fault of theirs, but from not finding easily in others that perfect similarity of disposition and coincidence of sentiment and regard on which friendship is founded. And, indeed, to lavish on one object that kindness and affection which ought to be diffused among the whole human race, might well be regarded a monopoly, incompatible with that free and general commerce of good offices which Christianity certainly intended to extend to every quarter of the globe.

On the other hand, though it be our incumbent duty to love all, and to do good to all, even this is to be but as we have opportunity; and it is still to be understood, that some have a more special claim upon our esteem, and a more immediate need of our assistance. Widely as we extend the circle of our benevolent regard, universal and disinterested as our good-will may be, yet it is certain we can neither know the need nor administer to the comfort of every individual.

Ignorance of the former and inability to the latter restrain even our attempts. The circumstances of the case require a more special appropriation, while our reason, our instincts and our natural propensities lead us to make choice of some on whom to gratify our kind inclinations and benevolent regards, where they may be indulged and applied with dearer interest and happier effect. And this may be done in entire consistency with that universal *law of love* which Christianity inculcates.

It remains, then, that we seek for some medium where our affections may be exercised, without being partial and without being indiscriminate. And how shall we attain this desirable medium between the

diffusedness of general regard on the one hand, and the contractedness of individual attachment on the other, but in a selection of those among our fellows who possess congenial hearts, mutual good dispositions and propensities, and reciprocal esteem and love? Who are inspired with like ardor in the pursuit of wisdom, like zeal in the cause of virtue? Of whom to form an association which shall partake of the liberal spirit of *philanthropy* and the intimate union of *friendship*; combining the benevolence of the one with the tenderness of the other? And what institution answers so exactly to this description, and unites so many of these purposes and advantages as that of *Odd Fellowship*? Founded on a liberal and extensive plan, its benignities extend to every nation under heaven. It invites to its Lodges the sons of virtue, of love, and of truth, that it might connect them by vows of eternal amity in a most sacred, intimate and endeared alliance, and unite and invigorate their best endeavors for mutual and general advantage. Blending their resources in a common stock, and forming a community of interests, it makes the prosperity of each individual the object of the whole, the prosperity of the whole the object of each individual. In *Odd Fellowship*, too, is realized that constancy of affection which the friendship of the world so boastingly promises but frequently fails to retain, and that tender sympathy which fraternal love ought ever to express. And such are the mutual relations and connections of the Order, that if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, and if one member rejoice, all the members rejoice with it.

The Order, though composed of persons from various countries, separated by all those natural barriers which prevent men from running into coherent masses, yet seems to be one body animated and actuated by one soul. Thousands and thousands who compose this Order have one heart one hand—the heart of benevolence, the hand of charity.

Sweet are its uses in adversity — then when the offices of general philanthropy would not reach us, or our share in its benignities be inadequate to our need; when the friendship of the world grows cold and its most zealous professors forsake us, *Odd Fellowship* triumphs in the exercise of its lovely charities. The noblest sphere of its operation is in redressing the wrongs of neglected, injured merit; investigating the wants and supplying the need of indigence and poverty, relieving pain, pitying and softening infirmity, admiring and fostering virtue. Yes, the true *Odd Fellow*, (and all who are not should not be numbered among us,) the true *Odd Fellow* looks as much to the welfare of his brother as his own; feels more satisfaction when he can give him assistance, when he can benefit him, or suffer for him, than when he receives help or favors from him, and is most forward to relieve him when his want is most urgent and the ability to repay the favor appears the least.

If his means of assistance are small, and his powers of relief limited, he will at least discover those soft and gentle attentions, and that tender and heart-felt compassion which soothe the distress he cannot remove, and bathe with tears the wound he cannot heal. He remains true to his brother when he can procure him no more advantage and afford him no more help, and when he has no tribute to make him but

the sighs of his sympathy and tears of his pity. He forsakes not his bed of languishment. He stays to support his drooping head, to catch his expiring breath and close his eyes with the last offices of fraternal affection. Nor does his love cease to act in his brother's behalf because his spirit is fled and his person is no longer an object of necessity. It is stronger than death. It is the inheritance of his family. It sympathizes in their sorrows, enquires out their necessities, and strives to be to them all that he was, in kindness and in care.

Such are the offices of Odd Fellowship in adversity. Such its affection and its sympathy. What sweet cordials may thus be infused into the bitterest sorrows of life! What cheering light spread over the darkness that surrounds it! With what vigor and courage will it inspire the weary and heavy laden heart! With what a lenient hand will it bind up its wounds! With what animating encouragements awaken its hopes!

To this kind end what attention, what assiduity, what complacency, what indulgence, what sacrifice is too small or too great! And what repays and rejoices more than when we see the suffering brother suffer less, suffer more composedly, or suffer no more; when we can see him restored, strengthened, changed and satisfied; again in possession of the comforts of life.

This, I am bold to assert, is the genuine spirit of our institution. These are its appropriate services, its peculiar duties.

In this philanthropic affection, and in these benevolent and gentle cares, does it endeavor by the inculcation of forceful precept and the exhibition of touching example, to instruct and exercise its attentive and faithful disciples, exciting the generous dispositions of *Friendship*, *Love* and *Truth*. Confirming the habits of disinterested beneficence, and prompting "the capacious wish that pants for universal good."

I would not here, by any means, be understood to intimate that those who are not of us may not be as conspicuous in all those lovely virtues as those that are, but only that our institution adds to the laws of our nature and the requisitions of Christianity another and prevailing inducement to their observance. So that to say an uncharitable or unkind Odd Fellow involves a gross contradiction, and if there be such an one, he has done violence to his profession and is a reproach upon our society. But my brethren, while we rejoice to know that Odd Fellowship comes recommended by all those lovely features of which we have briefly spoken, we must not forget that it has its enemies and opponents. While we are sure that every friend of reason and enlightened humanity will approve our social plan, we have to regret that it is the object of the deepest hate by some and the subject of the foulest vituperation by others. But with consistent views of our society even the prejudiced must relinquish their dislike. They must acknowledge that the blunders of its ignorant, or the vices of its degenerate members do not indicate defect, nor prove baseness in the institution itself. As we do not know the heart we may be deceived, and unhappily adopt the unworthy. As we cannot alter the nature nor control the passions of men, there may be some among us whom our persuasions have been ineffectual to meliorate, or our admonitions

to reform — who remember not the brotherly covenant, or remembering, disregard its bonds. We lament these unfortunate circumstances. We pity our weak and reprobate, our corrupt brethren. We are sorry too, that the world is so disposed to treat the worthy contemptuously on their account. Still we comfort ourselves with the hope that the candid and impartial will see where the censure rests, and not withhold honor from those to whom honor is due.

But let us attend more particularly to the several objections which are urged against Odd Fellowship. I doubt not, my brethren, but it will strike your minds with surprise and astonishment, not unmixed with indignation, to be told that our ancient and honorable Order is implicated with the infidels, atheists and disorganizers of the present day, in a charge of no less enormity than a premeditated design, a preconcerted plan, to subvert every established government upon earth, and to overthrow every system of civil society which the virtuous ingenuity of man has been able to invent, with a view to improve and secure the happiness of the world. By artful insinuations and palpable misrepresentations, our enemies have ascribed to Odd Fellows principles which they hold in detestation; motives to which they are strangers, and actions of which they are not the authors. The visionary fancies which modern philosophers may have annexed to Odd Fellowship; the absurd and extravagant errors they have attempted to father upon it are foreign and illegitimate. We disavow and disown them. They bring discredit upon those who would incorporate such vanities with our system, but they debase not the purity of our original constitution. They can be urged only to show the arts and wickedness of designing men, and impeach not the natural tendency of an establishment whose every precept, form and ceremony inculcates virtue, promotes order and disposes to peace. But it is urged that the tendencies of our Order are demoralizing and irreligious! If it were an immoral or anti-christian association, how happens it that so many of the clergy are not only members but zealously attached to it; not only its apologists but its patrons? For myself, I declare to you that such are my views and feelings in regard to Christianity that did I believe Odd Fellowship, as known and cultivated among us, and as I have been acquainted with it, had a tendency to weaken or destroy the faith of the Bible, I would openly and forever forsake the Order, spurn with indignation its badges and renounce its bonds!

It is equally absurd to suppose Odd-Fellowship calculated to effect any change of political opinion, much less to promote a revolution in any government under which it may be permitted to operate; for one of the most positive injunctions imposed upon the initiated of our Order, and one of the admonitions most frequently repeated in our assemblies, is to fulfil all civil duties in the most distinguished manner and from the purest motives. This, it is well known, is among our most positive and binding regulations, yet it seems as if our predecessors, fearful of not sufficiently guarding the fraternity against the possibility of being suspected of disloyalty, had judged it necessary in their general laws positively to prohibit the uttering of a single sentence upon any religious or political subject whatever. Thus much for these

objections. Another and formidable objection against our Order is its secrecy, one of our grand characteristics and the innocent cause of much of the persecution and reproach which we suffer. We are condemned for keeping the essentials of our institution from the knowledge of those who belong not to us; which fact, it is argued, must prove conclusively that our principles and practices are bad in nature and in tendency, or why are they not made public for the satisfaction and advantage of mankind. Secrecy has been revered as a virtue from time immemorial. It is conceded to be such now, viewed in its appropriate light. Even the pen of inspiration has been employed in its praise; for, says Solomon, "*He that discovers secrets, is a traitor, but a man of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter.*" In conducting all worldly affairs secrecy is not only essential but absolutely necessary, and has ever been esteemed a trait of great worth. How strangely inconsistent then to condemn as a crime in us what has ever been extolled as a virtue in others. If we recur for a moment to antiquity, we will find that the Old Egyptians had such high regard for silence and secrecy in the mysteries of their religion, that they set up the god *Harpocrates*, to whom they paid peculiar honor and veneration, who was represented with his right hand upon his *left breast*, and his left by his side, covered with a skin before full of eyes and ears, to suggest that of many things to be seen and heard few were to be revealed. Among the Greek nations the Athenians had a brazen statue which they highly revered; this figure was without a tongue, by which lessons of secrecy were inculcated. The Romans had a goddess called *Angerona*, who was represented with her fore-finger on her lips, an appropriate symbol of prudence and secrecy. *Annazarchus*, who was apprehended in order to extort from him his secrets, bit his tongue in the midst and spit it in the tyrant's face, choosing rather to loose that member than to discover those things which he had promised to conceal. *Cato*, the Roman censor, often said to his friends, that of three things which he had cause to regret the principal one was that of revealing a secret. It is plain from the above instances, that there ever were secrets among mankind, both in their individual and social capacity; and that the keeping of those inviolate was always considered an indispensable duty, and attended with an honorable estimation. It is, therefore, impossible to assign a sufficient reason why the same practices should be less approved in Odd Fellows of the present day, any more than they were among the wisest men and greatest philosophers of antiquity. The general practice and constant applause among the ancients, as well as the customs of the moderns, should be sufficient to vindicate Odd Fellows against any charge of singularity or innovation on this account. Do not all incorporated bodies amongst us enjoy this liberty without impeachment or censure? Consequently, to argue that the injunctions of secrecy among Odd Fellows are less warrantable than in the societies and cases alluded to, or even to insinuate that they are, demonstrates not only a want of candor, but a want of reason and a want of charity. For by both the laws of nature and of nations, every individual and every society has a right to be supposed innocent until proved otherwise.

Another and formidable objection raised against Odd Fellowship is, that they make use of hieroglyphic figures, parabolic and symbolic customs and ceremonies, secret words and signs, with different degrees of probation peculiar to themselves. These are the bases of strong objection against our Order.

It is well known to all who are conversant with the records of antiquity, that such customs and ceremonies are as ancient as the first ages of the world, the philosophers of which practised the method of inculcating their sublime truths by allegory and mythology, the better to secure them from descending into the familiar reach of every inattentive and unprepared novice, from whom they might not meet with the veneration they deserved and therefore become too familiar, for which reason they were accustomed to proceed with the utmost caution. The Egyptian philosophers had sublime notions which they kept secret and never divulged to the people but under the veil of symbols and allegories. Other eastern nations concealed secret mysteries under their religious ceremonies, a custom still retained by many of them. The first form of writing of which we have any certain account was by the use of hieroglyphic characters. It is asserted of *Plato*, the great heathen philosopher, upon the best authority, that he derived the sublimest principles of his philosophy from some of the writings of *Moses* in this form, which he had met with and studied in the course of his travels in Egypt. Doubtless, as the ancients before the invention of letters expressed their thoughts in hieroglyphics, so did the poets their divinities, in fables and allegories. We also find among the ancients, that when they set up stones for the purpose of memorial, there was something signified, either in the number of which the monument consisted, or in their shape, or in the order and figure in which they were disposed — of this kind were the monuments of mount Sinai, and that at Gilgal erected by Joshua on the banks of the Jordan; they consisted of twelve stones each, because the people of Israel were divided into twelve tribes.

With regard to select societies among men, they ever had signs and words, symbols and ceremonies, different degrees of probation &c. — When the Israelites marched through the wilderness, the twelve tribes had between them four principal standards, every one of which had its particular motto, each standard also had a distinct design portrayed upon it. The standard of Judah was a lion, that of Ephraim an ox, of Reuben a man, and that of Dan an eagle; from which were taken the hieroglyphics of cherubims and seraphims to represent the people of Israel. In the book of Judges we are informed that the Gileadites made use of an expressive and distinguishing mark or sign when pursued over the river Jordan by the Ephraimites. The Essenes, a sect among the Jews, also conversed with one another by signs and words, which they received on their admission, and which they preserved with great care and reverence as a leading characteristic of their sect. The Greeks also had a particular method which was resorted to before a battle by the general and officers, and by them communicated to the whole army, as a distinguishing mark by which to know friends from enemies. And it has been well remarked by a writer of great antiquity, that as generals

use watch-words in order to distinguish their own soldiers from an enemy, so it is necessary to communicate to the members of a society certain distinctions whereby they may discover strangers from individuals of their own order.

All will concede that there is a great meaning and significance in many acts and gestures, and that nature has endowed mankind with particular motions to express the various impulses and operations of the mind. Bending the knee in adoration of the Deity, is one of the most ancient customs among men. Prostrating the body has ever been considered a mark of humility. Among the ancients the residence of fidelity was thought to be in the right hand, hence joining the right hand was resorted to by them, as it is now frequently, as a pledge of fidelity. So that the right hand was by them held sacred.

In regard to probationary degrees, the instances that might be adduced of the antiquity, necessity and general use of them, would occupy far more time than we can devote to this part of the subject. Among ancient philosophers the practice of putting the pupil or disciple through various probationary degrees was distinctly recognized; while, if we examine the customs of the ancient Jews, we will find that the Levites had the several degrees of initiation, consecration and ministration. About the time of the Savior's nativity, the oriental schools used a set form of discipline. The scholar was first termed disciple, next junior, then bachur; and after he had proved himself a proficient in their studies, and was thought worthy of some degree, by the use of some peculiar ceremony, he was made graduate. This form of discipline, so far from being unusual and improper, is practised at this day in the learned societies of every denomination throughout the world. In the department of literature there are bachelor, master, doctor. In the church, the several orders of deacon, priest, and bishop. — In the municipal law, student, barrister, and serjeant. In the civil law and physic, student, bachelor, and doctor. In each of these the disciple or scholar undergoes proper examinations, and must, or at least ought to be found well qualified prior to his admission to a superior rank. If this practice be approved as it is found to exist in the cases cited above, with what show of consistency can it be condemned among Odd Fellows?

One other objection and I have done. It is objected that ladies are not admitted as members of our Order. This we regret, as none can venerate and esteem the ladies more than Odd Fellows do; yet notwithstanding this, the ladies, without knowing the reason why they are not admitted, censure us with all the severity of which their delicate and virtuous minds are capable; this we beg respectfully to say is founded entirely in mistaken prejudice, for a moment's reflection will serve to show them that they occupy a similar position to other institutions. For instance, the priesthood, the solemn assemblies of the ancients, the senates of pagan and the conclaves of papal Rome, all national senates and ecclesiastical synods, universities and seminaries of learning, with all of which they might with equal propriety be offended.

Suffer me now in conclusion, my brethren, briefly to point out what I consider the best, indeed the only effectual method of vindicating the principles of our Order.

A good life is an unanswerable refutation of every charge. By a life and conversation regulated by wisdom and sanctioned by virtue, by discharging every duty with integrity and fidelity, and by exercising to all around us every friendly and tender office of charity, we shall demonstratively prove, that our institution does not train us up to immorality and irreligion. Lastly, my brethren, remember, that the interests of Odd Fellowship are in your hands. Be careful, then, not to blend with it your weaknesses, nor to stain it with your vices. Consider how much the world expects from you, and how unwilling it is to make you any abatement. Consider with what dignity, fidelity and circumspection you ought to support the character you bear. Thus actuated, and thus ordering your lives, you will render the name of Odd Fellow illustrious wherever you may go, as designating worth and virtue of superior stamp. Thus defended and illustrated, Odd Fellowship will triumph in its influence and be respected in its effects.

THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

BY THE EDITOR.

THEY came up at the battle sound,
Stern, iron-hearted men —
They heard it, as it thrilled along
The stream-side and the glen;
The dim, old mountains echoed back
That summons wild and strong,
And the far greenwood-depths were stirr'd,
As with a triumph-song.

They came, as brave men ever come,
To stand — to fight — to die!
No thought of fear was in the heart,
No quailing in the eye:
If the lip faltered, 'twas with prayer,
Amid those gathering bands,
For the sure rifle kept its poise,
In strong, untrembling hands.

Their's was no gorgeous panoply,
No sheen of silk or gold —
No wrought device of battle blazed
Upon their standard-fold;
But the free banner of their hills
Waved proudly through the storm,
And the soiled garb of husbandry
Was round each warrior-form.

They came up at the battle-sound,
To old Walmoosack's height — !
Behind them were their fields of toil,
With harvest-promise white;
Before them, those who sought to wrest
Their hallowed birth-right dear,
While, through their ranks, went fearlessly
Their leader's words of cheer.

"My men! — there stand our freedom's foes,
And *shall* they stand, or fall?
Ye have your weapons in your hands,
Ye know your duty, all.
For me, this day we triumph o'er
Yon minions of the crown,
Or Molly Stark a widow is
Ere yonder sun goes down!"

One thought of heaven — one thought of home —
One thought of hearth and shrine —
Then, rock-like, stood they in their might,
Before the glittering line.
A moment, and each keen eye paused,
The coming foe to mark —
Then downward to its barrel glanc'd,
And strife was wild and dark.

* * * * *

'Tis more than sixty years since! — where
Are those brave yeomen now?
The heavy clods are on each heart,
And dust on each bold brow.
A few still tarry with dimmed eyes,
And time-bleached locks of grey —
But they are passing, one by one,
To their deep rest away.

The triumph of the conflict hour,
With *them* will not depart —
The memory of that old, red field
Is fresh within the heart.
'Twill live in every sunny height,
And breathe in every glen,
And linger by the sepulchres
Where sleep those mighty men.

It needs no monumental pile
To tell each storied name;
The fair, green hills rise proudly up,
To consecrate their fame.
True to its trust, Walmoosack long
Their record bright shall bear,
Who came up at the battle-sound,
And fought for freedom there.

Original.

THE WITCH'S PROPHECY.

BY C. E. FARNSWORTH, ESQ.

It was a long time ago, somewhere in the beginning of the last century, that there lived in the beautiful town of Groton, in Massachusetts, a woman that passed among the people of her day as a witch. It is not for me to say whether she was or not, nor what strange knowledge she might have had ; but the place where she lived, upon the side of the Pettipawog, is still pointed out, and the story of her mysterious powers still frightens many an unruly boy into submission.

It was one sunny day in June, that Annie Lawrence was climbing the Pettipawog, with some girls of the place, to get flowers, and enjoy themselves, and see the blue hills that made a wall all along the western side of what seemed the world to them, and in which the Wachuset arose in the southwest, and the Monadnock in the northwest, like watchtowers, whence the angels could look all over the fair valley of the Nashua, and guard the inhabitants from ill, when she missed her companions ; and while wandering for them in the woods, she came on the hut of old Aunt Nabby, the witch. Annie had never been at her cottage before, yet she had often seen her, and therefore was not much alarmed. The old woman was sitting on a stone near the house, underneath an aged oak that threw its great arms around the woman and her cottage, and yet seemed scarcely older than the grey-haired witch herself. Whence she came to that place no one knew ; how she lived all guessed, but all guessed wrong. Innocent, yet wayward in her nature, she lived apart from all, and grew a terror to both old and young. Annie asked Aunt Nabby if she had seen the girls. "No," said the woman, "they have gone back to look for you. But say, Annie," she went on, "would you know your fate?"

The girl trembled, for she had often wished to come there and know her fortune, yet dared not ; but now she nearly had what she so long wanted, she was almost afraid to take it. The old woman saw her hesitation, and saw, too, what she wished ; so she took Annie's hand in her own, and led her into the hut, and into a dark room, where she placed her, trembling, by her side. As plint of pine was lighted, that gave a deeper gloom to all around, but that revealed none of the secrets of the place. She then took the girl's hand in hers, and for some time sat silent. At last she said, with a sad voice, "Go, you love, and are loved ; you will have your wish, but, by your own fault, be wretched. Go. I regret that I stopped you. Go — but tell nothing."

When Annie returned home alone, her mother asked her why she had been crying. She blushed, and answered that she had lost the girls on the hill, and could not find them again, and passed on. But

the witch's prophecy was haunting her ears ; and when she went to bed that night, she dreamed of witches ; — there were some riding in very uncouth and unlady-like ways on broom-sticks, and the like conveyances ; and there were some holding meeting with their master in some lonely spot, where all looked frightful, cold and dreary. All the tales of horror that she had been told when a child, and they were not few, came up, the ugly ghosts of memory, to terrify and plague her. Once, in particular, she thought she was on the Rocky Hill — a place devoted to witch-meetings, by common consent, and particularly appropriate to them. There, beneath a tall pine, that seemed to have something malicious in its nature, and by the side of a great rock that rose with jagged edges high enough to shelter their scanty fire from the storm, were gathered five of the ugliest and most terrific beings that she could possibly conceive of. Their long gray hair was tied in unseemly knots, and their scanty dress was bound around their lean and withered forms with disgusting girdles. And then she thought she was brought by one as ugly as either of them toward the fire, and told that she must join the witch-dance, and become one of their number. This was too much — for their uncouth visages frightened her, and she thought, on looking at her own dress, that it was turning hideous, and her hair, late so fair, was becoming gray ; and then came a scream in her ears, that “ she should have her wish, but, by her own fault, be wretched,” that awakened her.

Tossing and heaving, she slept only to dream, and dreamed only to suffer and awake in tears. Her imagination was excited, and her fears were awakened. What could the whole mean ? Had it some mysterious connexion with the future ? Did the witch really know how her fate was spun, and did evil spirits hang around her while she slept ?

Her Walter came the next day, as he did every day — but she was hardly glad to see him. And yet, when he went away, she had never been more sorry at his departure. She was silent at times, and then unnaturally talkative. He saw it, but did not know its cause, and so said nothing. Days went on so, and the rosy cheeked girl grew pale, and those dark blue eyes, that seemed made for laughter only, had become the seat of melancholy. Her talk had become more grave — her whole deportment was changed — but Walter was not prepared to be told, when he asked her to fix the day of their marriage, that she had wholly given up the idea. Yet she hung on his arm as closely, and looked up to him as confidently as ever, when she did it ; but her voice was hollow, her heart was sad, and her eyes shone with unwonted lustre. It seemed as if she had determined to mock the fates by refusing what they told her she would take, though the denial should crack her heart.

“ And why is this ? ” said Walter.

“ I thought I loved you,” she replied, “ but I don't know, I think I don't now, but why I can't say.”

“ But what is the reason ? Have I done anything that has displeased you ? ”

“ No,” she answered with great earnestness, “ you have been all E.

could wish, and yet I have been wretched for the last few days. Perhaps I have deceived you ; if I have, I regret it."

"But tell me the cause."

"I do not know, and I cannot tell you."

Walter remonstrated in vain ; and, as he went away, his heart's lamp went out. She had been a part of every dream of the future ; her's had been the bosom into which he had poured his joys and sorrows, till each vessel held the same. Had she died, he could have thought of her as in Heaven, and of her spirit coming down and being near him unseen, and he might have been cheered. But here was heart torn from heart while each yet lived—and it entered into the very life. It affected her as much as it did him. She had made up her mind to take the course she did, under the influence of enthusiasm, and so was able to go through her part, apparently feeling less than he did ; yet, when it was over, she sank. It racked her body and rent her mind ; and though time healed the one, the effects on the other were ineffaceable. Sorrow built its nest in her heart, and reared its young there, and, like the vulture in ancient story, fed upon her vitals.

From that time on, you might have seen a fair haired girl, pale and thin, with great eyes of unearthly brilliancy, often alone, looking for something that she could not find, shunning those that came to cheer her, rarely laughing, wandering over the hill, and seeking the wild spots of the forest, where none save the Indian hunter ever went.

Yet was she the kindest in the village if any needed her aid. She would watch by the bedside of the sick with more patience and tenderness than a mother for her only child ; for she seemed to imagine that in suffering they had become like her, and, in healing their ills, she alleviated her own. And as she mixed their draughts, and fanned their burning brows, she looked deep into the mysteries of nature, and searched its profoundest secrets. But soon society grew so wearisome to her that she abandoned it entirely, and sought out a lonely place in the forest, that then extended almost interminably in every direction, where she fixed her abode, unseen by any, save God, and the wild rangers of the woods. Thence she pursued undisturbed her midnight or mid-day walks, as best suited her troubled fancy ; or she gave herself up to visions of her own imagination in her cottage, that she made in summer as flowery as the fields were without, and where was a corner, when even the coldest storms howled through the forest in winter, so fresh with evergreens, that one might suppose spring staid there all the year round.

Her great skill in healing, which she acquired while in society, made the villagers seek her out and ask her aid. This she never refused ; and her kindness and simple remedies were generally successful. But her art, her youth, her great beauty, her extraordinary paleness, her brilliant eyes, her rarely speaking, save to the sick, and the tears that, without any apparent cause, would often run down her cheek, made many of the villagers look on her as having to do with unseen powers. "Why," said they, "should she leave her lover, when he was the finest match in town ? Why should she wander up and down in the fields and woods, and speak to no one, unless she has been guilty of some

deep crime, that makes her afraid of mankind? And what crime more likely that she should have committed, than that of having had unlawfully to do with spirits?" And the sage deacon, and sundry sager women, shook their heads knowingly when she was mentioned, and refused to ask her aid even in their greatest extremities, lest they should become contaminated. And when any one died of old age, or a child got lost in the woods, or any accident happened to those who suspected her, they accused her as the author of the mischief. Unfortunate girl, ingratitude makes a thorn-wreath for thee!

Walter, in the meanwhile, had been unable to bear the weariness that came upon him; and he left a place that reminded him but of ruined hopes, and of the only girl that he could ever love. Annie's course, whose cause he did not know, alienated him from society, and made him look upon it with suspicion. His eyes were opened to evils that he had never seen before. He was made cold, selfish and severe. But wherever he went, and whoever he might be with, his heart brooded over the image of the lost, though living. He could not love another; he could not cease to love her; and his affections burnt together till reduced to ashes. His heart became the grave of love; and daily and nightly he watched over it, tending carefully the flowers that he had planted there, and deepening the inscriptions that told the name and virtues of the lost.

It was in those days that Massachusetts was stained with the blood of the witches. Annie was *suspected*, and taken before Squire Prescott, to be examined on the charge of witchcraft. But when she saw her accuser, one who had been lifted up from the edge of the grave by her care,—for scarcely one could be found who had not received good from her,—she sunk down under the weight of ingratitude, sobbed aloud, but made no reply to the charge. Her heart was too full. She was, of course, deemed guilty, and committed to answer at a higher tribunal.

Walter heard of her arrest, and determined to see her. He went, found means of access, learned from her the true state of the case, and knowing as he did that accusation was the certain prelude of death, if she should come to trial, determined to save her. It was not so hard in those days, as it is now, to liberate a prisoner; but, however great the obstacles might have been, they were overcome, and he placed her again in safety.

"I hope!" said he, then, that you will be careful about obliging the neighbors around here, lest they get you into some new trouble."

"I can only live to do good," she replied.

"And yet you have been, in some respects, singularly unfortunate in your attempts."

"The past," she said solemnly, "can never be recalled; my life has been full of sorrow, and its only solace has been in relieving that of others."

"Well," he answered, "you know danger is not to be scorned, so you should be careful about meeting it too often. The world will only betray you for the good you do it."

"I will think of your words," said she, after waiting a minute in

silence, "but you must leave me now, lest I bring sorrow upon you; you must go," and her dark blue eyes filled with tears as she said it.

He went; but the toil he had undergone in removing her from the hands of the law with the necessary secrecy, and the agitation of mind attending it, with the grief of another parting brought on illness, and by the time he had got to the first village, he was obliged to stop. — The next day brought on fever, and the wildest delirium followed. — He raved, called for Annie, and uttered the most incoherent sentences about ghosts and witches, and other ill things; so that the simple, but superstitious people thought that most likely he was bewitched.

Annie had observed a wildness in his eye, and an alternate paleness and flush in his cheek, that, after his departure, she thought might be marks of ill. The thought weighed on her mind so much that she pursued on the way that he went, till she came in the neighborhood of the village, where she inquired of the first she met, if any stranger had passed within a day or two; for, in those days, a stranger was so rare as to be observed; and she found from the description that was given her of one who was sick there, that it was Walter. Alarmed at the story that the man told her, she hurried on, found the house where he was, gave herself out as his sister, and got permission to take care of him. He did not know her; but, in his wildness, he talked to her sometimes as a witch about to be burnt or hung — and then she shuddered — and sometimes as his mother, who, he imagined, had come back from heaven, with her low voice and gentle hand, to take care of him; and then she would smile, somewhat sadly, perhaps, but more than she had for years; and then he would seem to know who she was; and he would speak to her as before, when their way was all flowers and love and May; and he would speak of the future with such high hopes and confidence of joy, that the tears would run down her cheeks, and she became more sad than ever. But all the while, through day and night, she watched him, rarely speaking to any in the house; and if any offered her their aid, she beckoned them away, without taking her eyes off from him, and would have no help.

Three days she watched him thus, and on the morning of the fourth, after having slept for some time, he awoke, clear and sane, with the fever gone, but weak and exhausted. A smile then came over her face, her eye was lit with joy, her hopes of his safety were satisfied, and her wearied nature sought its own repose. The effects of anxiety had been considerable on her; but she was soon able to see him again, and by her aid, and under her care he was restored.

But Annie was changed; the wild dreams of the imagination that had racked her brain, had been driven away, and the strong memory of love operated with resistless power, supporting her to watch over him when he could not know her; and she looked on him somewhat as she did before the plague had breathed destructively on her young affections, and filled her bosom with despair and death. And when he found what had been his situation, and who had watched over him, he burst into tears, for he had not expected it; and as Annie reached down her hand to remove the hair that had fallen over his face, he took it between his thin fingers and pressed it to his lips. That stern heart

that had been seared by sorrow, and shut, as he supposed, to love, leaving only a place in it for manly generosity, became like that of a child. Annie seemed to know from her own what was passing in his mind; and after he had given vent to his excited feelings, he concluded by saying, with her hand that he had not let go all the while, still more closely pressed in his; "you will never leave me."

"No," was her half hysteric answer, and weak as he, she sank beside him.

The scathed heart can never produce the fair flowers and rich fruit that it was made to bear. They were wedded; but though Annie had learnt not to fear her best friend, and Walter had lost a little of his misanthropy, yet each brooded still alone, perhaps more from habit than from choice, over the strange mysteries of their life. Neither time nor any thing else

" Could ever do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once had been."

And neither of them found what they had hoped; for our hearts embalm the young love that dies within them, and keep it with jealous care; but when we would bring it out to gladden us, it gives us only grief.

So it was that the maiden "had her wish, yet by her own fault was wretched." The witch ere that time slept in a lonely grave by the Nashua; but her name and her mysterious knowledge, and Annie's sorrows, are still told in the village of a winter's night, with mingled feelings of awe and incredulity.

O D E,

Sung at the Dedication of Odd Fellow's Hall, in Augusta, (Maine,) Wednesday evening, May 29th.

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION BY BRO. J. A. HOMAN.

AIR — "To Greece we give our shining blades."

COME, brothers come! we've reared a shrine
In honor of the mystic Three,
Whose power shall link with ties divine,
Our souls in sweet fraternity.
Come, brothers, come —
And let the pulse of buoyant youth
Beat high for Friendship, Love and Truth.

Here Friendship's fire shall ever burn,
Faith watching by its vestal flame;
While honor, vigilant and stern,
Shall keep its altar free from shame.
Come, brothers, come —
And let the pulse of buoyant youth
Beat high for Friendship, Love and Truth.

18*

Here Love a brother's grief shall calm,
 And light with joy his sorrowing hours;
 Here Hope shall minister a balm
 Far sweeter than the breath of flowers.
 Come, brothers, come —
 And let the pulse of buoyant youth
 Beat high for Friendship, Love and Truth.

And Truth shall here unveil her face,
 And spread abroad her radiant wing;
 Her brightest beams shall fill the place,
 And light upon the darkness fling.
 Come, brothers, come —
 And let the pulse of buoyant youth
 Beat high for Friendship, Love and Truth.

Come, brothers, come! we'll gather round
 With joylit eyes and cheerful song;
 Now shall the chain, whose links have bound
 Heart unto heart, grow bright and strong.
 Come, brothers, come —
 And let the pulse of buoyant youth
 Beat high for Friendship, Love and Truth.

Original.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TRUE REFORMER.

BY S. B. WESTON.

AND what is it? By what motive should the reformer be actuated and governed? An appeal to the great object which he seeks to attain will satisfactorily settle the question.

A reform implies the attainment of some advantage over existing evil associations and circumstances by which man may be surrounded. This advantage may be political—it may be moral or social in its character. It may bring its power to bear upon monarchs and thrones, or it may single out as its object some besetting sin which is crushing the hearts and intellects of a mighty nation, and wasting that nation's combined energies through the medium of its individual and component strength. A reform may also be political and social, comprising a union of both natures. A reform is not a simple *change*. A nation may change its policy—but without reform. An individual may substitute new and different habits for old ones, and yet be none the

better. The great end and design of Reform is to *improve*, and not simply to alter. Else why seek Reform? The Christian cries *Reform!* The philanthropist echoes it—*Reform!* The patriot calls out, *Reform!* Thus has it always been. Thus have all reformers understood the nature of their heart's wish. That Christian soul—the great light of the days of the Reformation—for what did he ask? The struggling sons of freedom every where—in every country—in every age—when the hand of despotism has been upon them—when Liberty's sun has sunk in the gloom of night—when their very existence, even, in the absence of freedom, has been a burthen, what has been the purport of the prayer that has risen from their souls to heaven? When sin has lifted up its hideous head, what desire has burned in the philanthropist's heart? One answer alone is given to all these inquiries. Already have we given it. Not a mere substitution of one thing for another—for this might be done without an iota of reform. No! Reform always contemplates the welfare of mankind, as its grand and highest object.

Such, then, is Reform. Is there not something in its very name, even, which stirs the holiest feelings of the soul? Think of it, reader. Is there not cherished in your heart a desire to do all the good you can to your fellow-man? To work in the field of a true reform is the way to expand and cultivate the feeling of sympathy; and, in that expansion, how is your own soul blessed! To benefit others without benefitting one's self is wholly impossible. What means that holy satisfaction and joy at the thought that you have thrown your influence in favor of the oppressed and suffering sons of humanity—that you have been instrumental in providing one destitute brother with food—that you have closed up one stream from the deep fountain of woe in a brother's heart. The work of philanthropy is the work of God. The Almighty is the philanthropist's friend in his toil and labor.

Is there not then dignity and glory about the work which thus aims to benefit man? A just appreciation of its elevated character can alone qualify one to act well his part in the field of moral enterprise, and render him an active and consistent worker. Nothing else can. We know well that all who do engage in the work of moral reform are not actuated by such high considerations. Constituted as society is, such are the means necessarily employed for the advancement of any work of benevolence, that ample opportunity is afforded for selfishness, pride and arrogance to interweave themselves into the composition of the reformer's association. But yet he is not a true reformer who allows either of these influences—hostile to all good—to operate in his soul. In the work of moral reform should be admitted only the best and holiest of motives. A desire to be benefitted in some way may have called many into the field of reform who, otherwise, would have remained aloof. But selfish indeed is the heart that recognizes no other motive power than this. How grovelling and degrading is a spirit like this!—how unworthy man—how hostile to every thing that constitutes a true reformer! The true reformer enters the field of his labor in a spirit of humility—with a just sense of his obligations and his duties—and believing that his Maker's commands are thus fulfilled at his hands. And he is faithful to the end.

But not thus faithful is he whom only selfishness actuates. A selfish reformer is not to be relied upon. Does darkness come over an enterprise to which he professes to be attached? His spirits despond, and he is disheartened. Does he not secure the regard and benefit which he personally hoped to derive? then retires he from the field, to gain in other parts the laurels he had hoped to share in this. His friendship is ephemeral — his love and devotion last but for the hour.

In the work of reform, self-sacrifice is called for, and he who engages in it must expect to make that sacrifice. To what degree has this been carried when men have striven for objects even unworthy. To what extent has it been carried when some political object was to be gained. How have men toiled and labored — how have they exposed themselves to danger and to death. The man who cannot make sacrifice, is esteemed by even the selfish and worldly soul as but half a man. The history of the world, — how full of events, when nations and individuals have been required to deny themselves of peace and comfort — yea, of life itself. Great is he called who battles well for his country and for freedom — who enters upon the field of war and carnage, and deals out death and destruction upon his foe; and the greater the hardships and sacrifices he is called to endure, the brighter laurels is he supposed to gain. Scarcely less sacrificing is the work of moral reform. As important — yea, more important is it that sacrifice be made. Time and money must be spent, inconveniences small and great, put up with; and no individual consideration be allowed to interfere with the grand design of the reform. The true soul spurns contemptuously the idea that sacrifices cannot be made. — When satisfied that a reform is good and right, it considers no sacrifice too great to be made in its behalf. Tell the deluded idolator, who at the call of his religion is wending his long, perilous way to the Meccan Temple, that the attempt involves too much sacrifice, and he will reprove you. Tell the heathen as he throws himself upon Juggernaut's car, that he exposes himself to too much danger in his worship, and he will invoke the vengeance of his offended deity upon you. And can a Christian soul, then, complain of sacrifice in the work of a reform that seeks the well-being of his fellows, while the heathen in the blindness of their devotion, are ready to pay any homage to the cause they love? Nor does the true reformer feel disheartened. At times heaviness may press his spirits down, but, relying upon the omnipotent energies of Truth and Right — principles which he knows must prevail — he feels no forebodings of utter defeat. God always prospers the right, and here rests his hope.

HE that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint, that boasteth of it is a devil; yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion for their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandevil writes of the Isle of Soma-barre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with a hot iron in token of honor. — *Thomas Fuller.*

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP, A BENEFICIAL INSTITUTION.

WE look upon the institution of Odd Fellowship as eminently calculated to benefit mankind,—not only those who have been initiated within the sacred walls of our temple, but the community at large. We take it for granted that any institution established for the purpose of meliorating the sufferings of humanity, if that purpose is effected, in however slight a degree, has done something that community should be thankful for. That among the numerous charitable societies of the day, Odd Fellowship has been the means of accomplishing this object in part, we think no candid observer will deny. It has been urged that our institution is not a charitable one, inasmuch as its members, in case of sickness or any other cause which may entitle them to the benefits of the Lodge, receive no more than their just due; or in other words, that the members stand in the same relation to the Lodge that an individual does with an insurance office which has insured his property from loss,—consequently ours is not a charitable institution. This, so far as dollars and cents are concerned, is, perhaps, for the most part true. But there is something beyond this which requires our notice. In the former case, an insurance is effected for a stipulated amount; and nothing more than this amount is paid in case of loss, though an hundred times the amount of insurance is destroyed. On the other hand, the Odd Fellow,—though a specified sum is named as his benefit,—receives from the Lodge, over and above the specified amount, whatever is necessary for his comfort and support. This relief is nothing more than what the recipient is entitled to, we admit, and perhaps in this light it cannot be considered strictly as a charitable act,—but by whatever term we may designate it, it has accomplished the desired end, it has produced a beneficial result, and this is all that any institution can do, however great its pretensions to charity and benevolence may be.

But, there is one feature in our institution, which above all others, is the brightest and most important. It is a *social* institution. This we consider as one of its most important features. What sight more noble and cheering than to behold man meet his fellow man as his equal—as a brother—where all restraint is cast aside, and freedom of thought and speech is no longer kept concealed under the influence of selfishness. It is here where all the kindlier feelings of our nature give to themselves free exercise, and where we feel under no apprehension of being deceived. In the Lodge-room all meet on the ground of equality;—the wealthy and the poor man—the merchant and the mechanic—the clergy and the laity—all, meet as brothers—all act in friendly communion with each other. No distinction is here made—no partiality shown—no subject discussed wherein one is more interested than another.

It is for this that the true Odd Fellow values his institution so

highly. It is because there is *one* place where all can cross the same threshold without distinction of rank, and hold communion with each other; because it has a tendency to erase from the breast every thing of an impure and unholy nature, and enable us to labor in a spirit of concord in the work of Friendship, Love and Truth. It is for this, that we so highly prize the principles of Odd Fellowship, and it is on this point, more than any other, rests the success and permanency of our beloved Order. Others may call our institution, selfish, uncharitable and the like; but a society that is calculated to accomplish so much good, cannot with any degree of generosity be considered otherwise than a beneficial one, to say the least, and one which is entitled to the respect of all who cherish in their hearts a feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate and distressed.

But however highly we value the principles of Odd Fellowship, we by no means acknowledge it a perfect system whereby the evils of society can be radically reformed. There are many associations among us that have done and are doing much to better the condition of man. What we contend for, is, that Odd Fellowship being based upon pure and holy principles is not among the least in forwarding the spread of reform, and banishing sin from our midst. We are willing to be judged by our works—on this point we are willing to abide the issue.

Again, some have argued that ours being a *secret* institution, is incompatible with the law of God, and have endeavored to prove that the law of the land is not by its members held sacred, in so far as the guilt of a brother is called in question; or, in other words, that Odd Fellows will protect a brother whether he be right or wrong. This opinion, however, prevails but to a limited extent, and appears to be confined to individuals who entertain such a remarkable degree of the love of country at heart, that they most willingly offer themselves up as martyrs rather than be defeated in their favorite and cunning schemes. Were the secrets of Odd Fellowship as bad as represented by some, experience of the past teaches us that the institution would soon crumble to pieces. It would be impossible to keep within its walls secrets of an unholy nature, however powerful the attempt to do so. There never has been, there never can be, an association of this character exist in a republican country. Its disguise cannot be concealed. The principles and acts of all associations are too intimately connected with the interests of community at large, to allow any thing to be kept concealed that will materially affect the good of the whole.

In contending thus much for the institution of Odd Fellowship, we do not wish to be understood as saying it is a better or more beneficial one than many others. We are free to admit there are associations that contribute as much for the benefit of man as ours. And we are also willing to admit there are many in community who in every respect are as philanthropic, and who would sacrifice as much of their happiness and wealth, to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow-men, as any one, and who at the same time believe that our institution should not exist. But this opposition it is believed arises more from a feeling of prejudice against secret societies, than from any supposed practical

wrong which exists among them. Let us be judged by our works. As has been before remarked, our deeds of benevolence may be attributed to motives of selfishness; but so long as the proposed object is accomplished — so long as the unfortunate and distressed, the widow and the orphan find relief and comfort at our hands, let us heed not the idle sayings of a few who, while they are ever ready to recount *their* deeds of charity, and endeavoring by public lectures and otherwise to enlist the sympathies of the public in *their* behalf, are denouncing in bitter terms all others who may chance to entertain different views relative to institutions established for the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and charity.

Original.

MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE IN MOUNT AUBURN.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

"You will have a long dark walk, Henry," said Mary Allen, as she and her youthful lover stood in the rustic porch of her father's dwelling, on a mild summer evening a few years since. "I am afraid you will be lonely."

"Oh no, I never feel lonely," was Henry's reply. "And I shall shorten my walk by crossing Mount Auburn."

"Oh dear! how dare you go through there at this time of night? I should be sure I saw a ghost rising up behind every tomb-stone."

"I don't believe in ghosts, Mary, and if I see any evil spirits, why, I shall see what effect powder and shot will have on them," at the same time lifting his gun to his shoulder, for he had been out on a shooting expedition that day, as the game in the old farm-house abundantly testified.

"The moon is just rising, but it will not benefit you much, for the woods are so thick the light can't shine through. However I suppose there's no danger."

"I have no fear, Mary, and so, good night till Thursday, when I shall come again, and will tell you, if I meet with any adventure."

It was not very light in the old porch, the more especially as it was overhung by the graceful woodbine, and therefore though the action was not discernable to the eye, there was a slight sound audible, as if Henry had taken a lover's privilege at parting. A few moments after, his youthful, athletic figure might be seen rapidly advancing on the way homewards. He paused a moment under a large elm tree, at a bend in the road, and looking back saw the waving folds of Mary's white dress in the old porch; then passing on, the winding road in a few moments led altogether away from the view.

The night was mild and pleasant, and the faint light of the moon was just illuminating the horizon. Henry's thoughts were pleasant as the thoughts of the young generally are, ere the cares of the world have weighed heavily on the natural elasticity of youth. His anticipations of the future were all delightful, and it was long before the thought of crossing Mount Auburn occurred to trouble his mind. As he approached its dim solitudes, — he began to think to himself, "perhaps I had better go round it, after all; it's not so very late."

Just at that moment, however, a clock struck. Henry paused to listen. Distinct and audible the sounds came floating from the village. He counted twelve strokes, and his mind was immediately determined.

"If I meet every ghost there is, I must go," he murmured to himself, "for it is high time I was at home now; the morning will come before I am ready for it, I am afraid, as it is."

So saying, Henry hurried on, and springing over the light fence was soon in the land of graves. The dense foliage of the trees effectually excluded the rays of moonlight which struggled to obtain an entrance. All was still, but the rustling of the leaves whose low whispering tones sent a chill through the stout heart of Henry Foster, as he rapidly threaded his way through the intricate paths, with which he had been many years familiar. Many a time in his school days had he bounded lightly along those winding ways, and down the steep declivities, long before sweet Auburn had assumed a new aspect and a new name, but never in his boyish eagerness, had he hastened to these woods, as he now sought to leave them. Every fearful story he had ever read, crowded into his mind, and conscience did not lose so good an opportunity of rebuking him for long forgotten sins. There is something almost fearfully impressive in being in silence and in solitude at the hour of midnight, even in your own room, and it is not a matter of surprise that Henry's mind was wrought up to an intense degree of excitement in a place whose associations are gloomy to many even when viewing it in the cheerful sunlight. He tried in vain to throw off the spell that oppressed him; he raised his voice to sing, but the sound died away in a harsh croaking; he attempted to whistle, but a faint *whew* was all he could succeed in uttering, and with hurried, unsteady steps he hastened on, casting a side-glance at each white-gleaming monument, that stood like a sheeted ghost beneath the overshadowing trees. Mechanically following the right path he came at length to the margin of the principal pond, on whose surface shone a pale, silvery light, reflected from a fleecy cloud which was illuminated by the soft moon beams. The effect of the light was very beautiful, but Henry was too intent on expediting his way to pause to observe it. At the end of the pond, all was again darkness, the deeper for the momentary light.

Suddenly, as Henry glanced down on the narrow pathway, he saw what seemed to him two balls of fire, glaring in the rising ground a little before him. He uttered a slight cry and sprang back; the fiery balls remained still in his path without moving from them; but he did not dare to do this, for fearful imagination instantly suggested the

horrors of pursuit, and so he resolved to face the enemy whatever it might be. He advanced a step, the balls of fire rolled back in his path; not even the outline of a form was distinguishable, to which they might belong. A cold, clammy moisture stood on Henry's forehead. "Who or what are you?" faltered forth his trembling voice.

There came no answer but the low muttering and whispering of the leaves, like a light, mocking laugh, and the fiery balls glowed and danced before his horror-struck eyes. A creeping cold chilled his flesh, his hair rose up on his head, and he thought of fiends luring men to destruction.

Making a desperate effort, Henry again stepped forward, and the fiery balls rolled to and fro in the path, but did not recede. He bethought him of his heavily loaded gun, and he slowly pointed it at the balls, which did not move. Still an awe of the hallowed place he was in restrained him from firing, when suddenly the fire-balls rolled rapidly with a faint rushing sound, towards his feet. In an agony of desperation he fired, and the whole woods rung to the heavy report. Henry did not pause an instant, but with headlong speed sprang up the hill, dashing through brake and brier, crashing through the underwood, and leaping over every obstacle that opposed his frantic flight. Suddenly he was seized and pulled back by a strong arm; uttering a maddened shriek, he freed himself by a superhuman effort, and was almost instantly felled to the ground by a violent blow on the head. The impetus of his fall sent him rolling rapidly down the steep hill; in vain he clutched at the shrubs and saplings in his path; he could not check his furious speed till he reached a level at the bottom of the hill. He sprang up, gasping for breath, and with one convulsive bound, leaped the fence, and dashed furiously along the road, never pausing till he reached home, when he checked his speed, and ventured to cast a glance back over the way. All was still and quiet, bathed in the calm, clear moonlight. No trace of pursuers was visible, and Henry exhausted with fatigue and terror, entered the house with as much caution as he could command, and seeking his room, flung himself on his bed, but not to repose. All the remainder of the night, he lay awake, for the moment he closed his eyes, the fiery balls danced before them, and he could not sleep.

With the light of the morning, however, his fears diminished, and he determined to appear as if nothing had happened. He rose, therefore, and laid aside the rent and soiled garments which his midnight adventure had left in no enviable plight. By a liberal use of cold water he restored to his countenance its usual fresh and rosy hue, and fortunately this part of him had suffered least in the encounter. When he descended, he met with some good-natured raillery on being out late, to which he answered in the same spirit, glad to observe that no one seemed to suspect anything unusual had occurred.

As soon as possible he was on his way to Mt. Auburn, to see what he had shot, for he was sure he struck whatever it was, fiend, ghost, or living being of mortal mould.

Taking as nearly as possible the route by which he returned home, he retraced his steps towards the pond. Here and there on the bram-

bles hung little shreds and patches of his clothes, marking his descent down the hill. When he arrived at the place where he had been knocked down, which he was feelingly reminded of by the pain in his head, he saw the skirt of his coat hanging on a strong sharp branch of a withered tree; he took it sorrowfully off, and folding it up, put it in the crown of his hat, which, bruised and battered, he found lying at the foot of another tree whose long low branches swept across the path. He began to think the tree had some agency in the heavy blow he received, and that the branch was the strong arm that seized him. "However," he thought, "there can be no deception about the fiery balls, I'll take my Bible oath I saw them."

He went on thus, considering his adventure, and paying but little attention to the loveliness of the morning, and the sweet harmony of the singing birds, who were making the woods echo with their glad strains. He was too much absorbed to heed the freshness and beauty around him, though contrasting so vividly with the darkness and terror of the preceding night.

Just before he arrived at the pond, he found his gun lying in the grass, where he flung it when he started on his wild race. Advancing along the path he looked around every moment with a fearful anticipation of seeing some horrible object lying dead in the way. He stood at last on the exact spot where he had fired, and an immense hole in the ground which was rent and scattered by the discharge, proved that he had not mistaken the place. And there, close beside it, shattered into a hundred fragments, lay the mutilated body of an enormous,———*owl!*

Mortified and indignant, Henry at first resolved to keep his adventure to himself, but being of a good natured, happy disposition, he at length laughed heartily at the matter as a good jest, and when Thursday evening came, he told the story to Mary, ending it with—"So you see Mary, in spite of my bravery, I *was* brought up in the woods, to be scared by an owl!"

Original.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF MISS CATHARINE BOGUE,

Who died in Baltimore, June 3d, 1844.

PEACE to her shade—the buried one!
 Her sinless pilgrimage is run,
 And mid the islands of the blest,
 Her spirit walks in sainted rest.

Peace to her shade—at morn and even
 She knelt before the Lord of Heaven,
 Breathed her hope-inspiring pray'r,
 And laid it by His altar there.

Peace to her shade—as pure and bright
As the young moon on summer's night;
And warm as the devoted dove,
In holy thought, in Christian love.

Peace to her shade—the brow of snow
That writhed with furrowing pain below,
Now shines above each circling sun,
Beneath the crown her sufferings won.

H. J. B.

Original.

EMMA LINDEN, OR THE COUNTERSIGN.

BY BRO. J. H. INGRAHAM.

Author of "The Quadroon," "Lafitte," "The Odd Fellow," "Dancing Feather," &c.

O. F.'s wife.—"I hate mysteries!"

O. F.—"Then never wear a veil again."

"Charles, who is that plain looking man you just bowed to?" asked a young and beautiful woman of her husband as they were walking down Summer Street.

"It is a Mr. Nixon; he is a house carpenter I believe."

"Where did you make such acquaintances?" responded his aristocratic wife, with a toss of her pretty head and its cloud of ostrich plumes.

"He is a member of the Lodge," answered Charles Linden, with a peculiar half smile.

"Humph," said his wife; "I don't think much of an institution that levels all ranks as this of Odd Fellowship seems to do! I suppose if Mrs. House Carpenter Nixon sees fit to visit me, I must return her a call!"

"I have no doubt, Mrs. Nixon is a very worthy, respectable sort of person," said her husband with a smile; but you need not apprehend seeing her in Chesnut Street!"

"I should hope not! There comes a man in a short jacket with a pot of paint in one hand and a brush in the other; I shouldn't wonder if he was another 'brother!'"

"How do you, brother Vinal," spoke and nodded the young man in reply, as the other passed him.

The painter bowed with a friendly look, mingled with respect.

"This is carrying it too far, Charles," said his wife between vexation and merriment. "You certainly must affect this condescension on purpose to vex me, and are far from feeling this cordiality you show outwardly."

"I assure you, Emma, that I *do* feel this cordiality."

"Then you are greatly changed; for you have the reputation of being the most *exclusive* person in your set, and I know until lately you have prided yourself on this exclusiveness. It seems to me incredible that you should alter so merely from joining an Order which is so objectionable as that of Odd Fellowship. If but one month being an Odd Fellow has done all this, I expect to see you at the end of six months inviting cobblers and journeymen tailors to dine with you, and that I shall have to take tea with your barber's lady! I am really vexed that you should have lowered yourself by joining this Order."

"I do not agree with you, Emma. I feel that I have elevated myself. I am proud of the designation of Odd Fellow. My only fear is, that I shall not be so worthy a one as I could wish."

By this time they had reached an elegant mansion in Summer Street where they were to make a call, and entered it. A few words will give the reader some idea of these personages of our tale. Charles Linden was the son of a wealthy merchant, and the junior partner in his father's rich mercantile house. He was rich, intelligent, fashionable, and was very aristocratic; for his family was one of the oldest in Boston. He had been two years married to a young lady every way his equal, in birth and in wealth, and distinguished for her wit and beauty. She was a leader in fashion and reigned supreme over the empire of taste. Nothing had ever transpired to cloud their happiness. Charles idolized his wife, and she lived in the light of his love. But he was led to become an Odd Fellow. He had examined the arguments for and against the Order, and judged rightly of its usefulness. He united himself to the Lodge without previously acquainting her with his intentions; for he had heard her one day at dinner when some one present introduced the subject, laughingly yet earnestly express her positive opposition to secret societies. Charles had then said with a smile, "what Emma, if I should become an Odd Fellow?"

"I would hardly speak to you! I don't want my husband to have any secrets he cannot reveal to me. The wife of an Odd Fellow must feel such a secret is a rival to herself. I should be jealous of it!"

Mrs. Linden, soon discovered that her husband was an Odd Fellow. He had been such a home-husband, when out of his counting room, that she had all his leisure hours. She could account for the manner in which he passed every one of them. She knew all he did, where he went, and whom he saw and what they said; for he was accustomed to relate to her at home whatever transpired out of doors. Indeed, she prided herself on her husband's devotion, and on being able to say that there was not an hour of his time since she had been married she could not account for, that she did not know *how* it had been spent. — Charles Linden was "a pattern of a husband!"

The evening he had been initiated, he managed in this manner. A friend of his who lived in Winthrop Place was an Odd Fellow, and to his house Charles and his wife walked together after tea. Here it was easy for Charles' friend to propose to him a walk, and a call, leaving the ladies alone. Mrs. Linden impressed upon Charles' mind not to be out long, and to be back by nine o'clock to see her home. This he

promised, his friend having assured him the initiation would occupy less than an hour.

"I wonder where they can be going?" said Mrs. Linden, when they were left alone.

"It is Lodge night; they must be going there," said the Odd Fellow's wife, after a moment's thought.

"Lodge night!"

"Yes. Frank is an Odd Fellow. The Lodge meets Tuesdays."

"It is impossible Charles can be gone there! He is not an Odd Fellow! I wonder how you would let your husband join!"

"I was opposed to it at first. But he brought me the constitution, which I read, and he explained to me so clearly and fully the principles upon which the Institution was established, that I gave my consent."

"I could never give mine for Charles! Do you know the secret?"

"Why no?"

"Have you never asked Frank for it?"

"Yes, playfully."

"I should be wretched if Charles belonged to a secret Order. I should feel I had not but half his heart. It would seem veiled and covered up from me! I am rejoiced he is not one. How can you exist and not know the secret that is looked up with such mysterious awe in your husband's bosom! It is dreadful!"

The Odd Fellow's wife laughed heartily, and Emma joined in the laugh, though with an air of seriousness.

"I do not think it would be right in me to press Frank to reveal to me what he has pledged his honor to keep concealed. I would not wish my husband to perjure himself to gratify his wife's curiosity. I am satisfied Frank loves me no less; and I have seen with pleasure that, since he has become an Odd Fellow, he enters warmly into my little benevolent plans for the poor, which he never troubled himself about before; that he always now sends money to the destitute families I visit, and sometimes goes with me himself. He has taught me to reduce my charities to a system, and how to accomplish the most good with the little means I have."

"You are so benevolent, Clara. You are always doing good, somehow. I believe you had rather see a room full of ragged children than a conservatory filled with plants; you seem to love and take care of and visit the poor families just as I do my flowers."

"Well, the poor *are* my plants, Emma. I love to water them, and tend them, and see them grow vigorous and healthy under good apparel and nourishing food. I would rather see the grateful smile upon the poor child's face, than the budding of the brightest flower on a rare plant."

The conversation then changed to the fashions and other gossip. — At quarter past nine the gentlemen returned.

"Ah, truant!" said Emma, smiling, as Charles entered the room; "where have you been? Give a true account of yourself."

"He has been with me to meet some friends," said Frank.

"Where?" asked Charles' wife, seeing him color.

"Why, to tell you the *whole* truth, Mrs. Linden, Charles has been to the Lodge with me."

"How can he go there? He is not an Odd Fellow."

"Yes, he is an Odd Fellow."

"Charles!" cried Mrs. Linden with surprise.

"What say, my dear."

"Is it true, what Frank has just told me?"

"It is true, Emma. I have to-night been initiated."

The young wife would gladly have been very angry. But Frank's gay manner, and his wife's merriment at her surprise, drove the cloud away from her brow.

"Well, Charles, if you have really been so idle as to join this Order, I can't help it. Clara has been speaking highly of it; but yet I have prejudices. Come, now, divulge the secret and clear your breast and conscience at once, and I forgive you."

"The secret is SILENCE," answered Charles gravely.

"Don't tantalize, Charles. What *is* the secret?"

The new initiate placed his forefinger on his lips and then removing it said, impressively,

"*It is silence!*"

"How provoking!" cried his wife, vexed and laughing. "I declare I am half a mind to—to get up some terrible secret as an offset to yours!"

"Don't fear her, Charles," said his friend, "She would come and tell it to Clara here, and Clara would tell it to me before we went to sleep, and then I could communicate the 'terrible affair' to you, you know!"

"I dare say I have secrets, Frank, I never told you!" said his wife, archly.

"How provoking these men are!" said Mrs. Linden. "Come, Odd Fellow, see if you can put on my shawl."

The next Tuesday evening, at the tea table, after a little embarrassment and hesitation, Charles Linden said to his wife—

"Emma, I shall be absent part of the evening."

"Where, Charles?"

"It is Lodge night. I would like to go in for an hour or two."

Mrs. Linden looked very grave and slightly pouted. She did not make any reply.

"Shall I go?"

"As you please. If you prefer the society of your new 'brothers' to mine, I have nothing to say."

"I do not! I stay at home with you every other evening."

"I have nothing to say."

"You look displeased. I will stay at home!"

"No, go. You have expressed your preference. I am willing you should follow it."

"How can you be so unreasonable, Emma?"

Mrs. Linden got up from the table and left the room. Charles remained a few moments thoughtful, and then rose and departed for the Lodge. On his return, he found Emma had retired. On ascending

to her room, he found the door locked within. A piece of paper was stuck upon the outside pannel on which he read, confounded,

"NUPTIAL LODGE No. 1.

No admittance without the Countersign."

At first he stood petrified with astonishment. Then he burst forth into a loud peal of laughter. There was a richness and beautiful appropriateness in the jest that pleased him, though at his own expense. He knocked and said, "Love!"

"That is not the pass-word. No admittance!" said the triumphant voice of his wife within.

After making one or two other equally unsuccessful efforts, he was forced to confess himself conquered; and with an exclamation about "the wit of a woman!" he slowly retired from the door of this "Lodge," from which he was debarred, and spent the night on a divan in the parlor with his cloak for a coverlid.

At breakfast next morning Mrs. Linden, was in fine spirits. Charles was also happy that the humor had taken her thus kindly, and he cheerfully acknowledged himself defeated. After they had made themselves sufficiently merry over the affair, she said seriously,

"But, Charles, I still insist there can be no good in an institution that keeps a husband away from his wife till after ten o'clock."

"Your father was a Mason; and I have heard him say that at the meetings of the Royal Arch Chapter, or some such thing, he sometimes was kept out till two o'clock. Did he love his wife less?"

"But I can't bear to have you away. I shall always regret your joining it. You speak of the advantages. They will do for those who are poor, but *you* would never think of applying for the benefits of the fund!"

"I may have reverses."

"Not while I have my own fortune secured to me. If you should lose all you are worth, we should still be rich. I can see no good object in your joining."

"I am not sorry I have done so. It may be of use to me some day."

"I am sure I shall never be reconciled to it."

The conversation mentioned as having taken place in Summer Street, occurred three weeks later than this. A few days afterwards they started on a journey to the White Mountains with Frank and his wife. Thence they extended their journey to the beautiful valley of the Kennebec. Descending a hill towards the Capitol, the bolt in the tongue of the carriage fell out, and the end of the tongue dropping to the ground, the horses started at a run down the hill. With great coolness Charles who had sprung to the box and taken the reins from the alarmed coachman, guided the vehicle in its rapid course; and as the only means of saving the lives of all, turned it down a slope into a meadow. Here Frank leaped out to try and seize the bits. The carriage rolled over the sward till it came in contact with a log, when the horses broke away with the swingle-trees, and dragged Charles from the box. They flew like the wind, leaving him senseless. The carriage moved by itself for fifty yards, and then gradually stopped.

Charles was taken up and borne into town to the hotel. Frank had broken his arm in his leap. Here were two ladies with wounded husbands, in a strange town, and at a hotel. Common humanity at first saw every attention paid to them, and the surgeons left them under the care of their wives and coachman. They in a day or two became fatigued for want of sleep. Emma was bemoaning their being so far from home, and fearing they would suffer for want of attention.

"There is a Lodge here," said Clara. She sent for the landlord and inquired who was the Noble Grand.

"Are the gentlemen Odd Fellows?" asked the host.

"Yes, sir."

"Then if they are sick here a year, they will not want for attention, or give me any trouble."

In less than half an hour the visiting committee of the Lodge waited upon the ladies. For four weeks that Charles and Frank remained confined to their rooms, they received the most affectionate and untiring attention from the Odd Fellows. The two strangers seemed to have got in the midst of a band of brothers who could not do too much for them. And when at the end of four weeks they were able to take the steamer for Boston, Emma blessed not only in her heart but in eloquent words the Odd Fellows; acknowledging that her husband's recovery was owing to the attentive, nursing care of the brethren of the Order.

"I shall never speak of Odd Fellows again," she said to Clara, without saying, 'God bless them!'" And after this she regarded all Odd Fellows with kindly interest, and never again objected to her husband speaking to men with paint pots and brushes in their hands, or ladders on their shoulders; for she knew the value of such men in the hour of trial.

Original.

THE PLEASURES OF RAILROAD RIDING.

BY BRO. T. B. READ.

If to the depot you should ride
 In coach or cabriolét,
 You pass the man a dollar bill
 From which to take his pay,
 He runs to get the change, the while
 You 're waiting in a stew, —
 The last bell rings — you 've lost your seat,
 And lost your money too.

You buy the *morning's* paper with
 The latest news complete —
 You brace yourself against the door,
 And read a *last week's* sheet.

In crowds the big Conductor, and
He meets you with a frown ;
He takes your place beside the door ;
But keep your choler down —

However much you may incline
To vindicate your right,
You 'll find the train goes rather fast
To ask him out to fight.
He reaches for your paper, and
Of course you don't refuse ;
But wish with all your heart it were
Another sort of *noose*.

There sits a huge fat woman with
Her children — only three ;
And so, to get a seat, you take
Two big ones on your knee !
But if you have a tender heart,
In pity of the mother,
Of course you 'll ask, and have her leave
To take and nurse the other.

The man mistakes you for the *Pa* !
And what grows worse and worse,
The lady has no ticket, and
Just finds she 's lost her purse !
You satisfy the frowning man
By paying extra four,
Resolved to eschew Railroads, and
Strange babies, ever more.

Original.

WESTERN PECULIARITIES.

BY BRO. BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR.

THE Western character is *sui generis*, and those who judge of it by ordinary rules, err greatly. The customs of society, the trappings of office, the stereotype modes of thought and expression, have but little influence over the people of the setting sun. There is about them a fierce and resolute independence that brooks no trammels, and submits to no dishonor. They are NOBLEMEN—not made so by the bending of the knee and the touch of the kingly sword, but by the stamp of

Heaven upon their hearts. And who can traverse their seas of prairie—or stand amid their almost illimitable forests, and see the gnarled and aged oak that has lifted its proud head for centuries by-gone—or breathe in the free atmosphere as it sweeps on, laden with perfume—or gaze upon the gorgeous sunsets of the Indian solstice—*who* can do this, and not feel his bosom swell with glorious thoughts?

The western people despise forms. Their courts of justice—especially the inferior ones—give constant evidence of the triumph of *right* over *precedent*, when they come in conflict. A case in point occurs to me. It struck me, at the time, as a most admirable short-hand method of getting at the equity of a controversy.

In Michigan, justices have concurrent jurisdiction up to sixty dollars, with power to empanel, if either party desire it, a jury of six. These justices are elective, and the several parties, without regard to qualifications, usually run their most active partizans. The consequence is that men fill the office who never saw a law-book, and who are, often, not overwise on other matters.

In 1836 I happened to be present at one of these courts. The justice sat with his legs on the table, his hat on his head, and a cigar in his mouth. The jury of six were ranged on a bench in front of his honor, and imitated him so far as the cigar and hat were concerned. When the parties were all assembled, the justice commenced—

“Well, what’s the case, and who opens it? Fire away, somebody!”

A lawyer rose and said—“Your honor, this is an action commenced by John Thomson against William Johnson for a note given by Johnson to Thomas Foster, and endorsed by Foster to Thomson, by which said Thomson became the legal holder of the note. I will refer to Chitty on Contracts for”—

Justice. “Well, stop your jaw, and put this Chitty on the stand. Is Mr. Chitty in the room?”

Constable. “Mr. Chitty! Mr. Chit”—

Lawyer. “I was about to *read* from Chitty on Contracts.”

Justice. “Does he say anything concerning *this* case?”

Lawyer. “No—but”—

Justice. Then what do you bring him here for? [Tom, give us a chew.] Johnson, have you any thing to say why you shouldn’t pay this ere note?”

Defendant. “Yes, I just have. That ere note I’ve paid—that’s why. Look at that dokiment, Squire.”

Here the defendant produced a receipt for the full amount of the note from Foster, which also stated that the note was lost, and that he should be held harmless.

“That’s plain English,” said the justice. “Johnson has paid the note once, and he had not oughter pay it twice, no how.”

“But, your honor,” responded the counsel for the plaintiff, “that is no reason my client should lose it. The note is negotiable, and the law says an innocent third party must not suffer for—

“The law! I don’t care nothin’ about the law. Right is right, law or no law. How do I know he is *innocent*? Perhaps he stole the note.”

Against this suggestion, there was an indignant remonstrance on part of the plaintiff, and a general conversation occurred, in which the justice, jury, counsel, constables and spectators took part. His honor finally charged the jury thus:—

"Gentlemen of the jury! This ere case is a botherer and no mistake. Thomson came innocently by the note, and ought not to lose it, *of course*; but then Johnson has paid it once and ought 'nt to pay it again; for some on us can't pay our notes the first time, and the man as does *that* much does all the law expects. What's to be done, gentlemen, I don't know. I commit it to you to find out."

The jury shortly after brought in their verdict, which was somewhat in this wise:—

"The jury think that the plaintiff ought not to lose this money, and they think the defendant ought not to pay it; but they bring in a verdict against Foster for the full amount of the note and the costs, because he has got the money that belongs to the plaintiff."

The justice perceived that this was equity, though it was jumped at "*across lots*." He accordingly issued execution against Foster, who paid over without a murmur.

I do not pretend to give this case as one that should be generally followed, but as an illustration of western character. It is almost impossible to make them understand that law and equity are often at variance; but they probably will learn it, and practice on it, as the *refinements* of eastern life advance westward.

EXTRACTS FROM THOMAS FULLER'S WRITINGS.

OF TRAVELLING.

It is a good accomplishment to a man if first the stock be well grown whereon travel is grafted, and these rules observed before, in, and after his going abroad:

Travel not early before the judgment be risen, lest thou observest rather shows than substance, marking alone pageants, pictures, beautiful buildings, &c.

Get the language (in part), without which key thou shalt unlock little of moment. It is a great advantage to be one's own interpreter. Object that not the French tongue learned in England must be unlearned again in France; for it is easier to add than begin, and to pronounce than to speak.

Be well settled in thine own religion, lest, travelling out of England into Spain, thou goest out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof, especially seeing England presents thee with so many observables. But late writers lack nothing but age, and home-wonders but distance, to make them admired. It is a tale what Josephus writes of the two pillars set up by the sons of Seth in Syria, the one of brick, fire-proof, the other of stone, water-free, thereon engraving many heavenly matters to perpetuate learning in defiance of time,—

But it is truly moralized in our universities, Cambridge (of brick), and Oxford (of stone), wherein learning and religion are preserved, and where the worst college is more sight-worthy than the best Dutch gymnasium. First view these and the rest home rarities; not like those English that can give a better account of Fontainebleau than Hampton Court, of the Spa than Bath, of Annas in Spain than Mole in Surrey.

Travel not beyond the Alps: Mr. Ascham did thank God that he was but nine days in Italy, wherein he saw in one city (Venice) more liberty to sin than in London he ever heard of in nine years. That some of our gentry have gone thither, and returned thence without infection, I more praise God's providence than their adventure.

To travel from the sun is uncomfortable; yet the northern parts with much ice have some crystal, and want not their remarkables.

If thou wilt see much in a little, travel the low countries. Holland is all Europe in an Amsterdam print; for Minerva, Mars, and Mercury — learning, war, and traffic.

Be wise in choosing objects, diligent in marking, careful in remembering of them. Yet herein men much follow their own humors. One asked a barber, who never before had been at court, what he saw there? "Oh," said he, "the king was excellently well trimmed." Thus merchants most mark foreign havens, exchanges and marts; soldiers note forts, armories, and magazines; scholars listen after libraries, disputations, and professors; statesmen observe courts of justice, councils, &c. Every one is partial in his own profession.

Labour to distill and unite into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations. But (as it was said of one who, with more industry than judgement, frequented a college library, and commonly made use of the worst notes he met with in any authors, that he weeded the library,) many weed foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian atheism. As for the good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy, and Italian frugality, these they leave behind them. Others bring home just nothing; and, because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond the sea, were never out of England.

Continue correspondence with some choice foreign friend after thy return, as some professor or secretary, who virtually is the whole university or state. It is but a dull Dutch fashion, their *Albus Amicorum*, to make a dictionary of their friends' names: but a selected familiar in every country is useful: betwixt you there may be a letter of exchange. But be sure to return as good wares as thou receivest, and acquaint him with the remarkables of thy own country, and he will willingly continue the trade, finding it equally gainful.

Let discourse rather be easily drawn than willingly flow from thee, that thou mayst not seem weak to hold, or desirous to vent news, but content to gratify thy friends. Be sparing in reporting improbable truths, especially to the vulgar, who, instead of informing their judgements, will suspect thy credit. Disdain their peevish pride who rail on their native land (whose worst fault is that it bred such ungrateful fools,) and in all their discourses prefer foreign countries, herein showing themselves of kin to the wild Irish, in loving their nurses better than their mothers.

Original.

INDEPENDENCE MORNING.

BY REV. BRO. J. G. ADAMS.

BRIGHT morn of glory ! as I see,
From waking dawn to beaming day,
On stream, and dome, and crag, and tree,
Thy mellow light so richly play;
And mirth's high voice, and music's strain,
And cannon-peal salute the ear,
My spirit soars, and joys again
To greet and bid thee welcome here.

Blest visitant ! thy face is bright
With healthful life and beauty still,
As when on victory's burning height
Thou held'st the tyrant at thy will;
When thine oppressed, made strong, did fling
Their cumbrous fetters to the ground,
And songs of glad deliverance sing,
That earth might catch the rapturous sound,
And in the strength of freedom given,
Bear up its chorus about to heaven !

Inspiring angel ! let thy face
Benignant shine on land and sea,
Where moveth one of that high race
That is or would be great and free.
Bid music's richest numbers flow,
And wakening cannon-mouth peal on,
And banner-stars in brightness glow,
And deeds of noble daring done
On shore and sea, be told again,
In holier, happier, mightier strain !

Morning of gladness ! may the day
Now proudly ushered in by thee,
Lead me to praise, exult, and pray
With hands made pure, and spirit free;
And, trusting in that holy light
Which on our fathers' altars shone,
Look forth in faith and see the night
Of earth's debasing slavery gone,
And hear, all Freedom's host prolong
Her universal morning song !

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MOVEMENTS OF THE AGE.

THE past month has been, with us in Boston, one of unusual excitement. But it was no mere sensual excitement, ending in physical exhaustion, or worse, without any beneficial impression. On the contrary, the peculiarity of the movements alluded to, may be discerned in the *impression* which they have left. Their manifestations and their meaning were all intellectual and moral. We allude now to the various associations of benevolence and reform which recently held their anniversaries in our city. We call them Movements of the Age; for in no past time, in no country of antiquity, would you have beheld such spectacles as those, or listened to such words as have been spoken. No such processions with their banners, ever moved through marble Athens, or splendid Corinth. In no Forum, no Academy, no grove of ancient wisdom, would you have heard discussed questions so broad, so great, so free.

The peculiarity of the movements of the past month, then, consists in their intellectual and moral character, and in the fact that they are entirely movements of the present age. Be they good or evil in their results, they belong to this living century, and they press upon the most important interests of man. The most profound questions, the most far-reaching considerations, the most sacred things, are involved with them. They affect religion, morality, social and individual rights. They must, then, in one way or another have our active consideration. We cannot overlook them. We cannot put them by as trivial, or out of place.

As we look upon these associations, these reform-efforts, these movements, that heave and circulate all around us, in the whirl and influence of which we all, to a greater or less degree, are — what are some of the prominent features which they present to us? They are, in the first place, *exciting* movements. This results from the mental activity of the times, from the numbers engaged in these movements, from the facilities for quick communication of thought which are afforded by the physical improvements of the age, and from the intense conviction of their importance and reality which, doubtless, presses itself upon many souls. But it is not excitement merely, which we behold. These movements are based upon *ideas*, true and great ideas. There is a solid element beneath all this fermentation. "There is never smoke without fire." There is never excitement without a cause. There is never a cry for reformation unless there is something to be reformed.

So, if we look below these movements, we shall find them based upon good and true ideas, however they may be strained by over-zeal, or abused by passion, prejudice or ignorance.

It would be interesting, in the light of the fact just alluded to, to summon before us each association that has met during the past month, and survey its peculiar features, and thus find the real good that is in it. We shall however, refer to but one — *the Temperance movement*. This, (we speak as an individual,) is a movement that is very dear to us. It is a movement that wives, and mothers, and little children are blessing; a movement eminently *practical* in its operations — drying up fountains of fire and death that have been gushing all around us — drawing back the generous, the talented, the promising, our fathers, our brothers, our husbands, our sons, from the brink of ruin — unveiling to us the great source of half the crimes and sufferings of humanity — showing us the awful results of a single vice, in ruined bodies, in degraded souls, in broken-hearted women, in starving children, in blasted reputations, in crazed intellects, in alms-houses, and jails, and hospitals, and gibbets, in violence, and bloodshed, and sacrilege, and the grave. This is a great movement — one of immediate importance — calling for the co-operation of us all. It is so full, too, of the spirit of undefiled religion! It is so beautiful with the very philanthropy of Jesus! It has been so successful! And its aims are so glorious! Not merely to *prevent*, but to raise up, to *restore* — to make something that shall yet be symmetrical and good out of the shattered human wreck — to give to the deranged brain the consistency of reason — to wipe from the leaden eye the mists of sensualism — to place the wandering feet back in the paths of virtue, and to support the weak and trembling knees. It has made the wrinkled face smooth, and the old young again. It has kindled fires upon cold hearths. It has given back to the more than widowed, their husbands. It has put shoes upon the bleeding feet of children. It has made life, and hope, and peace to beam in upon homes that were lately the scenes of ruin, and misery, and despair. It has caused the demoniac to sit clothed and in his right mind. As we looked at that great army that passed by us, the other day, through these streets — as we saw the banners so triumphantly floating in the wind, and heard the shouts so loud and glad, and observed the steps of the redeemed so firm and strong, and gazed upon the long line of children moving there, and thought of the *wo* this would, this *had* removed, the great humanity that shone thro' it, the Christian principle that beamed there, did it not make us feel that, after all, this is a great age — an age of power and of resplendent light; and are we not thankful that we live in it?

But we cannot deny that to these movements of the age, there are some *dangers* attached. Everything is exposed to abuse, and may be made an agent of evil, however intrinsically good, however beneficent in its legitimate operations. And these movements, so beneficent in their purposes, so vast and true in their ideas, are accompanied with, or expose us to some evil tendencies. And one of these tendencies is, *lack of reverence, and of a sense of individual responsibility*. It is to be feared that while our minds, at the present day, go out far and

wide, they do not go up enough — that the tendency which is gloriously man-ward, is not sufficiently God-ward — that we are more philanthropic than devout — that in considering our duties towards man, we forget, to some extent, our individual responsibility to God. Great ideas are bursting upon us in this day of political and mental freedom, and the rights and the wants of man engage our attention. Not too much, not enough yet, we admit. But it may be asked with propriety, and not without force, whether sufficient attention is given to individual, spiritual culture — whether there is in each of us a moral growth — whether, as individual men, we strive to *be* as well as *do*? This associated action may too much absorb the individual. The clarion-blast of numerous reforms summons our thoughts out from the consideration of our own souls to the consideration of others. The rush and pressure of the great war-host, disturbs our solitary communion with God. The whirl of excitement generalizes our ideas. Our eyes that should often watch with silent introspection the movements of our own hearts, are drawn off by signals from the needy, the suffering, the oppressed. Now, evidently, we cannot resist the claims of these. These movements come to us clothed with so much light and power, they are so harmonious with Christianity, with his spirit who went about doing good, that we *cannot* reject them. They speak to us as with the voice of God. But we must blend our individual and spiritual culture with our labor for the good of others—we must act from, rather than against, solitary communion with God—we must blend devotion with philanthropy—the thoughts that flow out must also go up—we must act towards man and towards God, and we must beware of any tendency that shall cause us to neglect either of these objects.

There is another danger connected with these movements. *We are liable to become too much absorbed in one idea*—to gaze upon one point until our eyes are dimmed to every other. We may look too long at the rising sun, glorious and great as it is, and our vision become blurred to palpable facts immediately around us. Bigotry and intolerance are the consequences of slavery to one idea, by which we judge all other men and things. Hence, the champion of freedom may be as bigoted and intolerant as the veriest despot, since it is not the nature of the idea that makes the bigot, but exclusive attention to that idea. And are not some, in this age, in danger of becoming enslaved to one idea, dis severing it from all others, or, absorbing all others in it? Hence in enforcing the conclusion, you will often see men neglecting the premiss. When a man, for instance, starting from the premiss that all men are brethren, treats his brother who does not agree with him as a scoundrel or a fool, we may believe that he has forgotten to draw from that premiss all its conclusions, that he is, in fact, a slave to one. We have no objection to *radicalism*, so far as it implies going to the bottom of all truth, and, through all superincumbent errors, piercing to the rock of eternal principle. But we do not like that radicalism that is *intense* without being *expansive*, that goes down but never up—that only tugs at the fibre of one idea, forgetting that truth has ramifications which reach all around, that its interest is

not alone in the gnarled trunk and stubborn prong, but that it circulates in every branch and quivers in every leaf, and that he who would appreciate its symmetry must first know the diversity that is in it. Now, in our age, men are in danger of overheating one fact and letting others grow cool. In striving for one interest at all hazards, they may endanger the life of a score of others. And this absorption in one idea constitutes the ultraism, into which so many grand reforms and noble principles are now carried. Men do not reason upon combined truth, but upon isolated facts. And we think that we are justified in saying, that some seem to be absorbed by no idea but this—the abolition of all religion, of all authority, of all law, of all that is venerable, and holy, and binding. This seems to lie at the spring of their zeal, and to them every such ultraism furnishes a proper organ.

But notwithstanding all the dangers that accompany these movements, we believe that good results will grow out of them. We may speak farther upon the subject in another number.

THE LIBRARY.

WE are glad to hear that some movements are making in reference to the matter which we endeavored to commend to our readers in our last number. But we do not hear yet of any general movement of the Lodges in this city. Why not take up the subject in each Lodge and discuss it, and if it be deemed advisable to move at all in the matter, then let each Lodge appoint a committee to be associated with committees from the other Lodges, in order that such action may be taken in furtherance of the scheme, as circumstances will admit of? It may be true, that we are not yet prepared to do much in this way, still *preliminary steps* may be taken that will facilitate and prepare the way for a large and valuable library. If we cannot build the foundation now, or even lay the corner-stone, we may prepare the ground and accumulate the materials. Action, action of some kind in reference to the matter! If we do nothing, the enterprize will sleep, and presently be forgotten, and if ever revived, we shall have to do by and by, that same preliminary work—which may just as well be done now.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

We thank the Editors of this interesting paper, for the kind notices which they have taken of us, and hope that we may continue to deserve their commendation, wishing them, in return, an increase of that patronage, a full measure of which we have reason and are glad to believe they have. By the by, the article from our pen on "The Sphere of Woman," should have been credited to "The Symbol," instead of "The Odd Fellow's Offering."

DINNER AT FANEUIL HALL.

WE mentioned, in our last number, that it was contemplated to have a celebration of the Order in this State, on the 22d ult., the anniversary of the revival of Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts. For various reasons however, it was deemed advisable to waive such a celebration, and to have a dinner instead. After an objection on the part of the city authorities, which was frivolous enough, but which as it was reconsidered we shall say no more about, the Hall was granted, and the dinner took place on the day specified. The day, from the fact that it was Saturday, was an inconvenient one for business men, and probably prevented many from attending, who otherwise would have been present. It was a rainy day also, but this, we apprehend, did not hinder many; and, for our part, after a season of heat and drought, the genial showers were refreshing and pleasant. As it was, about six hundred brethren met in the Hall and sat down to a most excellent repast, furnished by Bro. JOHN WRIGHT, to whom much credit is due for the manner in which he discharged his duties. Everything seasonable and desirable was on the tables, and, the best of all, it was a *temperance* dinner. We were honored with the presence of Grand Sire Hopkins of Philadelphia, P. G. S. Kennedy of New York, P. D. G. S. Neilson of Baltimore, and the Secretary of the Grand Lodge of New York, Bro. John G. Treadwell. The presence of these brethren added much to the interest of the occasion. It was truly pleasant to behold the brethren as they defiled into the Hall, marching to the spirited music of the band. The body of the spacious building was nearly filled as they sat down to the several tables. After discussing the matters thereupon, the usual dessert of speeches and sentiments was served up. Remarks were made and a sentiment offered by the Grand Master (President of the day), who then called up the Grand Sire, who was received with a loud and long shout of welcome. He was followed by P. G. Sire Kennedy, who responded to the call of D. D. G. S. Guild; after which P. G. M. Hersey addressed the brothers, and offered a sentiment. P. D. G. S. Neilson then responded to a sentiment from the President of the day, and made a most excellent speech. G. Secretary Hilliard, after some remarks, called up G. Secretary Treadwell, who offered a sentiment. A letter was then read, containing a sentiment, from P. G. Andrews, one of the revivers of the Order in Massachusetts, and the G. M. then took his leave, being called away by urgent business, after summoning P. G. Raymond Cole (1st Vice-President) to the chair. Our personal knowledge of the proceedings extends no further than this, but we are assured by the report of the doings that the time was passed most pleasantly, in sentiments and speeches from Brs. Wells, McLeish and others.

E. H. C.

[The meeting broke up about six o'clock. The "Departing Ode" was sung by the entire company, assisted by the band of music, which produced a fine effect. Indeed, it could not well have been better executed. It is to be regretted, however, there had been no arrange-

ments made to have singing on the occasion. A song, occasionally, at such times, has an excellent effect, as the sameness of the occasion is changed; and "variety is the spice of life." This omission or neglect we trust will be guarded against in future, should an occasion offer.

The Grand Secretary, Wm. Hilliard, Esq., introduced the subject of an Odd Fellow's Library. Bro. Hilliard was greatly interested in the matter, and spoke with much feeling. He urged upon the brethren the necessity and importance of the subject, and spoke of the advantages that would result from such a movement. His remarks were listened to with great interest, and we cannot but hope the brethren will take the subject into serious consideration, and immediately resolve, with the Grand Secretary, that an Odd Fellow's Library "could, *would* and *should*" be founded in this city.

We should be pleased to give an extended report of the speeches made by the brethren on the occasion, but our limits will not permit. The remarks of our Worthy Grand Master were, as a "matter of course," received with the most enthusiastic applause. Speeches were also made by Bros. Hersey, Hilliard, Neilson, McLeish, &c., all of which were received with great applause. Too much cannot be said in favor of Bro. McLeish's remarks. They were excellent, they were grand, embodying all that was noble, pure and lovely. Delivered in a style the most finished and eloquent, and in language beautiful and impressive to a high degree, the speaker could not fail of commanding the sole attention of the audience. He was rapturously applauded throughout, and at the conclusion, the vast audience rose simultaneously, and cheered him with "three times three."

The following Toasts were given on the occasion.] — T. P.

By the Grand Master.

The Order — In celebrating its revival in Massachusetts, as we do to-day, we celebrate the law of love and the spirit of human brotherhood.

By D. D. G. S. Guild.

The health, happiness and long life of the worthy Past Grand Sir — In point of activity and usefulness he may be considered a veteran in the cause of Odd Fellowship.

By P. G. S. Kennedy.

The Occasion we have met here to celebrate.

By P. G. M. Hersey.

The principles of Odd Fellowship — a light to enlighten the philanthropist, a terror and a stumbling block to bigotry and fanaticism.

By J. G. Treadwell, G. S. of New York.

The Order of Odd Fellowship — great has been its progress; may its course be onward until its principles shall be planted in every section of our land.

By P. G. Andrews.

Be just to God, and just to man,
Then injure any — if you can;
Friendship cheers the sinking soul,
The sorrowing heart it doth console.

[The Grand Master being called away by necessary duties, Bro. Raymond Cole was called to the Chair.]

By Bro. R. Cole.

Grand Master Chapin. — The eloquent advocate of all that is good — a fit representative of Odd Fellowship.

By P. G. Converse, of Connecticut.

Odd Fellowship. — The widow's hope, the orphan's friend.

Ry Rev. Bro. E. M. P. Wells. — *The memory of Peter Faneuil, of 1740.*

By Bro. John Wright.

Faneuil Hall. — May it never be occupied by a worse set of fellows, than Odd Fellows.

By Bro. J. L. Drew.

The I. O. O. F. — May they convince our City Government that they know the law, if they are "not known to the law."

By Bro. Wm. English.

The Principles of Odd Fellowship. — A pure rill from the fountain of Benevolence — the stream must be enduring as its source.

By Bro. Howard (holding up a tin plate.)

The I. O. O. F. — may they prove like John Wright's old tin plates — *the more they are rubbed the brighter they shine.*

Our Institution. — One whereby every man is taught to feel his dependence on God and his greatest duty towards his fellow-man — Charity.

The present and past Officers of the G. L. of the U. S. — may they live long, enjoying the fruits of the good seed of Odd Fellowship sown and matured by them, and when they depart this life be welcomed with "well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

By a Guest.

When base Thersites, by vile envy moved,
Traduced those honored names the Greeks had loved,
'Tis said Ulysses, with indignant hand,
The lying varlet lashed along the strand:
Such retribution no Odd Fellow seeks —
He feels but pity when a C****r speaks.

The Beauties of Odd Fellowship — appreciated by those who have drunk of its fountain, we invite all who are worthy to come and partake of its waters.

The City of Boston — celebrated as she has been for her liberality, may the time be far distant when the people are compelled to ask of their servants the use of Faneuil Hall or the Common.

The "Old Fellow" — his obligations, if strictly adhered to, will make him a "good fellow."

Our Motto — "Truth" — it will stick by us as long as we stick by it.

By Bro. Cole.

The spirit of Odd Fellowship — the most ardent and powerful of spirits; it has conquered all others on this occasion.

By Rev. Bro. Wells.

That "Institution which is unknown to law" — may it be amenable to and demand justice.

By Bro. D. Russell.

The Principles of Odd Fellowship. — Like the glorious revelations of the divine will, they shine more and more unto the perfect day.

By the same — *What is not permitted in any civilized country* — an Odd Fellow in distress.

By T. Prince.

The three lectures against Odd Fellowship — their author is entitled to our warmest thanks. May he be as successful in converting men to the truths of Christianity, as his lectures have been instrumental in adding "good men and true" to the ranks of our Order.

By A. W. Thaxter, Boston Lodge — *Odd Fellowship in her infancy, rocked in the Cradle of Liberty* — may her growth be steady and healthy, cheerfully conforming to the laws by which she is governed; and what may we not expect of her, when she comes to maturity.

By Charles Siders, of Covenant Lodge—

The Odd Fellows of Boston—they number nearly 3,000 of its legal voters, who, in the language of our fathers of our city, are known to the laws. May the day be far distant, when, by the promulgation of the principles of our Order, we shall need any better acquaintance with the laws.

By M. W. G. Sire Hopkins.

Massachusetts—her sons were pioneers in the cause of liberty; they struck the first blow to resist oppression. Steady in her habits, she has again put forth her strength, resisted oppression, and planted the standard of Odd Fellowship upon the sure foundation of Friendship, Love and Truth.

By Bro. Thomas Greene.

The Indians—who destroyed the Tea in Boston Harbor—the first Lodge of Odd Fellows, who ever met in Faneuil Hall, in full regalia, and kept their secrets.

By Bro. T. Prince.

The Odd Fellowship Press—The *Ark of the Covenant*, in which is deposited the *Golden Rule*, binding every Independent Odd Fellow to the practice of the virtues of which the rites of the Order are Symbolical.

By Bro. Perkins.

Our illustrious Guests—We are proud to greet you on this glorious occasion; may your declining years be as peaceful to you, as your earlier years have been useful in the glorious Institution of which you were its earliest founders.

By a Friend.

The late Henry Morrill of Covenant Lodge—one who was formed for Friendship, who shunned every thing that was false, and clung to the Truth;—he was the personification of Love, and

So pure and Christian he in all his ways—

“None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise.”

Our Host—Wright has done the right thing for us in his dinner rites; may we in return do the right thing for Wright.

The effect produced on Odd Fellowship by Mr. Colver's lectures.—A fair specimen of good coming out of evil.

Odd Fellows—Their oddity consists in their standing several degrees higher than the rest of the world.

The Rev. Mr. Colver's assault upon Odd Fellowship.—He has come off with the same signal success and triumph that a certain old Spanish Knight did in his celebrated assault upon a windmill.

By Bro. J. B. Frost.

Our illustrious Guests—May their visit with us prove as pleasant to them as it has proved profitable to us.

By Bro. J. A. Cummings.

Odd Fellowship—Her principles pure, her deeds praiseworthy, her prosperity unparalleled, her name Legion.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—Dan'l Hersey, G C P. Edw'd Tyler, G H P. Tho's Barr, G S W. John S Ladd, G J W. Sam'l R Slack, G Scribe. Hoz'h Prince, G Treasurer, Jas M Stone, GS.

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TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Newell A Thompson, CP, Raymond Cole, HP, George L Montague, SW, John M'Clellan, JW, Edward Howe, Scribe, Alfred Mudge, Treas.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—John Schouler, CP, J Vaughton, HP, J H Russell, SW, Ichabod Fessenden, JW, J P Patten, Scribe, J P Hartwell, Treas.

MONOMAKS ENCAMPMENT No 4.—Thomas Barr, CP, James M Stone, HP, Hargraves Lord, SW, Jno H Cole, JW, Alex'r Greene, Scribe, Francis M Kittredge, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No 5.—Isaac C Cushing, CP, N P Brooks, HP, Wm Caban, SW.—Justin Jones, JW, Joseph Burrill, Scribe, Ashbel Wait, Treas.

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- BAY STATE.** No. 40. — Wm Esad, NG; Jas M Usher, VG; D M Hildreth, Sec'y; T Herbert, Treas. J M Usher, Chaplain.
- PACIFIC.** No. 42. — Chandler Robbins, NG; Phinehas Capen, VG; Alex'r McLane, Rec. Sec'y; Samuel Sargeant, Per Sec'y; Henry A Fuller, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Massachusetts Encampment, No. 1, Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.
 Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.
 Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.
 Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
 Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Winthrop Hall, Monday.
 Shawmut, No. 37, do. do. Tuesday.
 Montezuma, No. 33, do do Wednesday.
 Pacific, 42, do do Thursday.
 Franklin, 23, do do Friday.
 Winthrop Degree Lodge, do do Saturday.
 Tremont No. 15, Encampment Hall, Wednesday.
 Ancient Landmark, 32, do do Monday.
 Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tuesday.
 Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.
 Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
 Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
 Boston, 25, do do Friday.
 Union Degree, 1, do Saturday.
 New England, East Cambridge, Friday.
 Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
 Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
 Crystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
 Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.
 Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.
 Merrimac, 7, Lowell, Monday.
 Mechanics', 11, " Friday.
 Overlin, 23, " Tuesday.
 Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
 Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
 Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
 Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.
 Fidelity, 21, Andover, Bank Hall, Thursday.
 Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
 Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
 Hampden, 27, Springfield.
 Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Old Fellow's Hall, Thursday.
 Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.
 Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday.
 Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Old Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.
 Hope, 34, Methuen, Wednesday.
 Prospect, 35, Waltham, Thursday.
 Souhegan, 33, South Reading, Tuesday.
 Quasacuncquen, 39, Newburyport.
 Bay State, 40, Lynn.
 Acushnet, 41, New Bedford, Wednesday.
 Quineigamond, 43, Worcester, Monday.

Maine.

Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
 Eastern Star Encampment, 2, Portland.
 Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland.
 Union Degree, 1, do. Union st., —
 Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, do. " " Thursday.
 Ligonis, 5, do. " " Friday.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.
 Sabbattis, 6, Augusta.
 Cushnoc, 14, "
 Penobscot, 7, Bangor
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Natchuis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath.
 Pejepscot, 13, Brunswick, Thursday.

⌋ CAUTION. ⌋

A young man (about 23 years of age) by the name of W. E. CORNWALL, has of late been travelling through the State of Maine, representing himself as Agent for the Symbol. At Hallowell he procured a number of subscribers and received payment for the same. We have no authorised agent by that name, and would caution the brethren and others against paying said Cornwall any monies on our account.

T. PRINCE.

Literary Notices.—We defer the notices of several works which we have on hand, Miss ORNE's Poems among the number, until our next.

Fourth of July.—We are requested to state that Rev. Bro. E. H. CHAPIN, will deliver an Address before the I. O. O. F., at Augusta, (Me.) on the 4th inst. — Pub.

MARRIED,

In this city, Thursday, 20th ult., by Rev. Bro. O. A. Skinner, Bro. Geo. T. Caruth, of Montezuma Lodge, to Miss Mary Low.

(For the LOAF of cake that accompanied the above notice, we return our thanks. It was delicious. May heaven's choicest blessings rest upon the happy couple, and their lives be all joy, and sunshine, and May.)

On the 19th May, by Rev. Bro. Trafton, Bro. Charles W. Oxford, of Massachusetts Lodge, to Miss Sarah Ann Nash.

(The printer acknowledges the receipt of a glorious slice of cake accompanying this notice; and in return the "twain in one flesh" will accept his wishes that they may enjoy all the happiness anticipated in their new relations.)

On Sunday evening, May 12th, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Bro. William P. Stone, to Miss Caroline E. Dunklee.

On the 18th ult., by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Bro. Robert W. Lord, of Covenant Lodge, to Miss Frances C. Ward.

In Falmouth, June 1st, by Rev. H. B. Hooker, Bro. J. R. Dillingham, M.D., of Lynn, to Miss Eliza F. Bourne, of the former place.

In Charlestown, June 20th, By Rev. Bro. E. H. Chapin, Bro. William Faunce, of Bunker Hill Lodge, to Miss Mary F. Smith, of Chelsea.

DIED — In this city, 24th ult., of scarlet fever, Susan Heard, daughter of Bro. N. A. Thompson, aged 10 years.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

MASSACHUSETTS.—T. R. B. Edmands, Charlestown; A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell; Duncan Macfarlane, W. Cambridge; John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge; Rev. Wm. Tozer, Malden; Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village; E. H. Smith, Woburn; Albert W. Bryant, East Lexington; Wm. Monroe, Chelsea; Adrian Low, Salem; R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport; J. M. Southwick & Co., Roxbury; A. Langley, Stoneham.

MAINE.—David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland; George Prince, Thomaston; Alonzo Parsons, Bath.

RHODE ISLAND.—J. W. Root, 41 Market st., Providence; C. C. Shate, No. 53 Westminster st., Providence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Wm. Walker, Jr., Concord.

CONNECTICUT.—Safford & Park, Norwich; Charles Ball, New Haven; Orrin F. Smith, New London.

NEW YORK.—James Pratt, Ithaca.

KENTUCKY.—D. P. Watson, P. M., Nicholasville.

MICHIGAN.—Gilbert F. Rood, Detroit.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.—Rev. Bro. J. M'LEISH, H. B. OGDEN, HOMER J. DOUGET.

GENERAL AGENT.—J. G. MORSE.

JOS. B. FROST, of this city, is authorised to act as our Agent.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

AUGUST, 1844.

NO. V.

Original.

REMARKS ON ORATORY.

—
BY WILSON FLAGG.
—

THERE is no talent that receives such immediate reward as that of extemporaneous speaking. An author must wait to be published, and after all perhaps not be read; but the orator, if he is but moderately fluent, and does not offend the prejudices of his audience, is sure of being heard and rewarded with immediate notoriety. All those who have not trained themselves to the art, are sure to admire his eloquence—if he is but fluent—and are satisfied with his sense, if his language is but sufficiently obscure to conceal his nonsense. The art of fluent extemporaneous speaking, however, like the art of rhyming, is very easily acquired by all, even by the naturally slow of speech, who accustom themselves early in life to this kind of training. The mouth is like a musical instrument. Language may be represented as a piano, and words as the keys attached to it. Every one knows, that any young girl, however deficient in musical ability, can learn to play the piano "*delightfully*," by practice. None was ever known to fail in acquiring dexterity on this instrument after a few "quarter's" lessons. It is just so with language. One may learn, by early practice, to string words together with admirable fluency, that will have, at least, a show of meaning. However deficient in genius, he seems to be an orator, because in the hurry of listening to his flow of words, the auditors have no time to analyze his sentences, to discover their want of sense and precision.

Every man who wishes to be able to distinguish a true orator from a mere fluent declaimer, should study the various artifices of public

speakers. Some never get into the middle of their speech proper, but conclude, after an hour or more, as they began, with the preamble. In other words, their whole hour's speech is but an apology for saying nothing. These men may be called *circular* orators. Their artifice consists in talking round the subject rather than concerning it. They say the very same things on every occasion, and talk as well upon a subject of which they are thoroughly ignorant, as upon one which they understand.

There is a class of speakers who make it a point of honor never to hesitate in their speech. Hence, unlike those who have not learned this artifice, and who always pause until they get hold of the idea they are going next to utter, they keep their tongues running upon mere unmeaning words, during these transitions, while they are reaching for the next thought; like *hurdy-gurdy* players, who keep a monotonous sort of accompaniment running through all the *rests* in the music. Where an unpractised individual would come to a dead pause, these speakers make a long verbose parenthesis, extended out to just a sufficient length to enable them to talk fluently until they have seized the next point of debate. This class may be styled *hurdy-gurdy* orators.

Among the artifices used by public speakers one of the most remarkable is the *claptrap*. Some affect one species and some another. — A *climax* will often obtain a round of applause; but the climax is too difficult for men of ordinary genius, and in any case requires much study. The *paradox* is often a good clap-trap; but a very dangerous one. Unless it be very skilfully used, it is apt to strike the audience with a mere sense of the ridiculous, and causes their laughter at the speaker's expense. Let a man of dull genius attempt either of these and he will fail of his object. Common orators must be content to use clap-traps that require no great exercise of genius.

To illustrate the claptraps in ordinary use, I will suppose the speaker to be an actor on the political stage, and that he has done something to render him popular with the class of men whom he addresses, — such as having framed a bill for picking the pockets of their neighbors for the purpose of paying them a bounty on their own productions. He has for instance been the author of a bill paying a bounty on fish. His auditors may very easily be supposed to consider this act the *ne plus ultra* of patriotism, and the infallible test of correct republican principles. He begins with a history of the fisheries for a few years past, of the difficulties encountered by those who were engaged in them, and concludes a paragraph describing the character of fishermen, with a quotation from the Bible, showing that the Apostles were fishermen. Tremendous cheering follows. This is the *unction clap trap*. He then describes some of the opponents of the bill, and compares certain great ranters to the whale, spouting nothing but water and making a great splash, which cannot prevent him from being finally taken by the harpoons of the fishermen. More cheering follows this specimen of the *exulting claptrap*. He tells them that politicians are, after all, at the mercy of the people (that is the fishermen). Only give them a promise of a good share of the loaves of office, and they

easily led up to the mark. Now while the other party is promising loaves, many of which will never be baked, and none of them more than half baked, like the anti-bounty men themselves, (tremendous cheering and laughter), let the true men of the people's party just make known that the "fishes," are all in their hands! Great stamping and roars of laughter follow this miserable attempt at what may be termed the *jocular claptrap*.

There is yet another sort often employed on glorifying occasions, such as our national anniversaries, when the people assemble to be catechised into the belief of their own superlative greatness. The orator mystifies, soars into the sublime, and keeps soaring from the mystical into the unintelligible, and from the unintelligible into the spiritual, and finally breaks off at the words "freedom," "eternity," and "omnipotence." The audience pause a minute in perfect bewilderment, and struck with admiration at their own dead silence, suddenly burst into a round of house-rending acclamation. This is the *national clap trap*.

There is no end to the variety of these expedients for gaining applause. Some orators, especially those who make it their profession to deliver addresses on Anniversaries, study almost nothing else of the rhetorical art. He who can use them successfully is sure of distinction; for nothing helps the speaker into notice with the people who are standing outside, as the sound of unremitted cheering within.

Orators are of as many species as there are occasions for speaking in public, and as there are varieties of sects, parties and juntos. Not only every political club, but every church has its favorite orators, in whom is required not only some positive merit, but some positive defect, which shall assimilate them to their admirers; such as a similarity of ignorance or prejudice, or the power of affecting these qualities.— There are some men who shine particularly as *dinner orators*; whose eloquence seems to flow from their stomach, and who never appear better than on occasions for lining this important organ. Others always appear best on a somewhat religious occasion, whose eloquence flows from the Catechism and Psalter. These are the *canting orators*, who catch popularity by dove-tailing politics with piety, and by nicely matching two things that are generally considered incapable of union. Lastly may be mentioned the *proser*s, who answer the important purpose of filling up the pauses on certain occasions while the audience are preparing to hear some favorite speaker, but do not wish for perfect silence. The eloquence of the different professions differs as much in its general features as the eloquence of different individuals.— The eloquence of lawyers, for instance, is more verbose, more sophistical, but less chaste, logical and precise, than that of physicians. Lawyers have, by practice acquired the art of talking well on unimportant points, which the practice of a physician does not teach him. But the lawyer has not the awkwardness of the physician; and he will sooner perceive a chance to pick a flaw in his opponent's argument, though he cannot so readily perceive its justness, if it be correct. The most classical orators are found among the clergy.

Editors, and all writers by profession, are generally poor orators.— The habit of writing for the press, unless we except that of extempo-

aneous scrawling for the daily papers, is injurious to one's readiness and fluency as a public speaker. The author is so much in the habit of pausing in the midst of his sentences, while engaged in composition, that the habit sticks to him while he is speaking. There are authors who are good extemporaneous orators; but there is generally a precise mediocrity in the performances of such men that marks them for close students and rhetoricians rather than men of original genius.

The majority of our distinguished orators were bred either as lawyers or clergymen. Most men who have either a genius for oratory, or an ambition for shining as public speakers select the law as their profession. There are more coxcombs, likewise, in the law than in the other professions, as such men are more apt to possess that kind of vanity which desires applause. Not only the most of those who possess a genius for oratory, but all those who think they possess such a genius are apt to devote themselves to the profession of law.

Next to the members of the professions, merchants may be ranked as public speakers. They see more of the world than other classes, and have generally accumulated a good stock of anecdotes and statistics. They understand finance, as a matter of course, and this is an important branch of political economy, though not, as the members of the mercantile class are apt to believe, all that is important. Merchant orators are generally matter-of-fact men, often endowed with wit, not deficient in refinement and elegance, seldom philosophers, seldom enthusiasts, always partisans, and are more apt than other classes, to suppose that the prosperity of the whole nation depends on pursuing a course of policy that will ensure themselves large profits.

Mechanics are generally deficient in the graces of oratory, and in an acquaintance with society. Mechanics, however, have more book-knowledge than merchants, and are more liberal towards other interests. They are more radical in their views, better moral reasoners, better thinkers, but less cunning politicians than merchants, and not so well acquainted with statistics and finance.

After all, true eloquence depends so much upon genius, though a very graceful and fluent orator may be made by practice out of ordinary materials, that some distinguished speakers have arisen out of all the professions and trades.

ANGER.—The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves; and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it; like the father of Virginia, who murdered his daughter to prevent her violation. Neither will all men be disposed to view our quarrels in the same light that we do; and a man's blindness to his own defects will ever increase, in proportion as he is angry with others, or pleased with himself.

FALSEHOOD is often rocked by Truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle and discards her nurse.

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP VS. SELFISHNESS.

BY BRO. D. RUSSELL.

He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. COWPER.

ONE of the great benefits which have resulted from the dissemination of Odd Fellowship, is the effect produced upon the minds of its members, to arouse and keep alive in full vigor and activity, the principles of benevolence and charity, in the place of those selfish and time-serving views and feelings, which are so natural to the human heart. The duties of Odd Fellowship, open a wide field of action to all who have taken upon them the obligations of the Order; and the man that can meet from time to time with the Lodge, which is emphatically termed "as one family," without imbibing some of the benign principles of philanthropy, and good will to all mankind, must be destitute of all the kindlier feelings of our nature, and alike regardless of the duty which he owes to his God, his neighbour, and himself.

The uninitiated stranger can conceive but a faint idea of the strong and enduring bond of brotherly affection, which is cherished by the members of the Order, whenever they meet in the Lodge, or recognize each other amid the daily walks and occurrences of life. It is the duty of the investigating committee of every Lodge to admit no one as a brother towards whom they cannot cherish an entire feeling of esteem, confidence, and regard; nor one who cannot duly appreciate the grand principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, in all their rich variety and extent. Another tie which serves to cement men of the most discordant opinions apparently, is the entire disuse of political and sectarian views and expressions among Odd Fellows. Not indeed that they do not love, honor and adore the character and law of Jehovah, as their Creator, preserver and benefactor,—but on the contrary, by adopting the great and all-important principles of divine revelation, they embrace them all, but divested of those intricate and endless peculiarities of opinion, which, it would seem, it is the glory of the sectarian and dogmatist, to assert and maintain, while the offices of benevolence and charity, are entirely overlooked in their zeal for a *name*, and which, after all, would be likely to fail of gaining for them an entrance to the celestial city.

While the Odd Fellow is bound to adore God as his Creator, and obediently keep his commandments, he feels that his next duty is to regard *all* men as His children; and as such to regulate his rules of conduct towards them. He is not to confine himself merely to the laws and constitution of the Order, in the work of doing good, but whenever an opportunity is presented, he will embrace it, without pausing to enquire whether the person to be benefitted is or is not an Odd Fellow.

The precepts and practice of Odd Fellowship, have also a most powerful tendency to establish and perpetuate in the mind the ennobling principles of true independence, honor, and self-respect. The narrow basis of sectarian creeds, and individual feeling, are forgotten; and the Odd Fellow is taught to build upon more broad and indestructible foundation. He learns to place a high estimate upon time, and diligently to improve each moment for exalted and virtuous purposes. He rejoices in doing good, with a pure and benevolent heart, not merely to ensure the praise of man, but from a sincere desire to obey the will of his heavenly parent, by acts of kindness to his fellow men. He must also learn to forgive injuries. It is the duty of every Odd Fellow when a candidate is proposed for admission, although he may differ from him in opinion,—although he may even be a personal enemy,—yet if his conscience tells him that he is an upright and honorable man, it is his duty to lay aside every prejudice, and to welcome him to a Society where prejudice, animosity and uncharitableness should be forever unknown. And if the members of any Lodge will so far forget their solemn duties and obligations, as to permit personal feelings or prejudices to prevail over the plain and imperative principles of impartial justice, they do great and lasting injury, not only to themselves as men of honor, but as evincing an entire disregard for the great leading principles of our Order, which are Friendship, Love and Truth. Such conduct cannot fail to produce disunion and discord, even among brethren, and justly merits the scorn and indignation of every high-souled brother, who seeks “to deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly” before his God. Wherever such feelings are tolerated, or suffered to interfere with the free and impartial admission of members, we shall give occasion to our enemies to rejoice over us, for indulging those selfish and narrow-minded feelings which every well-minded Odd Fellow is bound to discard and repress. I think that no person possessing true dignity and independence of character, will be found guilty of *perverting*, instead of carefully exercising, the important ordeal of election by ballot, of those whom worthy and respected brethren have thought fit to propose for membership. Let the precept of their divine master ever be remembered, “Freely ye have received, freely give.”

Original.

NEWSPAPERS.

BY REV. BRO. J. G. ADAMS.

“I never take up a newspaper without finding something I should have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement.”
—DR. JOHNSON.

Nor do I — if a more humble writer may respond to such a truth uttered by the old giant of English literature. Methinks I see him now, with that burly face and those unmatched eyes, after having in-

dited pages of good reading for the benefit of thousands less known to fame—throwing himself somewhere aside from his literary toil to enjoy the quiet luxury of an English newspaper of by-gone years; there catching “the manners living” as they came up before him, to his infinite merriment or unloveable denunciation.

Newspapers! They are to be reckoned among the few things of earth that never weary us. Day after day we seek them earnestly.—The mechanic at his bench—the husbandman at his farm-gate—the divine at his study—the Judge on his throne of justice—the lord, the beggar, old, young, learned and unlearned, the dweller in the wilderness, and the rusher-by in the busiest mart of the busiest city in our world—all go for the newspapers. Were these “winged messengers” stricken from existence, what a blank there would be! Often comes this thought to mind as the newsboys are gabbling and screaming around the old Post Office place, with their preludes, interludes and full choruses of “Mail, Bee, and Times! Arrival of the Steamer! — All about the fire last night—and great murder!” And I welcome their eager eyes and shrill voices. They give us as true a representation of the world as do the papers they are vending. Each seems glorying in his individuality—and all are adding something to the great sum of human interest and enjoyment.

Commend me to a newspaper when all other reading tires and fails to interest me; when the well filled volumes look formidable; when Locke is *fast closed*, and Pope is *too elevated*, and Gray *too sober*, and Milton is “*Paradise Lost*” indeed. Then, when libraries seem a surfeit and books an aggravation, the newspaper dropped in at the door, is the veritable thing needed. All other things are then as they should be. The articles are long enough, short enough, spicy enough, and in good variety. We feel that some one has worked for us while we have been dreaming asleep or fretting awake, who had our gratification in view; and however ill natured towards others we may have just been, we could shake hands cordially with this comely editor who has so easily introduced himself. I once knew a petulant man whose most violent outbreaks of passion would be instantly quelled if a fresh newspaper were thrown down before him. It was a most effectual sedative—like oil upon the troubled waves. And another who, whenever “the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune” troubled him, he took refuge in the midst of old newspaper files, there to live in the past, and find that enjoyment of life which the present so grudgingly denied him. What a cool philosophy!

An old newspaper, say of thirty or fifty years ago! What a living remembrancer of the past! Read its advertisements. Where now are most of those whose names they bear? Living, or dead, what traffic has Old Time made with them! Its record of marriages—how many of these were happy ones—and what have been the good or evil results thereof? Its deaths—how many there deeply mourned, are now almost forgotten by the survivors. Its disasters—how have these been superseded by more startling ones! Its noted improvements—how common, if not obsolete now! And so on. But yet, these all make up *that* world then moving with full interest and busy life when that paper came forth from the press. And thus that life

now moves before us. With a little variation, it is a transcript of our own. Hopes, fears, jealousies, strifes, accidents, marriages and deaths, then occurred as they do now. There were fools then, and wise men — little and great — mean and high-minded — trimmers in politics and religion, and honest men in both. Fashion was then as uncertain, though not a whit sillier than now — and editors equally conscious of their responsibility to the public.

This brings me to a delicate subject ; our newspapers now. What are they ? Good — bad — and most generally, both. They scatter intelligence ; they keep us awake, alive, and moving. They are good trumpeters in the onward march of civilization and improvement. — O, that all these trumpets would give certain sounds ! How many more might better prepare themselves for battle. There are faults with our newspapers. They savor too much of party or clique, or conventionalism. They too often follow rather than lead. They are too evidently prone to feel themselves obliged to labor for *patronage*. Many of them echo too much. With all their pretensions to news-gathering, they are too afraid of saying new things. In the reforms of the day, too many of our secular papers move only as the multitude move. They are catering too long to this multitude ; and when accused of it, quaintly declare that they have enough to bear without running any farther ahead into new adventures. So they stand still and scream "as usual."

Then there are editors who have more faces than argus had eyes, who are indeed "all things to all men" — of all colors and shades of morality, from the harlequin to the quaker dress. Religious revivals and boxing matches, public morality and horse-racing and cock-fighting, New Orleans Sabbaths and New England puritanism, Washingtonian "moral suasion" plaudits and rare "mint juleps" at this restorator and that hotel, all find equal grace, editorially, in their indescribable vision. Hot and cold in the same breath do they most generously blow, and for the unanswerable reasons that this suits the public, and is the way of the world ! Dr. Channing, in his excellent lecture on Self-Culture, made some remarks in reference to our "cent papers," which need to be repeated again and again. I will give them here. "A new class of daily papers has sprung up in our country, sometimes called cent papers, and designed for circulation among those who cannot afford costlier publications. My interest in the working-class induced me sometime ago to take one of these, and I was gratified to find it not wanting in useful matter. Two things however gave me pain. The advertising columns were devoted very much to patent medicines ; and when I considered that a laboring man's whole fortune is his health, I could not but lament that so much was done to seduce him to the use of articles more fitted, I fear, to undermine than to restore his constitution. I was also shocked by accounts of trials in the police court. These were written in a style adapted to the most uncultivated minds, and intended to turn into matters of sport the most painful and humiliating events of life." These and kindred errors and evils of newspaper notoriety, deserve reproof, rebuke, and correction.

But — I am not writing this article as a fault-finder, although drawn into these statements of unwelcome truth by the very nature of my subject. With all these faults and others unrecorded here, my voice and heart go strong and without reservation for our newspapers. That they are not perfect, is true. That many of them may be vastly improved, is as true. But that we can dispense with them, no man with skull of the most unfavorable proportions, will have the inclination to pretend. Have them we must — we will. They are eyes to many a blind — feet to many a lame — hands to many a palsied one. How truly of their social character — that character which so commends them to all, has the poet Crabb sung :

“ Lo ! where it comes before the cheerful fire,
Damp from the press its smoky curls aspire
(As from the earth the sun exhales the dew,)
Ere we can read the wonders that ensue;
Then eager every eye surveys the part,
That brings its favorite subject to the heart;
Grave politicians look for facts alone,
And gravely add conjectures of their own;
The sprightly nymph who never broke her rest,
For tottering crowns, or mighty lands oppress’d,
Finds broils and battles, but neglects them all
For songs and suits, a birth-day or a ball.
The keen warm man o’erlooks each idle tale
For ‘ Monies Wanted,’ and Estates on Sale;
While some with equal minds to all attend,
Pleased with each part, and grieved to find an end.
To this all readers turn, and they can look,
Pleased on a paper, who abhor a book,
Those who ne’er deign’d their Bible to peruse,
Would think it hard to be denied their News;
Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak,
Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek;
This, like a public Inn, provides a treat
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat;
And such this mental food, as we may call
Something to all men, and to some men all.”

With all the faults expressed or understood in the line of newspaper life, what shall we say of all the best of our editors therein ? What can be said in due praise of their unceasing labor and untiring zeal ? Talk of mailed warriors, adventurous knights, pioneer hunters of the western wilderness, and old voyagers round the world ; your editor of the weekly or daily sheet is not a whit behind the sturdiest of them ; for what would their fame soon be, if he did not keep it alive and in perpetual motion ? Early and late does he ply his hand in the task. From the idea room that has been so often ransacked, there will come, as if by magic, things new and old. No wonder that when the inimitable Carlyle in his cogitations on the mystery of ready writing, considering the editor of the daily newspaper, his wits became puzzled.— He gave vent to his admiration in this tribute to the fraternity :

“ But, indeed, the most unaccountable ready writer of all, is probably the common editor of a daily newspaper. Consider his leading articles ; what they treat of ; how passably they are done. Straw

that has been thrashed a hundred times without wheat; ephemeral sound of a sound; such portent of the hour as all men have seen a hundred times turn out insane; how a man, with merely human faculty, buckles himself nightly with new vigor and interest to this thrashed straw, nightly thrashes it anew, nightly gets up new thunder about it; and so goes on thrashing and thundering for a considerable number of years; this is a fact still to be accounted for in human physiology. The vitality of man is great."

There is another thought demanding expression. I honor our newspapers for the intellectual and moral benefit they have conferred upon our nation. Look into our highest literary circles. There are those shining in their well-earned honors here, who, less than twenty years since, were either at the "case" in some village printing-office, or were the village poets of the paper issued from that office, seeking something more genial to their budding natures than "the desert air." Look into our court-rooms, pulpits, and halls of legislation. The men are there—men of nerve and power—lights in their own lands, and lights to the world, who received their first inspiration from the newspapers of their earlier days; who encouraged, sustained, or gave editorial life to these chroniclers of the times; and who now give enduring character to that far-spread popularity which the newspaper press so universally enjoys. Let us be moved by the examples thus given to honor the press still more, and seek to elevate it. This we should do. Its mission, wondrous as this has been in the past, has but just begun. In the political and moral redemption of the world it must labor mightily. Strong arms must work it; strong voices from strong souls speak through it. Where civilization comes, there must the newspaper sheet be out on the same winds that swell the banners of improvement and peace. Darkened nations shall behold its light. In the cold north—amid the deserts of the tropics—out far among the islands of the the sea, where it hath already found its way, shall its welcome face be greeted and its glad praise sung!

Reader, never speak lightly of a good newspaper. Whether it be recent or old, respect it; for it has surely given some enjoyment, some life, where both were needed in some dimmed and unhappy soul.—Honor it; for all along life's journey it will be one of your most cheering and unobtrusive companions, till it chronicle your own death, and you are where its instrumentality shall be needed no more.

BRO. DREW, of the Gospel Banner, says: "A Mason or an Odd Fellow is bound to render assistance to his brother in need, in any part of the world. Why is it not so among Christians? But let a Christian go from Maine to New Orleans, and be taken sick and needy, and make himself known to the churches as a Christian, and who would come to his aid on that account?"

Original.

THE LEGEND OF THE BEDRID WEAVER.

BY ICAHABOD HAY, ESQ.

Certain it is they, (the Indians,) were so provoked with their filching and stealing that they threatened, as the Philistines did Samson's father-in-law, after the loss of their corn, inasmuch that the company, as some report, in way of satisfaction to punish him that did the theft, but in his stead hanged a poor decrepit old man that was unserviceable to the company (an old bedrid weaver) and unserviceable to be kept alive. HUBBARD.

Our Brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse.

* * * *

Impartial justice, in his stead, did
Hang an old Weaver that was Bed-rid,
Then wherefore may you not be skipp'd
And in your room another Whipp'd.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I.

Mas'soit was a monarch brave
As ever ruled a saint or knave.

His tawney arm
Had done much harm
And sent alarm

To all who 'gainst his will assayed,
Or dared his fearful realms invade.
It was not strange he loved his land
Far better than the English band,
Who with their swords and muskets came,
The wild men of the woods to tame,
And on them looked with bitter scorn

Because the sod

On which they trod

Had never known the Pilgrim's *God* ;
And they poor things were in the lurch,
They'd never seen a Christian church.

Our pious fathers, reverend sires,
(To eulogize each son aspires)
They sought New England's rugged land
Received the Indian's friendly hand,
And like the Israelites of old
They grew in numbers manifold ;
Then viper-like they turned and bit them,
And with their swords and muskets smit them.

The heathen dogs

They killed like hogs.

And burned them as we burn the logs
In clearing up our cedar bogs.

It was in vain the poor things prayed,
The avenging arm was never stayed.
 From fire-arms sped
 The molten lead
 Right through each head;
Then by the fort they hung them high
There blackening in the sun to dry.
These glorious deeds on history's page
Will be the pride of every age,
 And sire and son
 Shall every one
Tell how their fathers killed the pagans
Who wore the moose and deerskin leggins.
 'Twere idle now
 With frowning brow
To talk about the rights of people;
You might as well preach to a steeple,
 Or try with Dicky Dumpsy
 To prove who killed Tecumseh.
Mas'soit 'tis said was a hero bold,
And many a tale of his valor is told;
 His word when spoken
 Was never broken;
And if he saw with jealous eyes
The white man's power around him rise,
He still the friendly hand extended,
And oft the little band befriended,
Who but for him had sadly ended
 Their wretched lives;
 And men and wives
 Sunk in starvation,
Had never lived to build this nation,
The smartest yet in all creation.
 But the Indian gave
 The white man to save.
With solemn pledge each other bound
That if a thief among them was found,
They'd lift him up by his neck from the ground
Till he could not breath or make a sound.
But Time, who rules the fate of nations,
Had planned some trifling variations
To suit the progress of the age,
And trace sublime on history's page
 The magic power
 That swayed the hour
When this *new world* gave wondrous birth
To justice, truth, and moral worth.
Within his wigwam sleeps the monarch,

He little dreamed that they
Who loved to fast and pray
And sing their psalms through all the day,
Would be the first the pledge to slight,
And play the thief at dead of night.
But men are not what oft they seem,
Nor is there truth in every dream;
For while he slept
A white man crept
To where they kept
Their winter store :—
He heard them snore
As from the door
He softly tore
The skins away,
And as he lay
His pockets filled
With corn unmilled.
But in the dark he lost his way,
And stumbling where the sleepers lay,
He fell,
And whoop and yell,
Whoop, whoop, halloo!
Hard after him
With voices grim,
Through starlight dim
The Indians flew!
Through wood and glen,
O'er hill and fen,
Still faster sped that savage crew,
Near and more near to the thief they drew ;
When quickly rounded to their view
The English settlements, a thing so new
They scarcely thought whether or no
'Twere best to turn and leave the foe ;
But one more cautious than the rest
Upon the greensward laid his breast,
And pressed his ear close to the ground ;—
When, suddenly he heard a sound
Click-click — slam bang !
Through the woods the thunders rang !
The flash of lightning lit the sky !
With whoop and yell and horrid cry
Away away the Indians fly !
All, all save one,
A chieftain's son,
He knew it was an English gun;
And crouching low
With bended bow

He watched the approaching of the foe ;
 And ere the gun again was primed
 He sent a shaft so truly timed
 It pierced the whiteman's leathern cap,
 But on his scone the shaft did snap ;
 For many sculls are quite as thick
 As paving tile or common brick,
 And if in war you wish to brain them
 You'll have to split their pericran'um
 With battle axe or cannon ball,
 And then, — you'll find they've none at all ;

PART II.

Miles Standish, Miles Standish, thou art wanted at
 court ;

For an Indian has come with a strange report —

On the bark of a tree

Funny things thou wilt see,

There's a fox with a goose, on his back it is borne,

There's a bull in his mouth has an ear of corn,

With a leap and a bound he scents the wind,

And a pack of wolves full closely behind

Are biting his shanks and nipping his tail

As he leaps and bounds o'er the woodland dale.

Miles Standish he entered the Judges' court

And there stood the Indian who brought the report,

With a huge roll of bark from a birchen tree,

It hung from his shoulder clear down to his knee ;

And on it was seen, quite tastily drawn,

The fox with the goose and the bull with the corn.

“ Now out on the thief ! full plainly I read

Some one has been doing a cursed deed ;

For who could mistake the bull with the corn ?

And the fox is a thief from night until morn.

The Indian turned the bark around,

And lo the bull again was found ;

The wolves had fled —

Still on he sped,

But in his head

An Indian shaft was fastened deep,

The blood gushed out at every leap,

“ Now hunt me the man,” Miles Standish said, —

“ Now hunt me the man with the wound in his head,

And the savage shall find that the English law

Is as sure and as strong as a panther's paw.”

They hunted the town and skirts around,

But never a trace of the man was found,

Till by mishap,

A leathern cap

To a cobbler was sent
To mend a rent
That had been made
By some sharp blade.
The cobbler he placed his thumb on his nose —
The wearer it seems had many foes,
“Ah lack aday, bold Johnny White,
Methinks this cap will throw some light
On him who played the thief one night.”
With solemn phiz the cobbler bore
The cap unto the courts, and swore,
By all the fiends that pinch and bite
That it belonged to one John White;
And if they'd hunt his head all o'er,
He knew they'd find, somewhere, a sore.
Judge Johnson sits in his long black gown —
The Shrieve has gone to the skirts of the town; —
And ere the clock strikes twelve to-night
They 'll try and hang poor Johnny White.
Ah, luckless wight,
It was not right,
Upon that night
Thy pledge to slight,
And steal the corn —
Another morn
Perchance thy eyes may never see:
For if they hang thee on a tree
The crows will surely fattened be.
The light burns dim in the Judges' hall,
The jury are gone to the closet all,
Full well I trow
By each knit brow
Yon rope that hangs upon the wall
Will make for John a gentle *caul*
So tightly wove about his neck
'Tis very likely it will check
Perhaps his breathing,
Or set him wreathing,
Like babies who have *cawls*
Somewhat before their teething.
The clock struck ten, and slowly then
Came winding back the jury men,
And all the hopes of Johnny White,
Rushed out as goes a rushwood light.
The Judge he rose,
He rubbed his nose,
Then on poor John the sentence passed;
He had one hour it was his last,
(Some thought it was a pass too much,)

For he was bold and strong,
 And none might tell how long
 'Twould be
 When he
 By them would much be missed;
 And some most stoutly did insist
 He should be freed
 To help in time of need.
 Miles Standish rose
 In his red hose,
 And bowing said he wished to mention
 A point which seemed to claim attention, —
 It would allay the great contention
 Which had perplexed this wise convention.
 He doubted not
 They had forgot
 How far the Indian treaty run,
 It did require to hang but one!
 He would be brief,
 He knew the thief
 Would find relief
 And ease his grief,
 When it was understood
 That for the public good,
 He should propose to hang one Cleaver,
 A very old and bedrid weaver.
 "Amen," said then
 These pious men
 Who had been packed and duly sworn
 To try the thief that stole the corn.
 Judge Johnson looked extremely wise,
 In truth it took him by surprise,
 For never since the world's creation
 Had dawned such light upon a nation, —
 And so he lived another day ;
 But Johnny did 'nt like the way
 They took the old man off in,
 And so he took the whooping cough
 And sent for Doctor Coffin,
 It was no use, it took him off,
 That ugly *fit of coffin*.

PART III.

It was a fearful sight to see
 That old man on his bended knee,
 Praying to *God* to set him free
 From sorrow sin and misery.
 While near him stood in sable gown
 The Priest. And gathering from the town

Come old and young that they might see
The poor man hung upon a tree.
 The pilgrim band
 They shook his hand,
And hoped they'd meet in spirit land!
 He raised his head
 And feebly said
If Heaven was just he thought that they
No doubt would go another way.
The night was dark on Plymouth plain,
And howling winds and dripping rain
Had stripped the seared leaves from the trees,
And swinging creaking in the breeze
 A skeleton was seen ;
 And, looking out between
 The ribs and pelvis bone,
 Two eyes there shone.
 There, with notes of wo,
 Swinging to and fro,
 The hooting owl
 Made answer to the howl
 Of wolf and bear,
 And every where
Unearthly sounds swept through the air.
'Twas just one year that very night
Since they had pardoned Johnny White.
The wind it blew a gusty gale,
That made the stoutest heart to quail,
It was as fearful hour, I ween,
As ever mortal eye had seen ;
 Old and young
 Together clung
 With horrid fright ;
For through the ebon veils of night
They saw upon the marsh a light
Dancing like an evil sprite.
It seemed at first a little spark,
You scarce could see it through the dark ;
 But to the view
 It nearer drew,
And then so large and fast it grew,
As on the stormy blast it flew,
It seemed a ghost in misty shroud
Riding upon a milk-white cloud.
It passed the moor, it passed the fen,
It swept far up the woodland glen,
Then winding down the deep ravine
It passed along the village green.
A rumbling car came rolling after,
22*

And with it came loud peals of laughter
That shook each house from beam to rafter.
High on the seat the driver sat,
Upon his head a slouchy hat;
Twas made of husks, and up before
A mighty ear of corn it bore,
An Indian scalp hung from his hip,
He firmly grasped his cornstalk whip,
His eyes shot forth a fiendish light,
He lashed his steed all foaming white.
Behind him came a shadowy host
'That bore in shroud an old man's ghost ;
Three times that motley crew swept round
A little piece of haunted ground,
Then crossing o'er
To Johnson's door
They seized the Judge and strongly bound
His tawny arm with husks around,
And fastened him behind the car.
They heeded not his bitter wail ;
Like them he looked as ghostly pale,
His hair streamed out upon the breeze,
And as they bore him through the trees,
A skeleton beside him fell,
And in his ears a fiendish yell
His very heart's blood seemed to freeze.

The spectral train is fading fast,
Hushed and stilled the midnight blast ;
But far away the eye can see
A little light dance o'er the lea,
Not larger than a thimble head —
And now that spectral light has fled.

THE great, perhaps the principal cause of that delight we receive from a fine composition, whether it be in prose or in verse, I conceive to be this : the marvellous and magic power it confers upon the reader ; enabling an inferior mind at one glance, and almost without an effort, to seize, to embrace, and to enjoy those remote combinations of wit, melting harmonies of sound, and vigorous condensations of sense, that cost a superior mind so much perseverance, labor, and time. And I think I am supported in this proposition, by the fact that our admiration of fine writing, will always be in proportion to its real difficulty, and its apparent ease. And on the contrary, it is equally corroborative of my statement, that any thing of confusion or obscurity, creative of a pause in the electric rapidity excited within us by genuine talent, weakens in some sort its influence, and impedes the full success of its power. — *Lacon.*

Original.

THE ASSASSIN'S SISTER, OR THE NIGHT
BEFORE EXECUTION.

A SKETCH.

BY BRO. J. H. INGRAHAM.

Author of "The Quadroon," "Lafitte," "The Odd Fellow," "Dancing Feather," &c.

ONE morning in May, 184—, I was seated in the Café St. Luis in New Orleans, reading a paper and sipping coffee, when a young man entered and took his seat at the marble table next to me. He was about twenty-two years of age, with fine features and a dark hazel eye of exceeding brilliancy. His complexion was remarkably pure and clear, with a rich rose-hue upon either cheek. His dark chesnut hair fell in flowing yet graceful masses far below his collar. — He was fashionably attired; indeed, his dress was in the extreme of the *mode*. A diamond glittered upon his little finger; and a ruby of great size blazed amid the laced ruffles of his shirt bosom.

He took his seat with an easy, negligent air, and, in French, called for a bottle of wine. It was brought to him, and filling a tumbler with the blood-red claret he drank it off, and then lighting a fragrant cigar began to smoke. I now observed him more closely. He would have been very handsome but for a fierce light — a quick, lightning-like glance that flashed from his eyes. I saw that a spark would enkindle his fiery nature into flame.

I finished my coffee and laid down my paper. As I did so, it fell from the edge and lightly struck the boot of the young Creole. I did not deem this of any consequence, but was reminded that it was regarded so by the young gentleman; for I had not gone three steps from my seat, when I felt his little finger laid very lightly upon my arm.

"Monsieur will apologise!" said the young man fixing his eyes upon me, and speaking in a low tone, with an extraordinary emphasis upon the last word.

"For what should I apologise, Monsieur?" I asked in surprise.

"For letting that Gazette touch my person."

"It fell from the table," I said half angrily, yet amused at his serious manner.

"Monsieur must apologise," he repeated in the same tone as before. It was not a demanding nor authoritative one, but quiet, earnest, positive.

"I have no apology to make, Monsieur. The idea is absurd. You jest."

"I am in earnest," he said seriously, his eyes fairly blazing.

"So am I, Monsieur."

I was passing on, when he laid his fore-finger again lightly upon my

arm and then drew from his vest pocket a richly inlaid card-case and taking from it a card, with a formal and marked bow, presented it between two fingers towards me. I took it and read,

M. JULES DE VERAUX,

Rue Corondelet.

I bowed respectfully to M. Jules de Vereaux, and in return for his courtesy gave him my own card, as the most quiet way of settling the little affair for the moment; though I well knew this interesting person according to the interpretation of this act among duellists, regarded it as an acceptance of his polite proposition (in giving his card) to arrange the matter by a duel. But I had no intention of fighting my mercurial friend, as I did not feel myself bound to be governed by the laws of any court of duellists. What the result of giving my card in return would have been, and whether I should have had to meet M. Jules de Vereaux and be run through the body for letting a newspaper fall from the corner of a table and hitting the toe of his boot, I cannot tell; as a new circumstance at once transpired which placed my fiery antagonist in a position quite different from that in which he had stood a moment before.

After receiving my card and address, he very politely touched his hat; the fire in his eyes became milder, a smile of satisfaction rested on his lips, and he turned and walked away, after saying blandly, with a graceful curve of his jewelled hand,

"Monsieur shall hear from me."

I bowed in acknowledgment of his kind intention respecting me, and was beginning to turn over in my mind how I should avoid a rencontre with this amiable young man; for, as I resolved not to accept the challenge which I knew he would shortly honor me with, I was well aware he would not fail, according to the laws made and provided in such cases, to attack me openly in the streets. This attack I resolved to abide; for it is one thing to meet a man in a duel and another to defend one's life in a chance encounter. The guilt of the duellist could never attach to the hand of one who slays him who attacks him seeking for his life. So I resolved to refuse the challenge, and prepare to defend myself, should this sensitive young gentleman see fit to assault me.

But there proved to be no necessity that I should trouble myself about coming to any decision. The young man, my antagonist, absorbed in his affair with me, was walking out of the café forgetful of his bill. He was just disappearing outside of the Venetian screen which stands before the open doors of all cafés, when the keeper of the café said, politely—

"Monsieur has forgotten to pay for his wine!"

The young Creole stopped and fixing his eyes upon him with flashing rage, said,

"How dare you stop me! Do you think I am going to cheat you! Take that!" and he threw a dollar at the man's head with such force that the man uttered a cry of pain, and began venting his wrath in a

voluble chain of Gascon curses. One or two epithets applied to him infuriated the young Creole, and with a countenance livid with rage he drew from his waistband a large broad-bladed stiletto, and sprang upon the man. Before any hand could interfere to arrest the blow, the flashing knife had descended into his bosom, and the haft struck audibly against the breast bone. Not satisfied with this, the assassin drew it forth and with a second blow nearly severed the head of his victim from the body.

A cry of horror ran through the apartment as the murdered man fell in his blood upon the sanded floor. The murderer stood with the reeking knife in his uplifted hand, his right foot advanced and his eyes glaring with menacing fierceness upon those around. Some one flew to the door and shouted for the *gensdarmes*, and a young man who was sipping coffee rose from his table, drew a pistol and advancing upon him, called upon him "to surrender."

The only reply was a demoniacal smile of defiance, and a firmer grasp upon his gory weapon.

The young man slowly approached him with his pistol cocked, and the assassin's eye was fixed upon him and the hand that held the knife nervously worked as if he was meditating a leap and a blow. The eye of the other was cool and steady, and he evidently expected the attack, but was as plainly prepared to shoot him dead upon the spot if he moved to leap upon him. In this manner he had advanced within four feet of him, when the assassin's knife glanced like lightning, not aimed at his breast, but at the pistol barrel, which he struck with such force that it was knocked from his hand, and the brave youth stood at his mercy. The assassin would have followed up this blow by burying the knife in his breast, when a Yankee shingle speculator from the Penobscot caught up an immense waiter with which he covered his body as with a shield, and rushed bodily upon him. The assassin struck madly at this singular defence with his knife, but the Yankee pressing him closely, suddenly stooped and catching him by the feet overthrew him. The next moment he was disarmed and bound; and a little while afterwards three *gensdarmes* appearing, he was taken to prison.

This cold blooded murder produced no little sensation throughout the city; and as the young man was wealthy and connected with the first families in the State, the public interest was greatly augmented. Popular opinion was singularly divided as the day of his trial approached. Heavy bets were laid and readily taken up that he would not be convicted. It was known that counsel had been employed by his family to whom the enormous sum of twenty thousand dollars had been paid. Lovers of honorable and equitable administration of justice trembled for the result. But there were many who had faith in the integrity of the administrators of the laws, and that the assassin would not escape. The excitement among the lower orders was very high. It was the belief of this class that the murderer would elude justice by means of gold and family influence, and deep and vengeful were their oaths of retribution should he be acquitted.

The day of his trial came. The court was thronged, and the streets approaching it were crowded with an excited multitude.

Justice triumphed. He was convicted. Shouts rent the air at the announcement; and when the sentence was known that he was to be taken to his prison and thence, that day three weeks, led to the gallows for execution, the gratification of the concourse of people was not manifested by a shout as at first, but by a deep murmuring of satisfaction.

Jules de Vereaux, as we have said, belonged to one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families in New Orleans. He was naturally of a proud, haughty, imperious spirit, full of fiery passions, and very sensitive "in points of honor." He had shot a man (in a duel of course) for looking at him hard. He had called out another for accidentally puffing cigar smoke in his face. He had killed a third for speaking to his sister in a ball room without a proper introduction. He *might* have killed a fourth for letting a newspaper fall upon the toe of his boot; but we are safe, and M. Jules de Vereaux's card remains with us as a *memento mori* of himself.

The sister to whom I have alluded was one of the most beautiful females in the capitol of the South West. She was remarkable for her haughtiness and lofty spirit. She was like her brother, but less vicious. His evil qualities were tempered in her, and became aids to her fascinations. Men were bewildered by her beauty but feared her.

It is the night before the morning set for the execution of her brother. From the first intelligence of his deed of blood she had shut herself up from all save him. Twice the proud girl had been permitted to visit him; the first time just after his arrest, the second time after he received his sentence. She had now, within the last hour, obtained permission from the judge to visit him, to bid him an everlasting farewell.

She left her stately mansion in Corondelet street just after dark. Alone and veiled she entered the carriage that was awaiting her within the *porte-cochere*. It drove to the gloomy city prison and stopped. She alighted and presented her ticket of admission to the keeper. Bars and bolts were removed before her and she was guided along a dark corridor, and then descended into another that was beneath the foundations of the prison. At an iron-cased door at the extremity, the *gendarme* who was her guide, stopped, and removing the bolt and massive bar, threw it open.

"Madame will find the condemned there," he said coldly.

"Monsieur will please retire to the end of the passage," she said, in a firm voice; and the man felt a piece of coin fall into his palm. By the weight he knew it was gold, and without looking at it he answered respectfully—

"Oui, Madame. You shall be obeyed."

He then proceeded slowly to the extremity of the corridor, humming the air of the *Hymn Marsellois*. The young woman entered the condemned cell, holding in her hand the lamp which the *gendarme* had left with her. She with difficulty, so great was its ponderous weight, drew the door to after her. She stood a moment to let her eyes sur-

vey the gloom. From a corner rose to his feet with clanking chains, the figure of her brother. He had been sleeping, and the light did what the noise of bars and bolts could not do—awoke him. He stared wildly at his sister. She was veiled and clad in mourning. He was pale, and an expression of keen suffering was manifest in his face. She lifted her veil and advancing a step pronounced his name. He clasped his hands together at hearing her voice and cried bitterly,

"So you have come to see me before I die!"

"Yes, brother!" she said, with singular resolution in her tones.

She was very, very pale; but there was an unusual energy in the expression of her countenance.

"You cannot save me, then?" he asked eagerly, yet as if he had no hope.

"It is impossible, Jules! Every means has been tried. Gold has been offered without limit. But the officers will not be corrupted."

"Then I must die. I must swing like a felon from the gallows! Made the mock of the canaille! This is madness!"

And lifting his chained hands above his head, he clasped them together with an air of mingled defiance and horror.

"You shall not hang upon the gallows, Jules," said his sister firmly, her black eyes lighting up with an extraordinary fire.

"Can you save me, then?" he exclaimed, seizing her hand and earnestly regarding the workings of her countenance.

"Yes, *from dishonor!*" she said, in a deep tone.

He stood silent. He covered his face with his hands. He shook from head to foot like an aspen. He had comprehended her! He knew her proud, determined spirit too well not to understand his sister's dreadful meaning. He groaned heavily.

"I *dare* not!" he said faintly.

"You *must*! You shall not die on the gallows! You shall not leave infamy to all of your name! You shall die like a Vereaux! You shall die like a *man*!"

"Sister!"

"Here is what will save the honor of your family. I have brought it with me. Take it, and after I embrace you, let the point boldly find your heart."

"I would rather live till to-morrow! Life is sweet. One night and a few hours to-morrow is a long life to one condemned to die."

"This is weakness, Jules! I have come here on a sacred errand. My time is limited. I will not be defeated. The honor of our family must be preserved. Now let me embrace thee!"

She threw her arms about his neck and as she kissed his cheek her tears fast trickled upon his chains. She disengaged herself and stood up. She had left the dagger in his hand!

"Sister, this is fearful! *Must* I die!"

"Are you a *man* and ask me? Die, bravely and honorably! 'Tis but a stroke! Die, and cheat the raging mob of their revenge! Will you hang dangling in the air to be a spectacle of scorn and mockery! No, brother! Thank me that I have placed in your hand the means of rescuing your name from infamy."

"Sister, farewell!" he said in a trembling voice. "Give me your hand! Let me press it once more to my lips! Farewell! It is a dreadful thing to die so soon! But I must! Farewell!"

He raised his agitated arm to give the blow! His hand trembled. She veiled her face with her hands and sunk upon her knees. She heard the fatal blow given!—the heavy fall! She offered some wild words of prayer for his soul, and after a moment's silence rose and gazed upon him. He had given the blow with unerring certainty. The stiletto was in his breast, and he was lying perfectly dead at her feet!

This extraordinary young woman was arrested for the murder, but acquitted, the *gendarme* having at the moment come to the door and seen the prisoner strike the blow himself. Whether Jules de Vereaux "rescued his name from infamy" by committing suicide, is a question we shall leave for adjustment to a committee of our readers. We have recorded only the facts as they transpired, for in the tale there is more of fact than fiction.

OF SELF-PRAISING.

HE whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his own worth.—Such boasting sounds proceed from emptiness of desert; whereas the conquerors in the Olympian games did not put on the laurels on their own heads, but waited till some other did it. Only anchorites, that want company, may crown themselves with their own commendations.

It showeth more wit, but no less vanity, to commend one's self, not in a straight line, but by reflection. Some sail to the port of their own praise by a side wind; as when they dispraise themselves, stripping themselves naked of what is their due, that the modesty of the beholders may clothe them with it again; or when they flatter another to his face, tossing the ball to him that he may throw it back again to them; or when they commend that quality, wherein themselves excel, in another man (though absent) whom all know far their inferior in that faculty; or, lastly, (to omit other ambushes men set to surprise praise,) when they send the children of their own brain to be nursed by another man, and commend their own works in a third person, but if challenged by the company that they were authors of them themselves, with their tongues they faintly deny it, and with their faces strongly affirm it.

Self-praising comes most naturally from a man when it comes most violently from him in his own defence; for, though modesty binds a man's tongue to the peace in this point, yet, being assaulted in his credit, he may stand upon his guard, and then he doth not so much praise as purge himself. One braved a gentleman to his face, that, in skill and valour, he came far behind him. "It is true," said the other; "for, when I fought with you, you run away before me." In such a case it was well returned, and without any just aspersion of pride. — *Thomas Fuller.*

Original.

THE TIME OF DEATH UNKNOWN.

An Address delivered at the funeral of Bro. JEREMIAH RICHARDS, P. G. of Siloam Lodge, No. 2, who died April 20th, 1844, aged 26 years.

BY REV. BRO. OTIS A. SKINNER.

THAT all must die is a truth which at times forces itself with peculiar power upon the mind. The present is one of those times. Before us is sleeping in the cold embrace of death, one who has fallen in early manhood. Though bound to earth by the strongest ties of affection, and though kindness and skill exerted their utmost energies to prolong his days, he has fallen;—and like him we must all fall. Yes, *all*. Not only the aged who are here, with their silvery locks, but the vigorous and young, all must go hence to be here no more. How solemn the reflection. In a few years, not one of that busy multitude now thronging our streets, so full of life and gaiety, so eager for wealth and honor and power, will be living. The voice of the merry and sad will be hushed, and the hearts of the proud and the humble will be lifeless! Another generation will occupy their places for a brief season, and then pass away to give room for their successors. Thus generation will succeed generation, while the sun and the moon shall endure.

But though all who are born must die, the time of our departure is wholly unknown. The young know not whether they will die in youth, or in the vigor of manhood, or be spared to old age. If we examine the graves of the departed, we see that those of all ages, from the tenderest infant, to the oldest pilgrim, are sleeping in its silent mansions. There rest infant children. They passed away in innocence, before they were stained by coming in contact with the corruptions of the world, or they were capable of knowing what it was to battle with sin and struggle with life's disappointments. From how many evils were they saved! Favored children, whose spirits have joined the assembly of heaven, and are rejoicing with angels and just men made perfect!

The mansions of the dead also contain youth. Alas! how many who had just begun to put forth the buds of hope, and to give bright promise of future greatness and honor and usefulness, have suddenly gone to their long home. At a moment when the least expected, and when doating parents were indulging in fond anticipations, death came, and chilled the heart warm with love, withered the rose blooming upon the face of beauty, and dimmed the eye sparkling with intelligence and life. O what floods of tears have been shed over the graves of youth! In the homes of the dead sleep also those who have fallen in the meridian of their days. If there is any period when

we may seem to have some claim to life and feel ourselves secure in its possession, it is in this period. We have survived the feebleness of infancy, the diseases and accidents of youth, and our constitutions have had an opportunity to gain strength and firmness, and we almost say with a confidence knowing no doubt or distrust—*Life for a season is secure, death cannot come till old age begins to visit us with its infirmities and diseases.* But alas! how vain is such a confidence! How futile are all such hopes! There is no moment of manhood when death may not come as well as in infancy or youth. How forcibly is this truth urged home upon us by the death of him now resting before this altar! With what truth can it be said, the time of our departure hence is unknown.

But why is it unknown? Why has death the control over all seasons? Why is not one moment, which we can call our own, given us? Why must we go, whenever the summons comes, however great may be our responsibilities, however strong our attachments to earth, however numerous our engagements, however unprepared we may be, or whatever may be our age? An answer to these inquiries, will not only show us the wisdom and goodness of the Divine dealings, but aid in fitting us for whatever changes we may be appointed to meet. I remark then,

1. That if the time of our departure were not hidden, life to a large proportion of mankind, would be all gloom and sadness. It would be such to those doomed to an early death. Seeing their days were few, they would sit down in despondency, like the poor prisoner whose day of execution is fixed. The business of life would not engage their attention; for they would have no motive to toil. Generosity, it is true, might rouse them to action, though there would be but a few in whom it could overcome the deep melancholy which must inevitably result from the near and certain approach of death. Hope, that mighty spring of human action, would be crushed, so far as this world is concerned. And without this what would man be? It is hope that stimulates the child which applies itself diligently to study. It is hope that makes the youth bend all his energies to the acquisition of knowledge. And it is hope that cheers and urges on those who give themselves to wearying labor. Yes—all are looking forward to a time, when they will be amply rewarded for what labor they perform, what sacrifices they make, what hardships they endure. They look for their reward in the advantages of knowledge, in the blessings of competency and wealth, and in the pleasures of honor and influence. Hope, with its golden colors, paints before them, many long years of true happiness; and that happiness derives one of its greatest attractions from their ignorance of the time when those years shall end. They stretch off far into the future. Indeed, who is not expecting to live to advanced age? True, the conviction may at times steal over us, that death is near, but that conviction soon wears away, unless deepened by wasting disease.

Now all this stimulus to action would be removed from those who should have disclosed to them that they would die young. Not only would this be removed, but an oppressive sadness would prey upon

their spirits. They would not even have the cheerfulness common to those dangerously ill; for sickness and pain prepare them for their great and last change, while the others would have the benefit of no such agencies. They would be standing at death's door in the full vigor of health. How much then, would it diminish the amount of human happiness and human exertion to have the time of death made known. Surely, God has been as kind in the knowledge withheld, as in the knowledge bestowed.

2. Were the time of death revealed, it would have an injurious effect upon those who were to live to an advanced age. He who imagines he has an abundance of time for the accomplishment of an object, is not likely to be as assiduous in his exertions, as one whose time is limited. Not only so. He who imagines that he has a superabundance of time guaranteed to him for an undertaking, will not pursue his work so faithfully and perseveringly, as he who is uncertain with regard to the time allotted. What we think may be done at any time, is apt to be postponed to the last moment. Hence if any knew they were to live to an advanced age, they would not be so likely, as under the present arrangement, to attend to each duty in its season. They would be prone to procrastinate; they would say, "We have time enough;" and thus the earliest and best part of their existence might be thrown away.

The effect of such a disclosure upon the religious character, would if possible be much worse. All admit that the certainty of death has a great influence upon our conduct. It humbles our pride, checks our presumptuousness, and does much towards preventing an undue attachment to things temporal. Besides, it gives a value to religion which nothing else has power to impart. Religion, I know, would be of inexpressible worth, were we to live forever in this world. Nothing can guide us in such pleasant paths, so effectually guard us against dangers, render duty so agreeable, or open so many sources of true happiness. But valuable as it is for life, it is equally, if not more valuable, for death. Nothing else has power to light up the dark valley through which all must pass, and give us the firm assurance that God's mercy will be perpetually our shield and support. Nothing else has power to prepare us for our last change and give us the penitence, the faith and the hope we need. Nothing else can reveal the glories of that world, where neither death nor sorrow shall be experienced, where Jesus and angels shall be our companions, and joy that is endless and ever increasing shall be our portion. Nothing else can enable us to realize, that

"The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct; they hold their way
In glory through the sky."

Now when we know that death may come at any time, we feel a special necessity for wearing constantly our Christian armor, and being always guided, sustained and sanctified by the gospel. But let us know that death is far, very far distant, and that though we may waste years and years, we shall have time to prepare for its call, and the in-

fluence of religion would be greatly diminished. It could not be otherwise, so far as it regards childhood, youth and early manhood. If then, our ignorance of the time when we shall die, makes us more mindful of religion, we ought to thank God for that ignorance ; for happy is he whose life is governed by the religion of Jesus.

3. Were the time of death revealed, it could not do so much as it does now, towards improving our hearts, making us feel our dependence, and awakening within us a true sympathy and love. In consequence of the present arrangement, death comes under all circumstances. It comes to those who have just been exalted to high stations of honor, and in whom a nation has reposed its confidence. It comes to parents when far from their homes, and in the land of strangers, and no fond hand is near to administer the refreshing cordial or seal the closing eye. It comes to the youthful husband, who has just taken with a true and happy heart, those sacred vows which have made him one for life with her in whom his affections centered, and whose happiness was dearer to him than all of earth's honors and treasures. Now did we know the time of death, we could prevent its approach under these strangely afflicted circumstances.

Nor is this all. Under the present arrangement death often comes when least expected, and with scarce a moment's premonition. He that goes out in the morning to his daily toil, full of strength and vigor, knows not that he ever will return ; and he that retires at night to his couch of rest, knows not that he will ever again open his eyes to gaze upon his devoted friends or the beauties of creation. How much does this fearful uncertainty, which is constantly hanging over us, do towards making us feel our dependence upon God, and strengthening the ties of our love. How many are the evil thoughts which it prevents from rising within us ; how many the bitter words which it guards us against uttering, and how many the unholy acts which it restrains us from committing. Who has not felt its power in the hour of dark temptation, and been held back by it from rushing into fearful evils ?

Besides, when death comes suddenly, the impressions it makes are deeper and more lasting, and its effect upon the community where it occurs, wider and more thrilling, than when it comes with the slow and painful tread with which it sometimes approaches. Who has not seen a whole city instantly roused from its thoughtlessness, by the unexpected departure of one of its honored citizens ?

There is another fact which should claim our attention here. The more varied that the circumstances of death are, the greater is the beneficial influence it exerts. Did all die suddenly, or did they die lingeringly, or did they die at a given age, or did they die of the same disease, there would be a sameness in the work of death, which would render it incapable of producing the effect we now witness. It could not speak to so many classes as it now does ; it could not utter such various notes of warning ; its voice would not find its way to such thoughtless, careless hearts. Coming as it now does, at all times and in all ways, and to all ages, classes, and conditions, it compels all to pause and think ; makes the rich feel that they need spiritual wealth,

the honored that they need a higher source of comfort than human applause ; the robust that they need a firmer arm on which to rely than one of flesh, and the young that though fair and comely and vigorous, they are liable at any moment to drop into the tomb.

Thus we see the greatness of God's wisdom and goodness, in making the circumstances of death so various. This arrangement gives existence to virtues which could not otherwise grow in the "field of mortality." It creates ties as strong as those it severs, and makes spring up from the various changes of life, some virtue characteristic of the spot which produced it. The greater the affliction which death produces, the purer is the sympathy awakened, and the more generous and active the love.

Such, mourners and brethren, are some of the reasons why God has hidden from our view, the time when we are to go hence. And are we not all ready to acknowledge, that he was wise and good, in thus veiling our minds ? True, it makes death more afflictive, and gives it power to inflict deeper wounds and spread over us a thicker gloom. But adversity is a school in which we learn some of the most important lessons of life ; and as night brings out the fair and lovely stars hidden from our view, so trials bring forth virtues which are the glory of the soul, and which open to it sources of unmingled joy.

"The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still."

But though to us the time of our death is unknown, it is not unknown to God. He sees all that is future, the same as what is now passing. Not only the fate of proud empires and mighty nations is known to him, but the termination of each individual's life. "Known unto God are all things from the beginning of the world." Not only does he foreknow the time of our departure hence, but he appointed the time. He hath determined the bounds of our habitation. Chance has no agency in his realm ; his hand controls all things, and guides even the falling sparrow. And what affords still higher comfort, is the assurance we have, that the time of our death was appointed in wisdom and goodness. The knowledge of God is infinite and his goodness unbounded. It is impossible, therefore, that he should not select the best time. When overwhelmed with sorrow, we may feel otherwise. We may think that any other time would have been better for the departure of the friend whose loss we deplore ; but had some other time been selected, our feelings would have been the same. Oh ! when is the mother ready to give up her faithful son ? When is the wife ready to take the last look upon the face of her devoted husband ? — When is the brother ready to consign his brother to the cold grave ? — O, we could not choose, and therefore God chooses for us ; and how blessed is the thought, that he chooses in wisdom and love !

It is seldom that death comes under circumstances so trying and affecting as it came to him who is now cold and motionless before us. He was cut down when life was opening before him with flattering prospects. He was surrounded by relatives to whom he was tenderly attached, and who rejoiced in his success and happiness. He had a

large circle of friends, to whom he was endeared by his intelligence and many virtues. But a brief season since, he led to the marriage altar, with high hopes and pleasing anticipations, one to whom he was bound by holy and sacred ties ! Little did the happy company which gathered on that occasion, to participate in its joys, realize that in so short a period, the union then formed would be broken by death !— Little did I anticipate, when I then pronounced them one, that I should so soon be called to perform the sad duty which this day falls to my lot ! But if these circumstances render this event so painful to me, and painful to the friends of the deceased, what must be the feelings of his bereaved companion, and her parents and sisters to whom he had long been endeared ? and what too must be the feelings of his widowed mother, his devoted brother, and his large circle of relatives ?

Mourners ! great indeed is your affliction ; but remember, it was ordered by your infinite Friend. Seek for that submission which the gospel of Jesus gives. Put your trust in God ; receive to your hearts his promises of mercy, and let the thought that your friend has gone to a better world than this, comfort your souls. His trials are ended — his sufferings are over — his spirit has been admitted to that land where neither sorrow nor sin shall be known.

Would my feelings permit, I should be glad to say a word to her on whom this blow falls the heaviest. But I have witnessed too much of her grief to venture the attempt. I will only say therefore, though a dark cloud has gathered over you, and the sun of domestic happiness has thus early set, do not despair. Remember, God is still kind and gracious, and let his afflictions draw you nearer to him.

Before me I see a large fraternity of Brothers who have come to pay the last tribute of respect to one who was an ardent friend of their Institution, and an active and efficient member. How forcibly does his early death show that you know not the hour when your summons will come. It is this uncertainty which gives so much value to your Institution. Not knowing how soon you may be laid upon a sick bed, and require the aid which your Institution is designed to render, it gives to you a feeling of security to know, that when sickness comes, what your friends are unable to do for your comfort and relief, will be done by the brotherhood. Let me urge you then to walk worthy an Institution, the necessity of which arises in part from the accidents, misfortunes and trials of life. Let Jesus be your master and guide, and then when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you will fear no evil ; for you will know that in death as in life, God is your Friend, and Hope and Salvation. May the Lord be with us all forever. Amen.

LITERATURE has her Quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes ; those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility without depth : we shall get second-hand sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other.

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A GRECIAN philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was vain, replied, "I wept on that very account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to pretend that we whose eyes contain the fountain of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil, on which they pour, would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul,—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist; or bow quietly and drily down in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is to let them grapple with the most unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. I am writing at this moment, just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to me. I see from my window the trees about it, and the church-spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over head, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the

heart lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give me pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of my childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field, and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gayety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gayety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us, nor stood by us from conscious will in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could: the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive, but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time; much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory; as the moon reflects the light upon us, when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like myself quarrel with earthly pain, (I mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, any thing about abilities or otherwise,) they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavors at all times to turn pain into pleasure, or at least to set off the one with the other; to make the former a zest, and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this; and if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. I am far indeed from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain, when most unselfish; if disinterestedness be understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind, (and ill health, for instance, may draw it,) we should not quarrel with it, if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindliness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely

happy; but in our composition, something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the material may turn to as fine account as possible; though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children,—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself,—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humahity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children, in order to enjoy the rest: or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. I allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as I could render them. But if none at all ever took place, I should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived, what a world of endearing care and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons, who, in one sense, retain it always; and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle that must inhabit it. To such simplicity or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil;" losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

From "The Indicator."

[As an appropriate companion to the above beautiful essay, we give the following letter written by Roger Ascham to his wife Margaret, upon the death of their child, which we find in the third volume of Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*. We are told that the manuscript of the letter is incomplete, which will account for its abrupt close.]

MINE owne good Margaret, the more I thinck uppon oure sweete babe (as I do manye tymes bothe daye and night) the greater cawse I alwayes fynde of gevinge thanckes contynualle to God for his singuler goodnes bestowed at this tyme uppon the chyelde, youe, and me; even because it hath the rather pleased hym to take the chield to hymself into heaven, then to leave it here with us still in earthe. When I mused on the matter, as nature, fleshe, and fatherlye fantasies did cary me, I fownde nothinge but sorowes and care, whiche verie moche did vexe and trouble me. But, at the laste, forsaking theise worldiye

thoughts, and referinge me wholye to the will and order of God in the matter, I fownde suche a chaunge, suche a cause of joye, suche a plentie of Gods grace toward the chielde, and of his goodnes toward you and me, as neither my harte can comprehend all, nor yet my tongue expresse the twentie:h parte thereof. Neverthelesse, because God and good will hath so joyned you and me togeather, as we must be not onlye th' one comforte to th' other in sorowe, but also full partakers togeather in any joye: I could not but declare unto you what just cause I thinck bothe we two have of comforte, gladnesse, and joye, that God hathe so graciouslye dealt with us as he hathe. Mye first steppe from care to comforte was this: I thought God had done his will with our chield, and because God, of his goodnes, knoweth what is best, and by his goodnes ever will do best, I was by and by fullie perswaded the best that can be done is done with our chielde. But seeing Gods wisdom is unsearcheable with any mans hart, and Gods goodnes unspeakable with any mans tongue, I will come downe from soche high thoughts, and talke more sensyble with youe, and laye before youe suche matter, as maye be bothe a full comforte of all our cares past, and also a just cause of rejoisinge as longe as we live. You well remember our contynuall desyre and wishe, and our nightlye prayer to geather, that God would vouchsafe, by us, to encrease the number of this worlde; we wished that nature should beautifullie performe her worke by us: We did talke howe to bring upp our chield in learning and vertue; we had care to provyde for it, so as honest fortune should favour and follow it. And see, sweete Margaret, how mercifullie God hath dealt with us in all these points: For, what wishe could desyre, what prayer could crave, what nature could performe, what vertue coulde deserve, what fortune could offer, we have receaved, and our chielde dothe enjoye alreadye. And because our desyre (thancked be to God) was alwaye joyned with honestie, and our prayers mingled with feare, and applyant alwaies to the will and pleasure of God, God hath geven us more than we wished, and that which is better for us now, than we could thinck uppon then. But ye desyre to heare and knowe howe? Marrie even thus: We desyred to be made vessels to encrease the worlde, and it hath pleased God to make us vessels to increase heaven, which is the greatest honour to man, the greatest joye to heaven, the greatest spite to the devell, the greatest sorow to hell, that anye man can imagine. Secondarilye, When nature had performed that she coulde, Grace stepped forth, and toke our chielde from nature, and gave it suche gifts over and above the power of nature, as, wheare it could not creape in earthe by nature, it was made straight waye well able to goe to heaven by grace; it could not then speake by nature, and now it dothe praise God by grace; and yet thancked bee nature that she hath done all that she coulde doe; and blessed be grace that had done moche better then we coulde wishe she should do. Peradventure yet you do wishe, that nature had kept it from sicknes, and had preserved it from death a little longer; yea, but grace hath carried it wheare now no sicknes can follow it, and in steede of a short lief with long troubles on earthe, it doth now live a lief which shall never have end, with all inard joye in heaven. And now, Margaret, go too; I pray you tell me, and tell me

as you thinck: Do you love your sweete babe so litle, do you envie his happie state so moche, yea once to wishe, that nature shoulde rather have followed your pleasure, in keeping your chield in this myserable worlde, then grace shoulde purchase suche profit for your chielde, in bringing hym to suche felicitie in heaven? Thirdlye, You maye say unto me, yet if the chielde had lived in this worlde, it might have growen to suche goodnes and vertue, as might have tourned to great comfort to us, to good service to our contrey, and afterward to have deserved as high a place in heaven as it dothe nowe. Sweete Margaret, you say trothe, and I believe also it should so have done; but, when I consyder the daungerous passage throughe this worlde, the slipperie waye that youthe hath to walke in; when I see by experience, howe many children, by their frowardnes, be rather a care than a comfort to their parents, and howe that number is fewest that groweth to moste goodnes; I quyet my self with Gods doing and pleasure, whoe hath geven to our chielde alreadye the sure and certaine reward of vertue, and hath not left hym to the daunger of losse of suche benefitts. And yet see how merveilouslye God hath wrought the matter. In hollie Scripture, the lief of man is commonly lykened to two things; In one place it is called a contynuall warfare uppon earth; in another place it is called a ronninge for the best game. Nowe what dangerous enemyes dothe mans lief fighte withal; Even the devell, the worlde, and the fleshe. O Lord! how few overcome all theise three! How manye fight faintlye, how many fight not at all, yea, how many will fullie forsake the banner of God, and with might follow the devell, the worlde, the fleshe! It is fearful Margaret, to heare of this battaile, but more fearful to enter into it, and therefore moste joyful to be delivered from it. Agayne, all must ronne that purpose to wyne the game. Yet how slowe be we to ronne, manye scarce willing to goe, more readye to sitt downe and not sturr, and moste turninge a quyte contrarie waye bothe from God and his calling. But howe hath God dealt with our chielde for this daungerous battell, and this slipperie waye, even so as I cannot tell wheather his wisdom is more merveilous, or his goodnes more mercifull, and wheather you and I are more bounde to prayse hym for his wisdom, or all wayes to thanck hym for his goodnes? For he hath geven our chielde the victorie withoute fighting, and the garland withoute ronning; he hath geven unto hym the reward of vertue, before he could either doe or thinck uppon vertue, and therefore, Margaret, ought we two justlye to saye, Thie goodnes, O Lord, is parciall toward our chielde and us, and therefore let us also willinglye confesse and thanckfullye prayse God with David: Blessid be thou for ever and ever, O mercifull God, whoe hath not dealt thus with all nations and people. Fourthlye and lastlye, seing grace had purchased more by his death, then nature could have promysed by his lief; seing mercye hath freelye soe rewarded hym in heaven, as no vertue of it self can deserve in earth; surely Margaret, we might bewail the want of fortune, the last point in order I had to talke uppon. For if we understand good fortune, as men do understand it; The best waye is to growe greate in this worlde by honestie and good order, Yet the state of it in this worlde is so unstable, as no man of wisdom hath ever trusted to * * * * *

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Lodges of Wheeling, Va., on the 26th of April last, by Bro. J. B. B. HALE,
N. G. of Virginus Lodge, No. 3.

AMONG all the virtues which adorn the human character, that of Benevolence may be regarded as among the first. The benevolent man is to society what the oasis is to the desert, a green and fertile spot, whereon the weary traveller in his pilgrimage through this vale of sorrow, may recline in sweet repose. We are all subject to reverses of fortune, for it is said that "riches take to themselves wings and fly away." The millionaire of to-day may become the beggar of to-morrow, and the lowly subject of penury, who now asks alms at our hands, may, in the mutations of time, become the possessor of millions. Our tenure of existence is equally uncertain. Man is but the sport of time and circumstances. To-day the bright sun looks down and smiles upon his being — to-morrow the green grass waves over his tomb. How sudden the transition, and yet how full of instruction is this reflection that so soon we may become "the pale, the shadowy people of the grave!"

"The young, the brave,
The beautiful, whose gladdening voice and eyes
Made summer in a parent's heart, and gave
Light to their peopled homes; o'er land and wave
Are scattered fast and far as rose leaves fall
From the deserted stem. They find a grave
Far from the shadow of the ancestral hall,
A lonely bed is theirs' whose smiles were hope to all."

Since such are the reverses to which in the course of human life we are subjected, is it not a happy provision in the requirements of our beloved Order that we are bound by the strongest and closest of ties to relieve the necessities of our brethren — that we may in the wisdom of Providence, become the dispensers of joy and gladness to the widow and fatherless, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart.

THERE is but *one* pursuit in life, which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres, makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her; and zealously to labor after her wages is to receive them. Those that seek her early will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man, is a little heaven commencing on earth; where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, every safety from danger, resource from sterility, and subjugated passion, "like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THOUGHTS FOR THE SUMMER-TIME.

WE are now in the midst of the abundant and glorious summer-time. Pleasantly to our eyes waves its green garniture, and pleasantly breathes the fragrance of its flowers. What earthly tabernacle, what cathedral of human building, is so rich and beautiful as Nature, this great temple of our God, which he himself hath built? * It is filled not only with symbols, but with living and breathing inscriptions of the Deity. Its organs utter the "unwritten music," and its psaltery is the flushed and kindling clouds. Every where about us we are met by some oracle of worship, and sights, and sounds, and feelings, that lift our souls to fresher and purer communion with God. Emphatically is it seen to be true, in the summer-time, that "the earth is full of His goodness." We feel it in the luxurious air, and in the wave of the dewy grass. We see it in the ocean that unrolls its wreathed splendor before us,—in the sky that hangs its serene and stormy aspects over us. If we contemplate these merely as things of beauty, they become to us witnesses of that goodness, which has supplied us not merely with the *necessary* and the *useful*, but, in its superabounding Providence, has surrounded us with creations that cheer and delight us. But not only do the aspects of the summer-time appeal to our sense of the beautiful; they are manifestations of the Wisdom, the Love, that created and that sustains us. They are its legible declarations, its articulate voices, its transparent veils full of revelation!

For, if from the contemplation of the merely *beautiful*, which is now so rife, we proceed to consider the *useful*, which grows profusely around us, our hearts must swell with even a fuller sense of the goodness of God. What vast interests are staked upon the processes of nature at this season of the year! The food, the comfort, the life of millions, depend upon a due income of heat and moisture—upon the ordinances of heaven, and the observances of earth. This is the seasoning of ripening—the time of promise. The reaper makes ready his sickle, and the husbandman watches anxiously the putting forth of "the full corn in the ear." He has sowed, he has planted, he has watered; and the exhausted *human* agency must now depend upon the operation of the *Divine*. And how surely, though mysteriously,

that work goes on ! Beyond our power, and beyond our knowledge, yet with what unerring exactness ! The whole of nature is aroused and laboring for the welfare of man. Every artery is full of teeming force, every sinew is strained and bony, every element in the sprigs of the mountain, the womb of the earth, and the alembic of the clouds, is moving to accomplish the design of Infinite Benevolence. And as we see the inscrutable operation of the Invisible Power around us, how thankful should we be, that it is the Power of Love, working in upon our agency with benevolent aid for those results that are absolutely necessary to our welfare, and enabling us, from its nature, to anticipate a blessing !

Among all the agents which this Infinite Benevolence has chosen, there are none of more apparent use than the *sunshine* and the *rain*. Whatever may be the secret influences which affect the useful products of the earth, there is none whose agency is more preferable. — *Sunshine* and *Rain* ! — mingled in due proportion — for these the husbandman prays — upon these the plant and the grain depend. Appropriately are these selected as emblems of the Divine Beneficence — like that, they come down from heaven — like that, their measure is not stinted — like that, they bathe and overflow the world — like that, they are essential to the well-being of all things. Go, follow the sunshine over all the face of the earth, from the first smile of the morning to the quivering of the twilight ! How all things gladden beneath its light — how like a benediction it enters the homes of all men ! Not a spot on the lonely ocean — not a crag on the lofty mountain, but feels and kindles at its presence. All things live and move in it. — Over and over the round earth flows its sea of light, and at the breaking in of its first wave, what life and joy spring up, as if new-born, in the homes of men ! The watchful eye of the sick glistens at its coming, and the poor rise up from their scanty beds and go out with new strength. The dewey tears of the earth reflect those beams, and it becomes spangled with stars numerous as those beneath which it wept last night. And so from day to day it flows on, unchecked, inexhaustible in its bounty and its blessings. And as we look upon it, or upon the brimming rain, equally blessed in its ministrations, equally full and impartial in its bounty, have we not a beautiful illustration of the Beneficence which made and gives them both ?

But not only is the Divine Beneficence illustrated by these great agents of the ocean, the sunshine and the rain, they teach us to imitate it. “He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good,” said the Saviour, “and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.” And we are referred to this beautiful fact in order that we may learn the great lesson of universal divinity — in order that we may cherish in our own bosoms a love which forgives and prays for its enemies, which sheds a smile of benediction, or a tear of pity, upon the very hand that smites it. Oh ! why will not the rich, the oppressive, the mean, the sensual, look out upon their wide-spread brethren of the human race, and heed the teaching of the sun-shine and the rain. The Beneficence of God thus gushing out over the just and the unjust, bids us rise above our low and selfish moralities, our mean sectarisms and

clanships, and do good to all men, ay, even to those who have pierced and wounded us. Universal charity, let us learn this in the sunshine that beams and the shower that descends for all men.

Such are some of the thoughts suggested by the summer-season.

CONSTITUTION AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE G. LODGE
OF THE UNITED STATES.

WE have *purchased* a copy of this work, which contains the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the U. S. of I. O. O. F., and its proceedings up to September, 1843. It must be seen, at a glance, that this is a most valuable book, as a matter of reference and of history. As the Order increases, too, its legislation will necessarily become more complicated and important, and facts and precedents assume a proportionate consequence. This work will answer the want in these respects. It could not have fallen into better hands than those of G. Secretary Treadwell. We cordially recommend it, not only to every P. G., but to every Odd Fellow. The volume is embellished with portraits of all the P. G. Sires, of the present G. Sire, and of the capable and faithful G. Secretary of the G. L. U. S. We have never seen P. G. Sire Perkins, we never saw P. G. Sire Keyser. The portrait of P. G. S. Glazier is tolerable; that of P. G. S. Gettys, we think a good one; that of P. G. S. Kennedy is excellent, and every body knows that the portrait of P. G. S. Wildey is capital. We are not so well pleased with the portrait of our present Grand Sire. But as to that which is *meant* for a likeness of our good Brother Ridgley,——!

Our

"Answer is a silent one,
More eloquent than words!"

ODD-FELLOWSHIP ON THE KENNEBEC.

PURSUANT to an invitation from Sabattis and Cushnoc Lodges, Augusta, and Natahnis Lodge, Gardiner, we visited the first-named place for the purpose of delivering an address before the Order, on the fourth of July last. We were glad of this opportunity not only to visit the brethren on the Kennebec, but to see the scenery of that portion of our country. We started from Boston on the evening of the 2d July, and when we went on deck in the morning, we were already in the embrace of the beautiful river; and much enjoyed our passage up to Hallowell, by Bath, Gardiner, and through the winding waters of Merry-meeting Bay. There are few journeys in our country that will afford more pleasure than this, and we advise those who have never sailed up the Kennebec, to give that trip a prominent place in the list of their intended towns. We have not time now to enter

into details. We found Augusta one of the most pleasant towns of New England, which with all the bleakness of her coast and rudeness of her soil, has so many resting among her hills and lying on the banks of her noble rivers. But we found something to please us besides the beauties of the scenery. We found the Odd Fellows of the Kennebec to consist of the very cream of the young men, and some of the old men too of that region. They are both brothers and gentlemen, and the Order is flourishing with the prosperity of a rapid and also a wholesome growth. The fourth passed off most pleasantly. In addition to our address, the following extract will give our readers some idea of the exercises of the day. In the meantime, let us say, prosperity to the brethren of Maine! Our visit among them lingers very pleasantly in our memory.

The exercises commenced with Music by the Band. A fervent and appropriate prayer, was offered to the throne of grace by Rev. WILLIAM A. DREW, Chaplain of Cushnoc Lodge, followed by a spirited Song, written by the poet James Montgomery, "for a society whose motto was Friendship, Love, and Truth." The Declaration of Independence was then read by the President of the Day, JOHN D. KINSMAN, P. G. of Ligonja Lodge, Portland, whose impressive and graceful delivery was much admired. The following beautiful Ode, written for the occasion by BENJ. A. G. FULLER, N. G. Sabattis Lodge, was then sung by the choir :

ODE.

CHORUS.

Hail to bright Friendship and Truth from above!
By Honor united, they blend into Love.

(Repeated with each stanza.)

Widely the fame of our Order is spreading,
Though far in dim ages it claimeth its birth ;
And soon shall its virtues in mildness be shedding
Their pure, hallowed lustre abroad o'er the earth.

No longer the pilgrim, in foreign lands straying,
Unheeded and cheerless a stranger shall roam ;
For the warm hand of Friendship, a true heart betraying,
Shall lead to the joys and the solace of home.

Beside the pale form of the feeble and dying,
Kind Sympathy watches, unwearied by care ;
And smooths the sad couch where a brother is lying,
And ministers balm to his spirit—in prayer.

Gladly the desolate widow is telling
Of comforts which Charity's hand doth bestow ;
And the heart of the orphan is gratefully swelling
With thanks to the source whence his blessings do flow.

Our secrecy aims not to cloak our transgressions,
But make us more faithful, united and true ;
While Faith, by our emblem, e'er points the confession,
The All seeing Eye holds us ever in view.

Then wide let the fame of our Order be spreading,
 Though far in dim ages it claimeth its birth;
 And soon may its virtues in mildness be shedding
 Their pure hallowed lustre abroad o'er the earth.

The exercises at the meeting-house being closed with a Benediction, pronounced by J. P. WESTON, Chaplain of Natahnis Lodge, the procession was again formed and conducted to the green, south of the Court House, where a spacious pavilion beautifully decorated, covering tables bountifully supplied with every good of the season and of the New England market, had been prepared by HENRY JOHNSON, Esq., of the Cushnoc House—where about three hundred Odd Fellows, Ladies, and Guests, sat down to enjoy the feast of delicious viands, which was succeeded by a “feast of reason and flow of soul,” not less acceptable for being accompanied only by pure cold water as a beverage. Patriarch JOHN D. KINSMAN presided with much grace and tact. The Regular Toasts were given with effect by Bro. DANIEL C. WESTON, and received with hearty rounds of applause. The intervals between the toasts were made felicitous by strains of sweet music from the Augusta Band. We here subjoin a few of the toasts given.

1. *The Independence of the United States.*—Faith hoped for! By Hope obtained! By Charity cemented!

2. *The Grand Lodge of the State of Maine.*—Let “Love” be the “Dirigo” upon its escutcheon.

3. *The Signers of the Declaration of Independence.*—They constituted a Lodge of Odd Fellows by which George III. and other Kings were initiated into the mysteries of civil and political liberty.

By Bro. Daniel C. Weston—Warden of Sabattis Lodge.

The Soldiers of the Revolution.—The Odd Fellows of 1776, who, although not much versed in the mysteries of our Order, knew well enough how to form “encampments,” and, as British historians tell us, also knew when and how to throw “black balls.”

By Br. Theodore C. Hersey, P. G. of Ligonis Lodge.

The Ladies of Augusta.—If those who decorated this pavilion are *odd*, the taste they have displayed is proof positive, that they should be *even*.

By Patriarch Emerson, of New Hampshire.

Friendship, Love and Truth.—A chain of three links; but a tremendous long one, for I never knew an Odd Fellow but had hold of it.

By Bro. E. S. J. Nealley, P. G. of Lincoln Lodge.

Our Bachelor Brothers.—May they soon add to the pledge they have taken, the pledge of matrimony, and be prepared to receive with a good grace all the little pledges that follow.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THIS body meets on the first Monday in September, in the city of Baltimore. The number of representatives will be much increased, from the fact that several of the States have formed Grand Lodges since its last session.

GRAND LODGE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE increase of the Order in this State has been without precedent. The first Lodge in the State was instituted last September, and the P. G's of the several Lodges met at Concord on the 9th (July,) inst. for the purpose of forming a Grand Lodge, when the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year:

David Philbrick, M. W. G. Master; Eben Francis, R. W. D. Master; Walter French, R. W. G. Warden; G. H. H. Silby, R. W. G. Secretary; Charles T. Gill, R. W. G. Treasurer; G. W. Montgomery, R. W. G. Chaplain; and were duly installed into their respective offices by D. D. G. S. Guild, assisted by P. G. Master Hersey of Massachusetts.

Walter French, was elected Grand Representative. — *The Oasis.*

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THIS body meets in this city on the first Thursday in August, (1st day.) It is the annual session, and therefore the most important of the year. Besides other business, the election of officers takes place, and every representative should be punctually present.

DEGREE LODGE.

IT seems to us that there should be a regularly chartered Degree Lodge in our city, in order that there may be uniformity in the work throughout the State. Let this matter to which we only allude now, be considered by our brethren.

DELINQUENTS.

WE have some few subscribers who have never paid their subscriptions to the Symbol, though they have received it regularly from the commencement, and their bills have been presented for payment. We can't understand why this is so; we can assure them we need the money when we ask for it, and we have no disposition to believe they wish to wrong us out of our just due, though in some cases we are sorry to say, we have been obliged to discontinue sending the magazine where subscribers have changed their place of residence without notifying us of the same, and who were indebted to us. If we have any delinquent subscribers, who are not able to pay their subscriptions, by informing us of the fact, we will cheerfully give in the amount, though we can ill afford to do so. But it will save us the trouble and expense of frequently sending in their bills, but who as often put us off in their payment till some more "convenient season." We hope that all who are interested, will think of these things, and, as Odd Fellows, take such course as they may deem proper.

THE INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW,

HAS come to us in an enlarged and improved form. Bro. Ford *knows* that we wish him success, for he is both an *Odd-Fellow* and a *good-Fellow*. We know many more of the same stamp in the city of Richmond; some, like Bro. McCabe, we should be glad to welcome to our columns. We do not wish to decoy away any of Bro. F.'s contributors, although it would, perhaps, be a fair retort, as he did not credit us for the story "*Sylvius*," which he selected from the Symbol.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

WE did not mean to neglect noticing this periodical so long as we have, and we assure Bros. Phelps and Stewart, that it has not proceeded from lack of good will. "The Golden Rule," we would inform our readers, is a weekly paper, in the quarto form, eight pages per number, published at three dollars per year. We have not time to read one half the matter that lies on hand, but we should judge that it is edited with much ability, and our eye is now upon the leading editorial, in the paper of June 29th, which we are inclined to copy, believing that it is calculated to do good. Success to the "Golden Rule."

Celebration in Maine. — We learn from the Portland American (received just as our magazine was going to press,) that there is to be a great celebration of the I. O. O. F., in that city on the 23d inst. Extensive preparations are making for the occasion. A collation will be served up under the great Pavilion. 2000 persons can be accommodated. The brethren will appear in full regalia. Oration by Hon. WM. PITT FESSENDEN. A cordial invitation is extended to the brethren in New England to be present. We hope there may be a large delegation from Boston.

New Carrier. — We have employed a new carrier to deliver the Symbol in the city. Should any of our city subscribers fail to receive their magazine, they will please to give notice of the same at the office of publication.

To Agents. — Agents holding monies on our account, would confer a favor by forwarding us the same at their earliest convenience.

New Lodges. — "King Philip Lodge," No. 44. of I. O. O. F. was instituted at Taunton on Monday evening last.

Application has been made for the institution of a Lodge at Framingham, to be called "Framingham Lodge," No. 45.

We understand that a Lodge is about to be formed at Hallowell, Me.

LAWS OF THE ORDER.

To prevent mistake and correct the misapprehension that exist on the subject of visitation and deposit of cards, we publish the only laws on the subject now in force.

"No individual claiming to visit or deposit his card in a Lodge of these United States, shall be so admitted unless he present a regular card, signed by the N. G. and attested by the Secretary, under the seal of the Lodge, and the name of the individual holding said card be endorsed thereon in his own proper hand writing. — Provided, nevertheless, a Brother may always visit if introduced by a Grand Representative, or other elective officer of the Grand Lodge under whose jurisdiction he wishes to visit." — [Journal Sept. Session, 1843, page 100.]

He shall have the A. T. P. W., and be able to work his way. — [Proclamation of G. Sire Hopkins and Ancient Usage, Nov. 1843.]

Other test may be required, in cases of distrust, doubt or suspicion only. — [Ancient Usage.]

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND SIREs.

These important officers are respectfully referred to the following order: —

"That in addition to the duties now imposed on them, it shall be their duty to examine all reports from Subordinate Lodges and Encampments under their jurisdiction, and to have them correct, as far as practicable, before they are forwarded to the Cor. Sec'y." — [Journal Sept. Session, 1843, page 210.]

These reports must embody the following information:

The Name and No. — Where held — Time of Meeting — Initiations and Names — Admitted by Card and Names — Withdrawn by Card and Names — Reinstated and Names — Suspended, Name and Cause — Expelled, Name and Cause — Deaths — No. of Degrees conferred — No. of Contributing Members, designating their rank — Amount of Receipts — 10 per centum due G. L. U. S. — Names of Officers elected and installed — Signature of Officers and Seal of the Lodge.

These reports must be made quarterly by Lodges, and may be made semi-annually by Encampments, and must as to terms conform to the following law: —

"Annual reports from the 1st July to June the 30, inclusive; semi-annual reports from July 1st to Dec. 30th inclusive; quarterly reports to be made up for the corresponding periods, commencing respectively on the 1st days of July, October, January, and April, each year."

To enable Lodges and Encampments to comply with this law it is further provided.

"That in all cases where the longest part of their terms (seven weeks or more) under their present regulations, shall have expired, they are authorised to make one short term, so as to end the quarter at one of the above specified dates — and where less than seven weeks of a quarter shall have expired, they are directed to extend the term, so as to require the officers for the time being to serve for such additional number of nights as will enable the Lodge to make up its returns in compliance with the intent of the law." — [Journal Sept. Session, 1842, page 74.]

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—Dan'l Hersey, G. C. P. Edw'd Tyler, G. H. P. Tho's Barr, G. S. W. John S. Ladd, G. J. W. Sam'l R. Slack, G. Scribe. Hez'h Prince, G. Treasurer, Jas. M. Stone, GS.

MARSAQUITT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Wm Ellison, CP; A. P. Cleverly, HP; L. M. Smith, SW; J. R. Mullen, JW; Edwin Adams, Scribe; Nath'l S. Prince, Treas'r.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—George L. Montague, CP. Edw'd W. Howe, HP. Jos. B. Frost, SW. J. H. Woodward, JW. E. F. Follansbee, Scribe. Geo. Norton, Treas.

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Maine.

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LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1. Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.
 Mount Washington Encampment, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays.
 Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.
 Menotomy Encampment, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.
 Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
 Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Winthrop Hall, Monday.
 Shawmut, No. 37, do, do, Tuesday.
 Montezuma, No. 33, do do, Wednesday.
 Pacific, 42, do do, Thursday.
 Franklin, 23, do do, Friday.

Tremont No. 15, Encampment Hall, Wednesday.
 Ancient Landmark, 32, do do Monday.
 Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tuesday.
 Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.
 Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
 Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
 Boston, 25, do do Friday.
 Union Degree, 1, do Saturday.
 New England, East Cambridge, Friday.
 Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
 Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
 Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
 Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts.,
 Monday.
 Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.
 Merrimac, 7, Lowell, Monday.
 Mechanics', 11, " Friday.
 Oberlin, 28, " Tuesday.
 Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
 Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
 Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
 Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.
 Fidelity, 21, Andover, Bank Hall, Thursday.
 Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrieh Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
 Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
 Hampden, 27, Springfield.
 Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Thursday.
 Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.
 Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday.
 Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.
 Hope, 34, Methuen, Wednesday.
 Prospect, 35, Waltham, Thursday.
 Souhegan, 38, South Reading, Tuesday.
 Quaacacunqueen, 39, Newburyport.
 Bay State, 40, Lynn, Odd Fellow's Hall, Friday.
 Acushnet, 41, New Bedford, Wednesday.
 Quinsigamond, 43, Worcester, Monday.

Maine.

Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
 Eastern Star Encampment, 2, Portland.
 Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland.
 Union Degree, 1, do. Union st., —
 Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, do. " " Thursday.
 Ligonias, 5, do. " " Friday.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.
 Sabbatias, 6, Auuusta.
 Cushnoc, 14, "
 Penobscot, 7, Bangor
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Natahnis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath, Monday.
 Pejepsot, 13, Brunswick, Thursday.
 Passagassawakeag, 15, Belfast.

Rhode Island.

Narraganset Encampment, 1, Providence, 25 Market st, 2d and 4th Frid.
 Friendly Union, 1, Providence, 25 Market st. Thursday.
 Eagle, 2, do., cor. Broad and Pawtuxet sts. Wednesday
 Roger Williams, 3, North Main street, Tuesday.

Connecticut.

Grand Encampment, New Haven.
 Grand Lodge, New Haven.
 Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.

— Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam.
 Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Unity Encampment, No. 4, New London.
 Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
 Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, Wednesday.
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.
 Ousatonic, 6, Derby, do.
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Saturday.
 Thames, 9, New London, Monday.
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk,
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.
 Central, 12, Middletown, Tuesday.
 Charity, 13, Lower Mystic.

New Hampshire.

Grand Lodge, Concord.
 Nashoonon Encampment, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, every other Friday.
 Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tuesday.
 Hillsboro, 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall, Monday.
 Wecohammet, 3, Dover, Monday,
 Washington, 4, Great Falls, Friday.
 White Mountain, Concord, Wednesday.
 Piscataqua, 6, Portsmouth, Friday.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

MASSACHUSETTS.—T. R. B. Edmands, Charlestown; A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell; Duncan Macfarlane, W. Cambridge; John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge; Rev. Wm. Tozer, Malden; Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village; E. H. Smith, Woburn; Albert W. Bryant, East Lexington; Wm. Monroe, Chelsea; Adrian Low, Salem; R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport; J. M. Southwick & Co., Roxbury; A. Langley, Stoneham; Charles F. Wilson, Worcester, 69 Main st.

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RHODE ISLAND.—J. W. Root, 41 Market st., Providence; C. C. Shute, No. 53 Westminster st., Providence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Wm. Walker, Jr., Concord.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—G. G. Stambach, Philadelphia, No. 400 North Second street.

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JOS. B. FROST, of this city, is authorised to act as our Agent.

DAVID ROBINSON, Jr., Portland, General Agent for Maine.

MARRIED,

In Lynn, by Rev. Bro. J. M. Usher, Bro. Roland G. Usher to Miss Caroline M. Mudge, both of Lynn.

DIED,

In Ware Village, May 28th, Mrs. Margaret Wiley, wife of Bro. Geo. S. Wiley.



Zanetti del.

J. Pelton sculp.

JOSEPH SOLD TO THE ISHMAELITES.

Gen. xxxvii.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

NO. VII.

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP:

The attributes and characteristics, necessary both in its essential principles and objects, and in the conduct of its members, to secure its permanent existence and prosperity.

BY REV. BRO. DARIUS FORBES.

It will be observed by every one, who examines the history of human affairs with a tolerable degree of attention, that some institutions which have arisen among men, have been permanent and enduring; while others have had a mere ephemeral existence. Some have arisen, and by slow degrees extended themselves very widely in society, and become permanently established institutions in the community; while others have arisen under the most favorable auspices and spread themselves as if by magic; but in a few years they disappeared from among men, without leaving a trace behind, and are known only as things that were.

With this great fact before us, the question presses home upon our minds—Why this difference of destiny? What great principle or fact gave permanency to the one, and was the cause of the downfall of the other?

In reply to this question, I remark, there are two great facts in the history of the institutions that have arisen among men, which have always determined their fate, and they must determine the fate of every institution now in existence, or that may hereafter arise, in human society, so long as the laws which now prevail in the physical and moral world, and control the destiny of human affairs, maintain their existence.

I. *All institutions that have become permanently established, possess*

some intrinsic excellence in themselves and are designed to benefit and actually do benefit mankind.

It has been well said, "Truth never dies—it is immortal." And so it may be said of institutions which have their foundation in truth, and which are but the embodiment of some great and true idea—they are immortal. At least, they are so, until some institutions are started, which are a more perfect exponent of the ideal truths they were designed to represent. Then they will be superseded by the new, sooner or later, however pertinaciously the friends of the old may adhere to them, or industriously and perseveringly they may labor to sustain them. We see this position abundantly established in the history of Judaism and Christianity. Judaism saw a great many phases in its condition and prospects prior to the introduction of Christianity.— Sometimes it was prosperous and flourishing, and all the people were given to its practice. At other times it seemed almost rooted out of the land, and idolatry and heathenism to have usurped and become permanently established in its place. But it would revive and increase until these usurpers were expelled, and it again obtained the control of the public mind. Here is the fact, and the question now arises, *Why was it so?* Nothing that men could do, sustained its antagonists in public mind. The efforts of the most powerful kings, with all their arts, and devices and power could not sustain idolatry and heathenism. They might at times seem to have gained a perfect triumph, and think they had destroyed Judaism root and branch, so that not a solitary fibre was left to sprout and grow. But even while they were congratulating themselves upon their supposed triumph, it was gathering strength in secret, and in an unexpected moment, came forth in overwhelming power, and cast down and destroyed its antagonist. It was silenced, but not killed.

There is a memorable circumstance related in the Old Testament, in confirmation of this. Elijah supposed all Israel had abandoned Judaism, so complete had become the apparent triumph of idolatry, and that he alone was left to stand up in its defence. Yet he was assured there were "left seven thousand in Israel,"* who had not participated in the general apostacy, caused by the bloody enactments of their vile and wicked rulers. In due time these rallied, and the religion of their fathers again assumed its control among the people. Thus it ever was. Now the question is, *Why was it so?* I answer, it was because Judaism was the embodiment of a great truth or truths. Had it been rooted out by idolatry, it would have been a permanent triumph of falsehood over truth, which cannot be, because truth is immortal. A temporary triumph may and often has been obtained by falsehood over truth; but in the end, truth invariably comes off conqueror. But when Christianity came in conflict with Judaism, it achieves a permanent triumph over it. At least, we have the testimony of eighteen hundred years, in proof of this position. And why is it so? Why has Christianity been more successful in its conflict with Judaism, than idolatry was? It is because it is a more perfect representative of the same great truths, while idolatry was the antagonist of both, not merely in

*1 Kings 19, 18.

outward form, but in the principles it represented. It was the embodiment of error and falsehood, and therefore could not secure a permanent victory, as Christianity has. The same great truth is sustained by the history of Christianity, first in its conflict with idolatry, and then with infidelity. Idolatry achieved several apparent triumphs over Christianity; but those triumphs were only apparent. Its very defeats were its strength, and only the sure prelude of its more permanent establishment and wider diffusion.

The French Revolution may serve as an illustration of Infidelity's conflict with Christianity. Infidelity and irreligion, in the outset, gained a complete triumph over a corrupt form of this religion; but they could not hold their own against even the feeble representation of its truths, by this corrupted form, although backed up by the greater share of the learning and influence of the country, and all the power and ingenuity of the government, which was wielded to obliterate all traces of it from the face of the land, and the minds of the people. They returned to that very form which had driven them to infidelity; and although the French mind is much liberalized, there is no people, I suppose, in which religion is now seated more firmly, as a principle. The same is true of all institutions which are the representatives of great truths. They may pass through a great many phases, and often-times seem to be the sport of fortune, in their progress to a permanent establishment; but however diverse these may be, they ultimately come off victorious. Such is the testimony borne by the history of the past.—Hence we confidently believe, that whatever institution is the embodiment of some great practical truth, and its just and full representative, will be permanent. At least, that it will maintain its existence, until something more perfect is introduced to take its place. Longer than this, it is not desirable that it should exist.

II. *All institutions that have become permanently established, have attained this end, by its friends acting, in some good degree, in their intercourse with the world, in conformity with their principles.*

It has already been observed, that even those institutions, that have attained a permanent establishment, have passed through various phases; that alternate defeat and triumph have been their lot; and that although often cast down, never destroyed. They have also experienced widely different fates in different places at the same time. In some places they flourish and are in the ascendency, while at the same moment, in another place, they are trodden down and apparently destroyed, and in some places so in reality. Now why is it so? It has been mainly owing to the conduct of those who profess to be the friends of these institutions. They have either disregarded their principles in their conduct, neglected their interests, or which has been the case usually, they have done both. The history of the world, I believe, does not furnish an instance, in which a good and holy cause has fallen into disrepute and decay, after once attaining a tolerable degree of influence, except through the neglect or abuse of its professed friends. The history of both Judaism and Christianity furnish numerous illustrations, and defences of this position, to say nothing of those which might be adduced from other sources. Not an instance has secured my

attention, in which reverses have attended either of these causes, which has not been produced by the misconduct or neglect of its friends, or those who claimed to be such. This, has been the source of all the mischief that has befallen them. So, on the other hand, wherever any good cause has met with prosperity and success, it has been attained through the fidelity of its friends. They have been true to its principles, in some good degree, in their intercourse with the world, and carefully watched and guarded its interests. The history of all good institutions affords abundant evidence of the correctness of this position. Hence however true the maxim may be, "*Magna est veritas, et prevalebit*," it is equally true, that human efforts are the great and indispensable means of attaining this result. Without these in its behalf, this maxim would never be verified.

From what has been said, it is sufficiently manifest, I trust, that in order to secure the permanent establishment of any institution, it is necessary, first of all, that it be founded in, and be the representative of, some great truth or principles, aiming at the promotion of human good; and in the second, that its friends be practically true to those principles in their conduct, and seek to promote the interests of the institution by labors and efforts in its behalf. Further argument to establish these positions, in any reflecting mind, I deem quite unnecessary.

Remainder in our next number.

Original.

THE VOICE OF SONG.

—
BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.
—

WHEN the voice of song was heard
In the olden time long past,
Every heart was deeply stirred
More than by the clarion blast.

Minstrels' feet were free to tread
Paths which warriors might not gain,
Massy gates for them rolled back
Armies thundered at in vain.

In the hall, and in the bower,
And to the royal court they came ;
Still honored was the minstrel's garb,
And honored still their name.

Olden customs long are o'er,
Olden times have passed away,

Hushed the voice of harp and lute,
Heard no more the *virolai*.

But though the minnesinger's voice,
Though the Trovere's light-tuned lute,
Though the wandering Harpers strain
And the minstrel's lay be mute.

Gone cerventese and cobsa,
All the old poetic art,
Yet the voice of song shall never
Cease to thrill the coldest heart.

Life hath many a joy and pain,
Smiles that glow and tears that fall,
But the voice of song hath ever
Secret sympathy with all ;

From the clear, sweet cradle-song
Falling on the infant's ear,
To the low and solemn dirge,
Wailing o'er the sable bier.

Original.

WHITHER ARE WE TENDING?

BY JOHN E. WHEELER.

ALL things in this world, and most probably in all worlds, are in a state of perpetual change. Nothing is stationary, nothing fixed. The movement may be in the line of progression or retrogression, of growth or decay. And this law is active everywhere, throughout all time and space. Growth and decay are as much the law of the earth as of the individual creatures upon it. We see this in all chemical affinities, in all the alternations from the most solid to the most subtle forms of matter. The attenuated elements of chaotic nebulae, through innumerable cycles of change, have been gradually transformed to this ponderous globe, this good, bounteous mother of us all, with such a magnificent diversity of hills and streams, of mountains and floods, with all the garniture of herbs, flowers, fruits, of annual harvest-fields, and time-defying forests. To this goodly consummation have the long ages of the Past been steadily though slowly tending. Doubtless the time will come, at some point in the eternity of the Future, when this seemingly indestructible, this rock-ribbed planet, shall grow old

and be resolved into its original elements ; for destruction is absolutely essential to creation. The New is, and for ever must be, an outgrowth from the Old. Animals and vegetables die but to reappear in other forms of usefulness or beauty.

“ Yon mountains are but mighty urns to hold,
The ashes of a world in its decay;
Their ragged mantles scarce conceal the mould
Of myriad races that once survived the sway
Of Ocean; on their very tops we may
Behold what once lay in its lowest deep,
Ere hurled upward to the light of day
By subterranean fires that never sleep,
But fiercely gnawing the earth's vitals ever keep.”

But we must now regard the globe, “with all that it inhabits,” as moving in an ascending series of infinite progression.

In the dim and remote antiquity to which the student of the earth is able to trace back her history, he sees, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, only the faint types of the more perfect organizations of later ages ; and these had their types in the laws of crystalization. Forms, of which so large a portion of some of our coal strata are constituted, were at one period the nearest approach to the towering tree ; and the animals, such as there were, were but the rudimental parts of the completer creatures that were destined to succeed them. And as each of those long epochs came and passed away, a new order of existences came and passed away with it, always closely analogous to, but always different from, those which had preceded them.

In process of time, when the vital energies of our planet seem to have been most active, appeared those gigantic creatures, the fossil evidences of whose existence now so astonish us. Then was the deep filled with monsters,—foremost among which were the tremendous ichthyosauri-lizards, sixty feet in length ! Then the iguanadon, the megatheriam, the mammoth, made the earth tremble at their presence. Had we lived in that period, with a knowledge of the history of all the previous races, we might naturally have come to the conclusion that organization had attained its maximum, and that consequently there would be no farther change. But so it was not to be. This was the infancy of the world, and those huge monsters were but the outgrowth of its superabundant life, which was, ere long, to take to itself shapes of more mature contrivance, of more complete development.

Of the extinct races of plants and animals that have successively appeared upon and disappeared from the face of the earth, it is the business of the natural philosopher and the geologist to speak. These vast changes were but the preparatory steps of a still new and far higher order of things. In the full maturity of time, MAN,—the perfection of physical organization, the sovereign by right divine of all inferior creatures, the mysterious link between the visible and the invisible worlds,—was ushered into his kingdom. Without him to wield the sceptre of our planet, it had been an abortive creation. True, before his advent the sun shone as brightly, the birds sang as melodiously, the flowers were as indescribably beautiful, the winds

and the streams, the forests and the floods, sent up as sublime an anthem as now. But as yet there was no clear intelligence, no deep love, wherewith to comprehend and feel their profound significance. A being was needed whose relations should bind him to infinity on the one hand, and whose sympathies and necessities should attach him to the earth on the other. Great, glorious Nature was as wondrous to behold as now, but she had not yet found a tongue—she was dumb—and Humanity came to speak in her behalf, to give clear utterance to all which she by her mute eloquence had been vainly endeavoring to express, to manifest in beneficent deeds the justice and the love which are for ever outflowing from the heart of the universe.

The history of our race for the last few thousand years, as it has flowed down thro' early traditions and the authentic records of later times, is familiar to most of us. We have seen through what stormy vicissitudes mankind have been acquiring their education. We have seen how, from the first feeble tribes, under savage or patriarchal government, kingdoms and polities of renown have been reared up, whose rise and fall have bequeathed to us the freedom of which we now boast—how, starting with the vague consciousness of reason and of power in the minds of our remote progenitors, a sublime astronomy, an almost equally sublime geology, a universal mathematics, with the whole circle of the less exact sciences, and the enchanting realms of poetry and song, have sprung into being—and also how, within the last half century, we have gone far towards a complete conquest of mind over matter by almost numberless discoveries in science and inventions in mechanics. We have girded the earth with iron in every direction, and over these highways can now move as with the wings of the wind. Impelled by the same irresistible power, the waters are covered with vessels which alike defy winds, currents, and tides. By simple lines of wire, as between Baltimore and Washington, intelligence can be communicated between any two given points with the speed of lightning; and the farthest corners of the earth will at no very distant day be drawn together by this almost miraculous agent. It is now premature, perhaps, to speak of something, if possible, far more wonderful than this—the phenomena of phreno-magnetism—for the subject is necessarily involved in much mystery; yet enough is known to warrant us in believing it not improbable that one of the most astonishing and useful sciences the world has ever seen, will be the result of these investigations.

The question here recurs, *Whither are we tending?* We are certainly moving somewhere, but toward what end? Doubtless a beneficent one; and yet for the superficial observer it would seem far otherwise. We are surrounded with contradictions;—with every facility for knowledge, with every appliance for wealth and comfort, and yet the mass of mankind are ignorant and destitute. With a religion which enjoins brotherly love,—a doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us,—and a politic which inculcates the same precept under the name of equality, we see the mass of men borne down and degraded by the toil which should ennoble them, while a small minority are living luxuriously, often riotously, upon the fruits of

their labor, and fraud has usurped the place of honor and justice in all the business relations of life. We have invented labor-saving machines, a single one of which will perform the work of a hundred pair of human hands, and one at first thought, would naturally conclude that leisure and abundance would be secured to all. Instead of this, a large portion of the laborers of one of the proudest kingdoms of the world are absolutely famishing and naked in the midst of warehouses filled to bursting with food and raiment, and vainly task their muscles to compete with unfeeling wood and iron. With all her triumphs in literature, arts, and arms, the consummation to which she has now arrived is, that the remuneration of her labors for their unremitting toil, is now only about one-fourth what it was five hundred years ago, considered relatively with respect to the comforts of life which it will procure; that the tendency of wages is continually downward; and that one in every twelve of her people has been reduced to a state of pauperism. We see by the most undoubted statistics* that in that same kingdom, in spite of more general education, in defiance of an increased zeal in the diffusion of religious truth, vice and crime are increasing in a ratio of five or six fold to the increase of her population, and the foundations of society are shaken by the throes of an incipient and perhaps bloody revolution.

If we turn to our own country, we have indeed much reason to congratulate ourselves upon an exemption from the more aggravated form of the evils with which the States of Europe, and particularly England, are afflicted. But can we not see that all things here are bearing us onward to the same results? The inequalities of our social condition are not so great as in Europe, but they are daily becoming greater. As the wealth of a nation increases, it naturally, in all countries, becomes concentrated in the hands of a few, and we have now had sufficient experience to have learned that no adjustment of the political scale can ever prevent this. We have proclaimed in the ears of all the world the great doctrine of an equality of rights and duties, but we look in vain for its full practical realization. What should be the state of a society based upon this principle?—Clearly this—*a true brotherhood of men*, and nothing short of this. Instead of seeking to rise to fame or fortune by treading down tens or hundreds of other men into the dust, its members would only be solicitous for advancing the general good, knowing that they would thereby the most surely secure their own. Instead of a universal scramble for wealth, to be squandered in idle parade or gross indulgence, there would be some just apprehension of the noble uses to which it could be applied in ministering to the intellectual and spiritual growth of a whole people. Such is a brief sketch of a true society. How near the correspondence is between it and that in the midst of which we live, each reflecting man can judge for himself.

But, amid all the discouragements of the times, there is abundant reason for hope. There is a strong and increasing desire among men

*See the first article in the May No. of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in relation to the "increase of crime" in the United Kingdom.

to bring all outward arrangement into harmony with the ideal of love and justice already existing in their own minds. They see that a wondrous harmony of plan and purpose runs through the universal providence of God, and know no reason why man alone should be the one note of discord in the music of the spheres. They long for the time to come when a generous co-operation shall succeed our present desperate, maddening competition in the varied business of life, from the broadest organization to the minutest detail. They are conscious of a latent power of love and wisdom; and nothing will satisfy them but its full development and constant exercise. They believe this will all come in the order of a beneficent Providence. All things have been working together for good.

“God’s purposes will ripen first,
Unfolding every hour.”

Already are the mountain-tops radiant with the dawning of a glorious day for Humanity—yea, of the true golden age, but in which the sordid love of gold shall be swallowed up in the magnanimity of goodness, and a universal song of thankfulness and joy ascend to the Infinite Spirit.

Original.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, I. O. of O. F., at Marlboro’ Chapel, Boston, on
Thursday evening, June 27th, 1844.

BY REV. BRO. JOHN M’LEISH.

WHEN from any of those elevated positions, to which digested converse with the facts of universal history has raised him, the eye of the historian looks forth upon the world of recorded events, outstretched, and panorama-like beneath him, the current of post-diluvian life rolling onwards, on its bosom, the accumulating raft of materials, destined for the progressive erection of Institutions of Benevolence, is perceived, now and again, to have abruptly sunk from view, like the torrents of troubled waters, which suddenly hide themselves, and again steal forth from the concealed bed of some majestic river. History is the production of man; and in whatever form it may have appeared, whether narrative, traditional or recorded, of a nation, a kingdom or a people, down to that of a family or an individual, it bears the indelible impress of human frailty. Obscurity, as well as general imperfection, shroud and characterizes the origin of all things remotely ancient. From similar objections the narrative of the rise and progress of the

Order of Odd Fellows is not exempt. In its course as the majestic river swelled by subterranean fountains and by tributary streams flowing from the face of lofty mountains, whose snow-wreathed summits have felt the softening influences of the summer's sun winds its devious way along through native wilds and fertile plains, with a rapidity and impetus, which none can check, save Him who formed its channel!

So it has been, and so it ever will be, that when the stream of time flooded with events is sought to be explored, step by step, to any one of its extreme origins, the bewildering difficulties of the search will be found gradually to increase. Just as it was with the traveller of old, while continuing to re-ascend past each of those rills and brooks innumerable which ripple on the borders of the beautiful Ganges, found his perplexities to multiply in a ratio as the volume of water diminished, while nearing the object of his solicitude, the mysterious obscure, whence the "Father of waters" began his course. No less difficult would be his task whose point of departure should be in a re-ascent from where in his august course to the ocean, the rolling Nile seems as if to linger on his way while sweeping past the pyramids of the Pharaoh's, the ashes of ancient learning, and the halls of Egypt's proud race of Kings. The similitudes to which have been likened the chief interruptions besetting the path of the early history of Odd Fellowship are equally applicable to many others of the most highly prized institutions of the world.

Imperfections are incorporated with, and cleave to, every thing human. The true is blended with the apocryphal. Chronology is the only lamp, by whose light the exploration of the bewildering mazes of conflicting evidence leads to trustworthy results. Hence, the great, and indeed, the essentially desirable point in testing matters of fact, with a view of separating them from the chaff of fiction, is to discover how a given object stands related to time. This grand desideratum gained, it is comparatively easy to ascertain the special associations and dependencies of other antecedent facts, and to trace and show how the present stately edifice of Odd Fellowship has arisen upon the ruins, or urned ashes of the past. It is sufficient for our present purpose, however, to confine our observations to the history of this institution as it has been developed in our own country. Scarcely a quarter of a century has elapsed since it sought a shelter beneath the flowing banner of our wide-spread republic. It came from afar, from those eastern climes, whence dart the bright rays of the morning sun. The luminary of day heralded its approach to the western world, and here in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," has it paused to greet its kindred institutions, and diffuse its genial moral light, while the undulating tide of civilization and intellectual refinement rolls onward, till it meets the waves of yon blue ocean, where the setting sun sinks to his rest.

In the city of Baltimore the Institution commenced its career in this country. Five persons Thomas Wildey N. G., John Welch V. G., John Duncan, John Cheatham, and Richard Rushworth, on the 26th April, 1819, organized themselves under the name of the Washington Lodge No. 1, I. O. O. of O. F. About the same time a Lodge was

formed in Boston, under the jurisdiction of the Lodge at Baltimore, but was afterwards given up, having existed only three or four years. About three years since, (June 22d, 1840,) our respected Brothers NORRIS, HERSEY, GUILD, and others, re-organized themselves under the name of Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F. From these small beginnings we have now three hundred and sixty Lodges, and nearly 100,000 members in the United States. There are expended annually about \$70,000 for the relief of widows, orphans and distressed brethren. Our Institution has grown to an eminence among the institutions of the day, and has excited both the admiration and envy of the community. The enlightened mind in contemplating the operations of the Order, exclaims with rapture, this is living goodness, practical love, benign in its influence, and glorious in its effects!

None of us are insensible to those ties which bind kindred hearts together. They are the charm of domestic life; we have felt their power and rejoiced in their influence. Happy is that family which has a venerated and beloved head upon whom the arm of the helpless and confiding sex rests with fond assurance of aid and support through the journey of life, and to whom the eye of the young and inexperienced looks for guidance and succor in meeting the trials and temptations of an unfriendly world. But how often are the dearest ties severed! How often are the fondest hopes blasted! The husband and parent sink into the arms of death, and the once happy dwelling becomes an abode of the deepest sorrow. This is no imaginary picture—there is not a passing day that does not witness many such bitter scenes. No community is exempt from the painful trial. Widows and orphans are to be found in every place, and it is only in heaven that all their tears will be wiped away.

Although under any circumstances the situation of the sick, of the widow and the orphan calls for affectionate sympathy, that sympathy gushes involuntarily from the bosom of Odd Fellows. Fondly do they cherish the sinking souls of the lonely ones, and cheer them amidst life's darkest hours. When falls the blow that lays the brother on the bed of disease and death—that removes from a family its revered and honored head, it is a cause of thanksgiving that the painfulness of the affliction is alleviated by the consideration that from the funds of the Lodge something may be received, to afford the comforts of a home to the widow and her fatherless children.

The minds of the worldly become chilled by their own prosperity and freedom from suffering. Surrounded by all the comforts of social and domestic life, they cease to sympathize with the children of sorrow, and forget the lovely woman, whose tears flow fast, as she looks on her children shivering with cold and pining with want. Not so with Odd Fellows.—They become familiar with the sufferings and sorrows of others. The finest feelings of their nature are called into exercise, and the claims which the suffering have upon them are promptly acknowledged. Why is this? To those acquainted with the Order, the reply is obvious. Odd Fellows are bound together by three unyielding links, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH form the basis on which is erecting a superstructure, whose expanded wings shall

reach from pole to pole—whose uprising towers shall divide the clouds, and upon whose dome shall rest a glory far more brilliant than the unclouded rays of the meridian sun! Within its pale are words of comfort and deeds of love; shelter for the drooping stranger; songs of cheer to soothe his troubled bosom and hush the sorrows of his soul; smiles of kindness, and the gush of feeling from benevolent hearts. Here may be learned that Friendship, Love and Truth have a resting place, and that selfishness and its kindred evils are entirely supplanted.

A desire to be happy dwells in every bosom; it is an innate principle, common to all, and evidencing its existence amidst all the variations of character and condition which exist among men, by the universal concentration of effort, which is perceived in its pursuit. The reason why so many seek it in vain, is not so much the lack of energy and perseverance, as it is in the improper channel of its pursuit.—Earthly objects were never designed to satisfy the capacious desires of the soul. No, there is an immortal principle within, too sublime in its nature to be nourished by the vain shadows of a fading world.—Ranking in a scale of being, next in order to the angels which encircle the throne of God; possessing faculties capable of exploring many of the deep things of nature, and on the wings of excursive fancy soaring high above heaven's blue arch in search of other worlds, MAN can only find happiness in the performance of his duty to God, to his neighbor, and to himself. Within the pale of Odd Fellowship these duties are inculcated and carried out in such a manner as to present an example to professedly Christian ministers and churches who are striving to extinguish our light, lest their neglect of duty should be too often made manifest. Odd Fellowship studies to make all happy. It sweetens the bitter cup of the lone widow, and hushes the wail of the hapless orphan.

From the view we have taken of the principles of Odd Fellowship in its connection with human happiness, we see that it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to advocate them publicly. We can assure our friends that these principles lead to the gentle streams which flow out from the throne of the MOST HIGH—which bring peace to the soul. It is by cherishing these principles that we are enabled to withstand the mutations of life, and sit calmly on tumult's wheel, and bid earth roll her idle whirl. Storms may gather, lightnings glare, and thunders peal; all worldly good may fade and perish, earth herself may sigh in desolation, but the spirit of Odd Fellowship decays not, nor changes amid the wreck of worlds!

Friendship, Love and Truth are words that blaze and shine with more than nature's light; deep seated in the soul of every good Odd Fellow. Their attributes are diffused in every part of Odd Fellowship. They are carried into the various walks of life; are seen in the marts of trade, and are felt in the family circle. They are the links of the mystic chain which binds man to man in brotherhood.

The joys of Friendship are sweet, the fountain of its pleasures is pure and unceasing in its flow. More majestic than the Niger or the Nile, and without the cataract's unceasing roar, it moves on silently

as the balmy zephyrs of heaven, and steadily as the morning's golden beams, unchecked by the puny efforts of ignorance, prejudice and malice. Conscious of its holy motive, this, the first element of our loved institution, aims to reach its appropriate sphere in the public estimation. It asks unbiassed candor to hear, and impartial justice to decide upon its merits. It claims to seek man's happiness, the spread of virtue and the glory of God. What tongue can describe the pleasures of friendship? What limner can paint the outlines of its fair form? — What minstrel can sing its charms, what poet rhyme its praises? — Friendship is a rich cordial of the finest relish, to remove the nausea of the bitter draughts, which through all life's sublunary scenes are mingled in our cups of sorrow. It supports and comforts us under poverty and pain, sickness and woe. Who can be happy, though rolling in splendor and surrounded with affluence, if a stranger to friendship? Its sweets are like flowers strewed in the mazy walks of life, like tropical fruits in the wilderness, which we can pluck, eat, and by which we may be strengthened as we near the home of the pilgrim and the rest of the weary.

Man is a social being. The first impulse of his nature is that of friendship. In barbarous states, in wild and uncultivated tribes, it is felt and exhibited. The savage is not solitary. He adheres to his kindred and his clan, and to them he proudly boasts of his exploits, while listening warriors start at the tale. To meet the enemy as he rushes down the mountain side upon the peaceful camp, and to brave danger in behalf of his tribe, he counts an honor; to fall in its defence beneath a shower of arrows, is glory. Over perpetual snows the furl-clad Scythian wanders with his horde, dreaming of pleasures to be possessed with the spirits of departed chiefs, where everlasting verdure clothes the fields. An inimitable poet, who was a close student of nature, observed this peculiarity in the constitution of man in a savage state, and couched his sentiments in the following expressive strains :

“Lo the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humble heaven;
Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

The dreary cavern is delightful to the man, when it reverberates the songs of his companions. Even beside the Niger or the Gambia's rolling flood, or on the wide spread sea of burning sands, are heard tones sweet as the dulcimer; for there rings in joyous shouts the voice of friendship. What is it which causes the tear to start in the eye at the tale of sorrow, or the heart to beat high with indignation at the repre-

sentation of injury? It is Friendship, the natural flow of sympathy for our fellow. Was this principle implanted in the human heart for no purpose, and does it enjoin no duty? Does it not impel us to communion with our fellow creatures, and lead us to the performance of disinterested action? Experience alone is able to demonstrate the existence of such an obligation, and it does it, by the happiness which it awards to him who regards the obligation. It is for this reason that Odd Fellowship has established as the first law of conduct, "To do good to our fellow men, to banish far from the soul, every sordid and selfish feeling, and those opinions which are generated by the corruptions of mankind; giving a free rein to the dictates of nature and the generous impulses of the soul; to find our happiness in the peace of others."

Love is the second link in the chain of Odd Fellowship; the strong bond of the Institution. It is not of earthly origin. Its birth place is heaven. The first light which beamed upon it, was the light of eternity. It received no welcome from angel's lips; for e'er the tall cherubim and seraphim dazzled around the Throne, or the morning stars sung creation's birth, Love shone in heaven. When the bright intelligences first struck their harps the notes which rang through heaven's high arches, were, GOD IS LOVE. How beautiful is its form, how winning its features, beaming with benevolence; whose every smile is an expression of compassion and good will to man. We will cherish it as the dearest treasure of our souls. Of all the social virtues, that which is the most distinguishing characteristic of Odd Fellowship, is Love, brotherly Love. It is the main-spring of all our actions; and the more its spirit is cultivated, the more commendable is our conduct. Love is designed to grow up in the school of adversity, that it may smooth the brow of care, lighten the burden of oppression, pour the "balm of consolation into the wounded heart," and render prompt and efficient aid to all classes of the afflicted. Misfortunes, disappointments and griefs are the common lot of all. Numerous and thickly scattered are the ills to which human life is incident. It is these which appeal with mute but resistless eloquence to the sympathies of our fraternity. To see an Odd Fellow standing by the couch of a suffering brother, and ministering to his comfort till the current of life is chilled at the fountain, and he passes beyond the reach of human aid, and then offering consolation to bereaved hearts, and to the widow and the fatherless, substantial means for present wants and future support, is to look upon one of the most sublime spectacles that the world ever exhibits. Bright angel faces peering from the windows of heaven, smile their approbation on the God-like act!

A heart glowing with love, is adapted to the formation and expansion of every social virtue. This is the fountain cleansed, which sends forth the sweet and healing waters; it is the good tree which yields abundantly of the fruits of goodness. He who possesses such a heart, is capable of dispensing happiness wherever he goes. He is a benefactor of his race, and the image of moral perfection.

How well adapted is Odd Fellowship to the whole purposes of pro-

moting the welfare of the human family so long as it cultivates this principle of Love, from which every virtue springs and receives its growth and verdure. Its branches over-shadow various parts of Europe, and they have begun to spread themselves abroad in all the States of our beloved country. Its language is of universal application; love finds a response in the soul of the outcast and degraded. It has a charm that turns the foe to a friend. The sea-tossed mariner, as he combats the winds and waves of the ocean to gain a hold on the rock, which projects over the surge, sees the signal of relief in the eye of a Brother. Love bestows its gifts without ostentation; performs its good deeds in secret, and trusts for its reward to the joys of a peaceful conscience and the smiles of approving heaven.

History teaches the fact and daily observation confirms it, that there is no condition of human greatness secure from the blows of misfortune, or the attacks of envy. To-day man may be in prosperous circumstances, enjoying the reward of patient and persevering attention to his business avocations, the confidence of an extensive circle of friends, the bliss of home, the smiles of a devoted wife and the prattle of interesting babes, but to-morrow, the clouds of adversity may begin to lower around him, and anon they burst with pitiless fury! Sweeping away his property, the gains of years, like chaff from the summer threshing floor. The confidence of friends which is too often based on the perishable substance which one possesses passes away with the general wreck. His domestic circle is invaded by sickness, and some dearly cherished bud of promise is nipped by the frosts of death. 'Tis under circumstances like these, when all the world beside has failed him, and disappointed hope shrinks tremblingly to the secret recess of his heart, that he realizes the strength of love. He leans his head on the bosom which welcomed him in sunnier days, and is cheered by the constancy of that heart which was linked to his by the imperishable bonds of affection. She was the companion of his joys and she shuns not companionship with his sorrows. Her soft hand smoothes his care-worn brow and her musical voice, in gentle tones, speaks words of comfort, and encourages him to hope, as it were, against hope, for brighter days to come. This incident which our fancy has pictured may be sketched in traces ineffacible, on memory's table, as a record of the actual experience of many who are listening to our remarks on the present occasion. It truthfully illustrates the moral grandeur of that principle of our Order which we are now considering.

The dismal storm which howls over the ocean, and lashes the iron-bound shore with its angry waves is oft in keeping with the deep emotions which trouble and misfortune have wrought up in the soul of man. The sufferer thinks of the days which are past; of the friends who have fed upon his bounty, but who have betrayed and deserted him in the time of need; of his grief stricken wife, and of his helpless offspring,—his brain reels, and the madness of despair is urging him on to a fatal resolve;—at this moment an Odd Fellow, like the Good Samaritan, happens that way, he stands beside the phrenzied man, and whispers to him words of Love. In a moment, all is peace. Hushed is the angry storm, and its dismal howl is heard no more.

The sun's light breaks from behind the clouds, and the voice of gratitude responds to the ministration of benevolence.

Love, the middle link of Odd Fellowship is an undecaying principle. Its trophies, like itself are immortal. They will exist when the blood-stained weapons of war are broken; when its laurels have withered and its green wreaths have faded; when the rich tones of the organ and lute have died away forever; when gorgeous monuments of human skill have perished; when towering pyramids, which have defied the corroding tooth of time for many centuries, have crumbled into dust; when the earth itself, has passed away with the final wreck of nature's elements!—Love shall live; for it is but an emanation of the divine and eternal Essence; and its trophies be held up to the admiring gaze of that innumerable throng of glorified beings, whose loud hosannas proclaim to the spirit world, the triumphs which heaven born goodness has wrought in this!

There is yet another link in the chain which binds us in common Brotherhood. This link is TRUTH. It is this which is the foundation of every thing pure and permanent, of every thing commendable in practice, and glorious in results. This principle, subject neither to the mutations of accidents, nor the decays of age, resists the havoc and waste of revolving centuries. With profound veneration, we will bow at its shrine, and yield ourselves to its homage and its guidance.

While the opinions of men are constantly changing, while one set of prejudices are subverted by another, and the productions of reason, and the works of art are adapted to the taste and fashion of the age, TRUTH remains unchanged, and unchangeable. It is confined to no clime or age; is limited to no tribe or nation; but holds its dominion and sways its sceptre undisputed from the equator to the poles. It invites to pleasures pure and innocent, and breathes the spirit of life and social enjoyment. It turns aside from the base and vile, to commune with virtuous and contemplative minds. It will lead those whose lives are regulated by its precepts into paths of peace and safety. Ignorance and superstition may assail them; men clothed in sacred robes, and who minister at sacred altars where truth should brightest shine, may through a blind zeal, and a mistaken "*sense of duty*," cast reproach upon them, and hurl against them their mad anathemas, but they will stand unmoved, and smile at the impotent efforts of their priestly foes whose rage is excited because "*their craft is in danger*."

Under truth's guidance, the Odd-Fellow will sustain a blameless life and a pure conversation. He will be led to reverence his Creator, and to delight in his commandments. He will have strength to endure the burthen of human woe, to sustain himself in the midst of adversity; and by his unexceptionable conduct, to refute the aspersions of slander.

Truth proclaims its own divine origin. God is its author. When the architect of the universe laid the foundations of the earth, gave the sea its bounds, and marshalled the stars in their present harmonious order, Truth was there, and it shed a lustre on all above and beneath. It was given as a companion and friend to man, and the wonderful bequest called forth a shout of joy from the sons of God. The ruins of

Balbec, Palmyra, Athens, the cities of central America, and the innumerable wrecks which linger upon the shores of time, attest the fleeting career of human grandeur, and the perishable nature of all things earthly; but truth, the perfecting link of Odd-Fellowship, is as indestructible as the pillars of heaven.

It cannot be doubted that an Institution which is based upon such principles as Friendship, Love and Truth is admirably adapted to promote the harmony and welfare of society. A strict observance of these principles can never fail to produce the happiest results. To the lasting honor of Odd Fellowship, be it spoken, that no body of men were ever assembled who manifested a stricter regard for decency and decorum in all their meetings, and who have more faithfully performed their covenant vows. Thus persevering with a humble reliance on the goodness and protecting care of our Heavenly Father, may we not hope that our beloved Institution will shine out among the lights of the world to cheer the hearts of the disconsolate and guide erring man to the practice of those duties which will ensure his happiness here, and ultimately a pleasant passage to yon bright spirit land, where discord, hatred and error, the sources of misery which we have to combat here, can never, never, come!

Ladies; We rejoice that you have favored us with your attendance, this evening. We welcome you here. You are the pride of our hearts; the angels of mercy, whom God has given us, to soothe our griefs and pains and heighten all our joys. Your smiles dispel the clouds of sorrow and bring gladness to the care-worn heart. Like the flowers of Eden, you bloom in our path, and with beauty and fragrance delight nature's most cheerless prospects. As our mothers and wives, and our sisters, we prize you as the choicest treasures of our existence.

It requires not the bond of association to compel you to acts of benevolence and philanthropy. God has made you Odd Fellows in feeling, and in the cultivation of Charitable sentiments. "You are free-born, but with a great sum obtained we this freedom." Your bearing on the destinies of our Institution is powerful. We know we shall have your aid; for it was for your sakes, in part that we became Odd Fellows. Through infancy and childhood, you nursed and protected us, and in maturer years, you have been constantly increasing our obligations by your unwearied kindness to us, when in sickness and in health. For this we cannot but love you. While life lasts, we will seek to promote your happiness. When death shall summon us away; when the head which has leaned on your bosom is laid low; when the lips which impressed the kiss of affection on your cheek are sealed in death, and when the heart which was given you at the altar, and which beat in unison with yours shall throb no more; when you are left lonely widows, then, those of our Order who remain, will wipe the tears from your eyes, they will rescue your children from penury, and you with them shall find shelter and repose. Around you will be cast the joys and blessings of Odd Fellowship. These ministers of the holy religion of Jesus Christ; the Brothers of various callings, the pride

of New England will be your steadfast friends, till your pilgrimage on earth shall close.

Worthy Grand Sire : *— You have long been a soldier in this sacred cause. Most faithfully, have you performed the duties which have devolved upon you. May we who are younger in the service acquit ourselves as creditably as you have. Kind Heaven smile on thy grey locks, and grant that thy last days may be like the setting of a summer's sun, calm, serene and glorious.

Worthy Chief and Patriarchs of Massassoit Encampment, permit me at the close of my address to congratulate you on the rise and rapid progress of our Encampment in this city. Your zeal and perseverance, and the high character and intelligence of your members, must gain you honor, and call down the blessing of heaven upon you. The mouths of gainsayers and cavillers must be stopped, when they see your onward progress, and your works of benevolence and mercy. Go forward in this cause, for it is the cause of God. Its spirit is the spirit of love. It leads to the highest degree of enjoyment. Go forward then, in this work of mercy, whispering peace to troubled souls ; relieving the distressed, visiting the sick, sustaining the widow, and protecting and educating the orphan. Give battle to sordid feelings, though you may find them concealed among the ruins of a once fair fame or sheltered in the forest of customs. Though the rain may beat, the thunder murmur, and the lightnings flash, let your bright blades glisten in the lurid glare, and never let them rest in their scabbards, till they have drunk the blood of superstition, ignorance and bigotry.

“ We then shall feel, that friendship has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour:
Time's trial o'er shall clasp each other's hand,
And wait the passport to a better land.”

Brothers of the Order :— Your work has just commenced. You must, like the Roman poet, rear a monument to your own reputation, more durable than brass. The materials which you are to select are abundant, and far more excellent than the marbles of Paros. Though the stones be ill hewn and the workmanship rude and coarse in the eyes of your opposers, the building will be permanent ; and your altar like that of the Patriarch, will hold an offering grateful to the Deity. An offering more acceptable to Him than hecatombs of oxen, or the most costly perfumes. Know God, for yourselves, and then you will be able to teach others the greatness of His wisdom, His goodness, and his mercy.

My task is completed ; yet upward shall ascend my constant prayer for heaven's richest grace to rest upon the cause of Odd Fellowship. When my earthly work is done, with you I trust,

“ To worship round His blazing throne,
In raptures more complete,
Than seraphim have ever known,
Than angels can repeat.”

* Grand Sire Hopkins was present on the occasion.

Original.

THE ANGLER.

BY BRO. THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

An angler sought New Hampshire's famous hills,
A very dusty, wan pedestrian;
He saw the distant heights and lakes and rills
Whose beauty fills the soul; his heart o'er ran
And filled each channel as with sudden rain;—
Like captured trout, his pulse flashed high upon.

O'er hill and dale he wandered day and night,
And as he traveled, all the natives wondered;
At his approach the cattle took affright
And stood, like Afric's son when heaven thundered.
So fearful was his look, the very rill
With terror wild ran blubbering down the hill!

Far up the rugged height he dauntless stood
To contemplate the brooklet's weeping fountain;
Below him hung the clouds in sullen mood,
Above him towered the bare grey peak of mountain.
He scaled that slim sky-piercing top to halt on,
Then read some chapters in "Old Isaak Walton."

There might the painter climb to feast his soul,
From glowing noon until the dewy even';
And with his brilliant brush or shadowy coal
Give form to fancies on the far stretched heaven!
Methinks I see him now, amid the stars,
Dash o'er the winking bloodshot eye of Mars!

Oh, what a glorious bard-inspiring view!
Oh, what a rock to make the sculptor rich
In vast renown! A statue he might hew
To stand forever in that heaven-built niche!
There "Mother Goose," when lacking power to fly
Might stand and sweep the cobwebs from the sky!

And there our hero sat; his long legs dangling
Like pend'lums o'er that rock so perpendicular;
Three hours he scanned that famous book on angling
Lest he should fail in some quite nice particular;
Then scrambling down he dropt the hook and fly
Where trout were rather scarce — or very shy.

O'er broken rocks he followed down the brook
 A hungered, weary, but without a groan;
 'Twas meat and drink if something caught his hook,
 Which something proved too oft but root or stone.
 At last he rested on the cascade's brow,
 And saw the rock-bound eddy whirl below.

To see him then, it were a fearful sight,
 With eye and mien that spoke the heart's first wish;
 But far more fearful when he felt the bite!
 All drunk with joy he tumbled at the fish!
 Thank heaven the water was quite deep he struck in
 Else he had caught his death with less of duckin'.

Deep in the foamy labyrinth he went,
 Down, down, down, by fierce falling waters driven;
 But through his mind a fiercer stream was sent,
 The stream of life, of sins yet unforgiven.
 He vowed to change if heaven would grant his wish —
 And scrambling out his first thought was the fish!

The trout was caught, our hero drew it forth
 Sparkling and flirting on the savage hook,
 Brilliant in native beauty! 'twere well worth
 The toils and ducking he had learned to brook.
 But there he stood in that cold wet condition,
 Which did not serve to whet his high ambition.

Incased in one thick glistening garb of foam,
 As is the war steed in the heat of fight,
 Our dripping hero bent his way toward home,
 White as a ghost, a very dismal wight;
 And as he scaled the hills the scaleless trout
 Thought him to be a scaley chap, no doubt.

On, on he traveled; through the op'ning jaws
 His finger clenched soon wore the flesh away.
 By heat or drouth, or either unseen cause
 The tender trout now fell unto decay.
 Weep, epicureans, and melt your hearts with pity,
The skeleton was all that reached the city!

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp, to be satisfied with his *own* acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

Original.

THE WOOD-ENGRAVER, OR THE ODD FELLOWS CLAIM.

BY BRO. J. H. INGRAHAM.

Author of "The Quadroon," "Lafitte," "The Odd Fellow," "Dancing Feather," &c.

"WHERE this evening, Charles?" asked a lovely married woman of her husband. The tone was slightly sneering, though she smiled as she spoke.

"I am on the visiting committee and have to make a call on a sick brother," answered Mr. Preston as he put on his gloves.

The lady pouted.

He took up his hat, and approached her with a playful smile.

"Ah, Mary, I fear you will never overcome your hostility — it is no longer prejudice but hostility to the Lodge."

"And I do not wish to. Here you were away from me Tuesday night until nine o'clock and now on Thursday you are off again!"

"But I have duties I owe to others as well as to yourself, Mary! I give you five evenings and oftener six in every week, and you have a great portion of my time during the day. We must sacrifice something for others. As members of the great community, we have duties external to those due to our immediate families."

"But you had no such duties until you became an Odd Fellow."

"I did not till I became an Odd Fellow see so plainly the duty I owed to my fellow creatures as I now do. Becoming an Odd Fellow has enlarged my views of benevolence and opened to me a field for its exercise."

"And pray what are you to exercise it upon to night. Who do you visit?" she asked, with a toss of her pretty head.

"A young married man by the name of Pellon who joined the Lodge a year ago, I learn by a note I received from the Noble Grand while I was at tea, is discovered to be quite ill. He has been absent from the Lodge for several meetings, but as no one reported him ill, I was not aware of it till just now. As he lives in the next street I must go and see him."

"What is he?"

"An Odd Fellow."

"I mean his trade?"

"That is you mean *how* respectable is he? We Odd Fellows, Mary, know no distinction of trades within the Lodge. We are all brothers and friends. He is a mechanic — a wood-engraver, I believe. I have several times spoken with him and like him. He is quiet, unassuming, and quite interesting in conversation. I have heard him speak in the Lodge with great fluency and eloquence. His health has been delicate of late."

"You seem to feel very much for such a sort of person, it seems to me! Well, go! I will try and pass the evening as well as I can; as I do those when you are at the Lodge!" and the lady pouted and looked ill-pleased.

"Why not let me call and ask lively Amy Otis to drop in and pass the evening?"

"I had rather not have her."

"Why not go into your father's. I will see you there and call for you when I come back."

"No."

"Then pass the time reading Frederica Bremer's last."

"I shall go to bed."

This was said so very positively and angrily that her husband said no more, except "good evening!"

She waited till she heard him close the street door, and then sprung up and began to pace the room. The cricket was in her way, and she kicked it out of her way. The piano-stool was an obstacle to the free exercise of her limbs and she tilted it over. For full five minutes she continued in this amiable mood, during which annuals strewed the floor, chairs were laid upon their backs, and the poker and shovel took a turn or two of cachucha about the room. At length she threw herself upon a sofa and played the devil's tattoo with her little left foot upon the carpet till she was tired. She then pulled a feather fan to pieces and cast the fragments around her; took up a book, glanced into it and flung it to the further side of the room, greatly to the peril of a splendid French mirror, and to the utter demolition of a cologne bottle that unluckily lay in its progress.

The fragrance of the spilled cologne, or perhaps exhaustion, calmed her, and after venting a few gentle epithets at the Odd Fellows in general and at her husband in particular, she rung for an ice-cream to be brought her from the next confectioner's; a very excellent cooler in such cases.

Mrs. Preston, was not a simpleton, nor a vixen, nor a fool. She had good sense, a cultivated mind, and knew a great deal better than to act as she did. But she was jealous; jealous of the Lodge not of a woman; for she had too just an appreciation of her own beauty if not of Charles' constancy to be jealous of any lady. No. The Lodge was her rival. It robbed her of a part of his society all of which she felt it was her right to monopolize. She was like a stingy child with a sweet apple. He must enjoy it in a corner lest somebody should want a bite.

She had, from the first, openly shown her hostility to the Lodge; and many had been the scenes of tears and recriminations between them; he being too firm to yield to her weak entreaties to withdraw from an Institution he knew to be so worthy; and she blind only to her own selfish love for every hour of his time. At his refusal she would retort,

"You pretend to friendship, love and truth! Where is your friendship for *me*? Where is your *love* for me! Where is your truth, when you refuse this to my love, after you solemnly pledged yourself

when you married me, Charles, to love and honor me! Is this honoring or loving me. If you think so, I do not!"

While Mrs. Preston was eating her ice, Amy Otis came in; and being now in better humor, (ices are an unfailing prescription in these matters!) she managed to receive her husband very amiably, when at half past nine he returned.

He looked gratified at the change in her; but made no remark before Miss Otis. He was grave and thoughtful. At length he said, smiling, as he looked at his wife—

"Miss Amy, my wife has scolded me a little for being an Odd Fellow, you know. She tried to have me stay in to-night. But as I was on the sick committee I could not very well. I am thankful I did not," he said impressively. "Would you like to hear," he added addressing the young lady, "where I have been."

"Yes," she answered laughing. "Let us hear, Sir, of some of your great benevolent doings!"

"After I had walked five minutes from my door I turned into — Lane, and with some difficulty found the house I sought. It was small and of humble exterior. I knocked, and a poor, thin, pale young woman came to the door. I asked if Mr. Pollen lived there? She said that he did. I told her I had come to see him, having just heard of his illness.

"He is indeed ill, Sir. I am glad you have come to see him, Sir. Are you an Odd Fellow?" she asked with an eager look.

"Yes."

"Then all is well for us!" she answered gratefully. "He is my husband, sir. He has not been well this six months. And the last six weeks he has'n't been able to work for the *dengue* in his fingers. This worried him and wore upon him and made him right sick at last. Well, sir, as his daily earnings were eat up by the four children and us two as fast as it came in, if he lost a day it was robbing the mouths that depended on him; and he has been paid low of late, there is so many engravers that are not married that work for very little. So he grew sick and took to bed with fever!"

"And how long has he been so ill?"

"Four weeks, sir."

"And why has he not made it known to the Lodge?"

"So I told him; but he said no. He said he would keep from the funds of the Lodge till the very last minute. So he made me sell this and that for food and to buy medicine."

"This sensitiveness was all wrong," I said to her. "The fund was in part his own contribution. He was entitled to it as right. It is never regarded in the light of an alms."

"But he felt it was, sir; and he is proud. Well, sir, we struggled on till to-day, when he proving worse and nothing to sell and nothing to eat, I made him tell me who was the "Grandee" of the Lodge; and so I puts on my bonnet when he was asleep and goes strait to his store. He received me kindly, said my husband should at once be attended to; and that's only an hour since, and here you are already sir, come to see me!"

She pressed my hand with tears and expressions of the deepest gratitude. I entered the sick man's room. He lay upon a bed, reduced to a skeleton. He turned his large glazed eye upon me and smiled as he recognized me.

"You have come to a poor man's house, sir," he said, as if mortified at his poverty. I did not expect I should so soon call on the charity of the Lodge."

"You are claiming of me only your right and my due," I said. "No Odd Fellow can be regarded as an object of charity. He is looked upon as a distressed brother, and the duties extended to him are those of love. We owe each other only love. It is this that has brought me here."

He smiled gratefully and pressed my hand with his skeleton fingers, which were hot to the touch. I found that he and his family were perfectly destitute. There was no cooling medicine for him; no food for them. His wife told me that the children had eaten nothing since dinner and were gone to bed crying for food, and she had for their sakes eaten nothing since the night before."

"Oh horrid! Dreadful!" exclaimed both Amy and Mrs. Preston, in tones of pity and sympathy.

I instantly went out and hastened to the next grocery. There I filled my handkerchief with bread, cheese, cakes, oranges for the sick man, a paper of tea, and sugar; under my arm I placed a bottle of wine, and in my hand bore a quart of fresh milk. With these treasures I hastened back to the scene of affliction and wretchedness. My presence soon cast sun-shine upon the gloom. In less than half an hour things wore a new face. I despatched a note to two of my fellow committee men, with instructions to bring a physician, and to come prepared to stay for the night, as my wife would by no means give me permission to be out."

"Charles! Charles! this, is too, too, severe!" said his wife bursting into tears.

"Nay-then Mary, I did not write so to them of you! I withdraw the words!"

"I deserved it if you did! I have been all, all, wrong! Forgive me!"

"Freely!" he said, kissing her hand. "I remained until they came with Dr. —. By the time I came away every thing around the invalid was comfortable; clean bed linen, clean linen for himself, and plenty of food in the house. The doctor said with careful nursing he might recover. I took leave of him a little while since leaving the two Odd Fellows watching by his bedside. When they leave him at dawn their place will be supplied by two others. I ought to be one of them; but —

"Charles! Charles! Go! go! Be one of them! From this moment I shall speak only of your Order with honor and affection!"

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

Original.

LINES TO M. H.,

ON RETURNING A PACKET OF MY MOTHER'S LETTERS.

—
BY MISS ANN E. POPE.
—

OH, take them all again, those tokens sweet,
From one who ever felt and showed for thee
A ready sympathy, and sister's love;
Oh, take them all again, for they but ope
Anew those wounds which time had partly healed,
And bring before me vividly and bright,
Days, scenes and pleasures, now forever gone.
They bring again before my fancy's eye
The dim remembered lineaments of one
Who was my guide, director, comforter, —
To whom in every childish sorrow
I could go, and on her faithful bosom
Repose my aching head, and ever find
That place still changeless — still a refuge sweet.
And, oh ! could I my bitter tears restrain,
To view the sad reverse, and find no heart,
In all this wide-spread earth to give
The same deep, holy love to me again ?

Yet they were chastened tears, for could I weep
For one who mingles with an angel band,
And tunes her harp with theirs to Jesus' praise —
Oh, not for her so happy, and so blest,
Should one lamenting sigh or thought be given ;
But for myself a wandering pilgrim still,
I surely yet may weep.

Much grief I've seen,
Since those fair, peaceful, happy days were ours ;
For I was then your " Precious," and her hope ;
And when I saw the lines a mother penned,
And asked thee well to guard that cherished one,
My eyes again were filled with gushing tears,
And faster still they flowed, when first my eye
Fell on those tender words, in which she bade
To " kiss her children for their mother dear,"
Nor smile, nor kiss, she ever more can give —
Nor we receive.

Closed are those lips which used
To breathe forth words of deep and fond affection,
And the dear hand that would have guided us,

Thro' this sad earth, and pointed out its snares,
 Is mouldering with the dust, and her pure spirit,
 Oh, sometimes I think it leaves its bright abode
 To hover still unseen, o'er loved one's here ;
 And still with watchful love, and anxious care
 Points them the way to her own happy home.

Oh, thou who wast to her so true a friend,
 Yet love her orphan child and pray for her,
 That in her wanderings in a sinful world
 Her mother's mantle, she may ever wear,
 Each passing hour fill with as active zeal,
 May like her open the sweet fount of love
 In every heart, which owns her as a friend,
 And may she ever bear her "woman's lot,"
 With all the calm and untroubled patience
 And gentleness, which marked that sainted spirit.
 And oh, when death's destroying angel comes
 To loose the "silver cord," and "break the bowl,"
 One tear, then shed — for her's — her Mother's sake.

Original.

YOUNG MEN THE ARBITERS OF THEIR OWN DESTINY.

BY REV. BRO. OTIS A. SKINNER.

THE human mind is unlike the plant which grows without exertion, and which depends entirely upon the soil in which it is placed, and the action of the warming sun and gentle rains, for its thriftiness. — However highly favored by circumstances, and however excellent the surrounding influences to which it is subjected, it cannot reach the point of which it is capable, without exertion, patient, untiring exertion. This remark is applicable, not only to our improvement in religion, but to every kind of improvement of which we are capable. No man can become a thorough mechanic, however excellent may be the master under which he is placed, and however great the facilities afforded for gaining a knowledge of his business, unless he applies himself to the trade he is seeking to learn. His best efforts are indispensable to eminence. It is the same with regard to every pursuit of life. In the fine arts it is so — in all professions it is so. A young man may be sent to the best school of the country, and the best academy, and the best college, and then have the best opportunity of fitting himself

for the profession he may choose; but if he does not apply himself diligently to study, he will never succeed in reaching an exalted station. I do not say, that with equal application, all could become equally eminent; for all are not equally endowed by nature; but I say, that however endowed by nature, we can never reach an eminent station without application.

In this respect the poorest young men in the country stand on a level with the richest. They may not have influential friends to promote them to stations of honor like the rich young man. Neither may they have money, like him to avail themselves of all the means for acquiring an education. But all must apply themselves alike, or they will remain in ignorance. Money can gain patronage, and fine dwellings, and large libraries, but it cannot purchase mental culture, or knowledge. He that would become a superior mechanic, or artist, or scholar, or lawyer, or physician, or minister, must work his way. He must toil over difficult problems, find his path through the intricacies of the sciences, master difficult subjects, read and think and write, if his choice is one of the professions. If he chooses a trade, he must take all the steps which have to be trodden by any, and be tried by everything that is perplexing and difficult in the business he selects.

History abounds with numerous facts to show the truth of these remarks. No man ever became eminent without diligent application. If you look at the biographies of great men, you will find that they were strangers to idleness. They were perpetually toiling. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon; Newton, Bacon and Locke; Sir Humphery Davis, Franklin and Bowditch; Tillotson, Lardner and Paley, representing four different paths to eminence, afford most conclusive proofs of the point I wish to establish. When a boy at college, Paley was idle and wasted his time. He was one day saluted, by one of his companions, in the following rude manner. "Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are to waste your time and means as you do, when it is in your power by application to render yourself eminent." This roused his sleeping mind, and made him resolve to pursue knowledge with all his energies. The result was, that he became one of the most distinguished of men, and "already are the glory and influence of his intellect spread over half the world." Franklin furnishes another illustration of the same truth. No man ever lived who surpassed him in industry and application; and very bountifully was he rewarded. He attained an eminence which has been reached but by a few, and his name exerts a power which will be felt to the latest periods of time. There is then, but one way to obtain eminence, and that is by our own efforts. All who would reach the summit of the mount of human greatness, must work their way up.

According to these views every young man is the arbiter of his own destiny. It is for him to say whether he will rise to eminence or live in obscurity; it is for him to say whether he will be truly a man or not. This is one of the most important truths that can be presented to young men; for while any think that their friends or money must make them eminent; or while they think if they have not friends or money they cannot become eminent, they will be nothing.

We see an illustration of this truth in the fact, that most all our eminent scholars and mechanics and first merchants are men who started with nothing; they had no influential friends on whom to rely; they had no large estates to make them feel that they had a competency, and therefore, it was immaterial whether they achieved anything or not; they knew that their only reliance was upon themselves; and hence, if they succeeded it must be by their own efforts.

It must be mortifying in the extreme to men of immense wealth to see the indolence of most of their sons; their destitution of all ambition; their want of enterprise and application. An infant is hardly more dependent upon its parents than these young men are upon their fathers for support. And yet, in the face of this fact, admitted by all, those who have risen by their own efforts, and have acquired character, and are masters of the business or profession they follow, are straining every nerve, and are resorting to every art and stratagem to lay up an immense fortune, to render their children as indolent and void of ambition as are the sons of the rich men who have gone before them! Strange games are played in life! Better a thousand times employ our talents and means in teaching our children how to help themselves, and how to develop their powers, and employ their energies, than horde up for them to live in indolence, and die of rust and ennui.

But I must not enlarge here, for my object in this article is to show young men if they would attain to eminence, they must exert to the uttermost their own powers. I would remark then in the next place, that they must fix their aim high. It matters not how high; for they are capable of achieving almost anything desired, that is within the bounds of human possibility. Young men should always remember, that what man has done, man may do. It would be well for them therefore, to keep constantly before them the examples of the great; their rise from obscurity to the highest stations of life. There is not a great man now on the theatre of life, but what had dreams, visions of this greatness in youth. Perhaps he started back and reproached himself for his folly, and for building such lofty castles; but no sooner had he done this, than the visions would return, and his castles continue to swell in magnificence and grandeur. The most distinguished generals who ever led an army into victorious battles, gave early indications of a determination to stand at the head of their youthful companions. This was the case with Bonaparte, one of the greatest, if not the greatest general who ever lived. The most eminent mechanics and artists of the world have early chosen their professions, and have preferred their favorite employment to the pleasures and amusements of their mates, and have astonished their parents and guardians with their lofty aspirations. They resolved on eminence, and obtained it. They aimed at an equality with the highest, and they reached it. They determined on accomplishing much, and they succeeded. They became what they resolved to become. If then, you propose to be a mechanic, do not start with the idea of being an ordinary mechanic; if an artist, do not start with the idea of being an ordinary one; if a scholar, or teacher, or physician, or lawyer, or preacher, put your mark up,

far up, up among the chief men of the land, and if you do not gain your point, you will go higher, much higher, than if your aim is low. Determination is almost omnipotent; never say you cannot; but let your motto be, *try*. Have more than a determination to try — have faith — faith in the success of patient perseverance,—faith in the triumph of fixed resolutions.

I would observe in the next place, that it is not enough to have a high aim; if you would succeed, that aim must be diligently and unwearingly sought. Many youth have dreams of future eminence, which are never realized, because they waste their lives in dreaming. It is not sufficient for the archer to point his arrow high, he must bend his bow, and throw it with all the force he can. But few fix, as they ought, their mind upon the professed object of their pursuits. The student in college who thinks more of his sports than of his studies, will make but poor progress. The apprentice who prefers amusements to acquiring a knowledge of his business, will be a poor mechanic. The merchant who had rather pursue the pleasures of life than attend to his store, can never be successful. The mind must be given to the employment we follow in order to succeed. Every man must pursue his calling diligently, if he would pursue it advantageously. All men of every calling must be industrious. I mean not of course that they should be slaves. All need rest, relaxation, amusement; but still the calling chosen must mainly engross the attention. An industrious student will make a distinguished scholar; an industrious mechanic, a distinguished one; an industrious merchant a distinguished one. He then that starts with a high aim, will be sure to reach it, if he pursue his purpose with industry.

But let me say, in order for a mechanic, or artist, or merchant, or husbandman, to rise to the highest point of eminence, he must not neglect his mental culture. No matter therefore, what business a young man may choose; as he hopes for success, let him devote a portion of every day to the improvement of his mind. There is no business which has not an intimate connexion with one or more of the sciences. Those sciences having connexion with our calling should be fully mastered. Not only so, the mind should be stored with general knowledge. I am aware how hard many toil—how hard they find it necessary to toil. But no man should give over ten hours to labor; to toil ten hours, is doing as much as our physical strength will justify. Take eight of the remaining fourteen for sleep, and six are left for meals, rest, creation, and study. Now he that studies two hours in a day, has almost three months for study in a year. No young man then need say, *my* early advantages were poor—I enjoyed no academic or collegiate opportunities, and therefore I must remain in ignorance; only let him improve his time, pursue some system in his studies, and if he does not equal the learned blacksmith, he will become a wise man, and be fitted for almost any station of life.

Industry will accomplish almost any thing we desire. He that takes but one step a day will travel a great distance in a year. Never despise the steps therefore. The globe is composed of particles of sand. It is known, says a good writer, that those islands, which so

beautifully adorn the Pacific, and seem like so many Edens, were reared up from the bed of the ocean, by the little coral-insect which deposits one grain of sand at a time, till the whole of those piles are reared up. And so it is with the efforts of the human mind. Perseverance and energy produce the greatest results. Newton once remarked that what constituted the difference between him and others was, his superior patience. He would persevere and accomplish his object, while they would become discouraged, and relinquish theirs. Here then is the way to true eminence. It is by fixing our aim high, and pursuing it with untiring industry.

The inducements to this course are great. Every man will always bring about his real value in market. By this I mean, that we shall always be able to accomplish by our efforts, or secure for our service, about what our ability would justify us to expect. He that is capable of much will receive much, while he who is capable of but little, will receive but little.

All, it is true, are not equally fortunate, and to all general rules there are exceptions. But the exceptions in this case do not exceed the exceptions to ordinary rules. What an inducement then is there for all young men to seek to rise as high in their calling as possible. Their reward will correspond to the height to which they attain. Those therefore, who would not spend their days in toiling for comparatively nothing; who would have their services yield a compensation equal to all reasonable desires, must remember, it is for them to say whether it shall be so or not. They are the arbiters of their own fortune, they can fix their own value upon themselves.

But pecuniary compensation is the poorest reward conferred upon high attainments. It always affords an unspeakable happiness to reflect, that we have made the best improvement of our time and talents which we could. He that looks around upon those of his age, and who started with him in life, and sees them to be vastly his superiors, high above him in knowledge and weight of character; and then reflects that this difference is not because they had superior talents, or superior advantages, but because they have been more industrious, must feel a great degree of mortification, and be filled with bitter regret. Not only so — there is a true satisfaction in reflecting that we stand in the first class of those engaged in the same calling with ourselves. It gratifies a laudable ambition and pride, and gives an influence which can be exerted for good. Besides, whatever gratifies our friends, must afford us true happiness. None but parents can know the solicitude with which they look upon the course of their children. If they are industrious and worthy the esteem of the world, and rise to true eminence, their parents experience a pleasure which no language can describe. The mother of Washington enjoyed far more the honors bestowed upon her son, than he enjoyed them himself. You have no doubt seen an anecdote of the late lamented Legare. While a member of Congress he made a most masterly speech on an important subject which was exciting the attention of the whole country. At its conclusion, gentlemen of both political parties gathered about him, and congratulated him on the success of his effort. It was a proud moment in his life,

and his heart swelled with emotions of thankful joy. After he had retired to his room, he was visited by one of his intimate friends, who cordially extended his hand and congratulated him on the triumphant effort which he had made, adding that he preferred to tender his congratulation in that private way, than to crowd about him when receiving so many marks of distinguished notice. Legare thanked him kindly, and seemed fully to appreciate the motive by which he was actuated. But, said he, though my speech has been so highly eulogized, and such warm and flattering encomiums have been passed upon me, nothing has affected me so much as to think of the emotions that will be excited in the heart of my mother; and as he mentioned her name, he burst into tears. And well he might weep, his tears were the tears of a filial love, of tender sympathy for a devoted mother, of an honest joy that he had been able to acquit himself in a manner calculated to gladden her heart.

Original.

A FRAGMENT.

KEEP one apartment of the heart free from
Contamination by the world; and let
All there be beautiful and holy; be
It such a place as angels seek to dwell in.
There let celestial Peace and harmony
Breathe their soft words. And ever there exist
In that bright place, unchanging Faith and Hope,
And there may never-dying Friendship weave
Her silken bands; and universal Love,
From her bright, golden harp draw melody
So sweet, so tender, that it shall be bliss
To hear its cadence. Dwell Religion there,
With robe unstained and calm, unwrinkled brow
And her blue eye of deep intensity
Turned ever Heaven-ward

Let not who will
Come and despoil thee of thy treasure, but
Guard it a thousand times more carefully
Than thou wouldst hoard the thrice-refined gold.

When Mind shall cease its warrings with the storms,
With angry clouds which now array themselves
To stop its passage to a holier world;
To that calm, peaceful chamber of the soul,
Then can it go and fold its weary wings
And rest upon the bosom of Religion.

SARAH.

Charlestown, July.

INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

WE ask the attention of the brethren to the following article from "The Ark." It is a subject of the greatest importance, and cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind of every individual who has the welfare of the Order at heart. And more particularly at the present time does this matter urge itself upon our minds. Our numbers are increasing with great rapidity, and too much caution cannot be taken to prevent unworthy characters from being introduced into our institution. The article referred to reads,

"More depends on a faithful discharge of the duties of this committee than perhaps on any other part of our work, as to their watchfulness, in a great measure, is entrusted the purity, stability and usefulness of our Order. Charity to its members demands the strictest scrutiny in the admission of those on whom must devolve the responsibility of keeping bright and unspotted its untarnished honor.

How important, then, that reports from these committees should be maturely considered before being presented to the Lodge, so that the Brothers unacquainted with the applicant may rely with undoubting confidence on their recommendation.

We should ever remember that all societies that have flourished and fallen can trace their decay to the misconduct of their own members, and that our standing will be more injured by one unworthy Brother than by all the shafts of malice and envy united. Then let us resolve to guard with sleepless vigilance the portals of our beloved Order; to be watchful of our own department, and unceasing in the practice of those cardinal virtues which have made Odd Fellowship the delight of the philanthropist of every land.

CHERUBINE.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

I THOUGHT, in a dream, I was prompted to trace
A true smiling likeness of Cherubine's face,
And carried it up to the bright world above,
To know if the Angels were fair as my love!

A mild Seraph took it, and viewed it awhile,
Then graciously turned, and remarked, with a smile,
" 'Tis our fairest young sister, who left us to go
On an errand of kindness to mortals below."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MASSACHUSETTS GRAND LODGE.

THIS body held its annual meeting in this city on the 1st day of August. The result of the balloting for officers was as follows:—

THOMAS F. NORRIS, M. W. G. M.
NEWELL A. THOMPSON, R. W. D. G. M.
SOLON JENKINS, R. W. G. W.
WM. E. PARMENTER, R. W. G. S.
HEZEKIAH PRINCE, R. W. G. T.
REV. BRO. JOHN MCLEISH, R. W. G. Chaplain.
E. H. CHAPIN, } Grand Representatives.
WM. HILLIARD, }

The appointed officers of the G. L. for the ensuing year as follows:

A. J. P. WHITCOMB, Grand Marshall.
G. AMBROSE, Grand Conductor.
R. COLE, Grand Guardian.

We are not prepared with a list of the District Deputy Grand Masters. The State was divided into thirteen districts, of which three are in the county of Suffolk. We deem this an excellent measure, as the business of installation, owing to the rapid increase of Lodges, has become a very arduous labor. In the county of Suffolk, and in towns adjacent, especially, where several Lodges meet upon the same evening of the week, it is absolutely necessary to have a number of deputies, and their appointment at the annual session of the Grand Lodge will preclude the perplexity and care attendant upon the arrangement of installations, which we experienced every quarter under the old system.

D. G. M. Thompson brought forward a resolution (which was carried) that the books of the G. Secretary should be kept after the mercantile manner, a distinct account being opened with every Lodge, which will much facilitate the business of the Committee of Finance in their periodical examination. He also proposed an amendment to the Constitution, (which, of course, lies over until the next term), which if adopted allows the G. Secretary *two* instead of *one* hundred dollars per annum for his services. This is not only a good measure, it is a *just* one. The labors of the G. Secretary are becoming every week more and more arduous and responsible. It is an office fatiguing to both body and mind. Nothing is gained in such cases, by a stinted salary. If

we would have the work well done, we should be willing to have the laborer well recompensed. We earnestly hope that this motion will be carried. We were not present in the latter part of the evening session, and therefore are not able to give the details of the proceedings. We understand, however, that an important decision was made in the evening, which settles the point that the Chaplain of a Lodge is an appointed officer, and, therefore, after serving six months in his office is entitled to the V. G.'s chair. Of course, according to this decision, the Chaplain is fineable for non-attendance, and must pay initiation fees. Other appointed officers pay these charges, and if the Chaplain receives this privilege he must, of course, bear their burdens. We have thought that the privilege of the Chaplain is exemption from initiation fees, not eligibility to the V. G.'s chair.

We make the following extracts from the Grand Lodge Proceedings:

Whole number of initiations during the quarter ending June 30th. 632; suspended, 15; expelled, 3; rejected, 44; number of degrees conferred, 2121; whole number of contributing members, 4298; amount of receipts, \$11,319 21.

The following resolution was submitted by Bro. Strong:

Resolved, That the Grand Representatives be and are hereby instructed to procure, if possible, at the next session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, such an alteration in the regular sessions of Subordinates, as to require the officers to serve six months instead of three.

It was voted, that the subordinate Lodges be required to forward their returns to the Grand Secretary two weeks at least before each session of the Grand Lodge.

THE SECRETS OF THE ORDER.

THE enemies of Odd Fellowship have had much to say in regard to its secrets. *If the institution is a good one, why should it have secrets?* is the inquiry frequently made. The true answer to this question, is found in the object of the institution. It is designed to afford pecuniary assistance to its members. The money paid for initiation and for degrees is held in the treasury, to be appropriated for the relief of the sick and the unfortunate. That such is the case may be seen by referring to the Constitution of any Lodge. The Lodges are so connected that when any one of their members is travelling, he can obtain any assistance which may be requisite, and the Lodge affording that assistance can draw upon the one to which the person belongs who has received it. This arrangement shows the value of the secrets of the ORDER. An individual belonging to a Lodge in Massachusetts can gain admission into any Lodge in the world, and if travelling in a foreign country, he can, if taken sick, or deprived by misfortune of his funds, obtain what aid he may require. This is a great advantage,

and gives a value to the INSTITUTION which must commend it to all. But without its secrets, it could not possess this value. Unless the brotherhood had a language known only to themselves, the Order could not know its members; but having this language it can recognize them wherever found.

Such is the great object of the secrets of Odd Fellowship. In regard to its principles, there is no secret. These are embodied in the Constitution of the Lodges, and in the addresses delivered on various public occasions, and in the works devoted to its defence. They are no more a matter of secret than are the doctrines of a Christian church. The idea then, that the secrets are designed to answer some evil purpose, or that they are capable of rendering the institution dangerous, is utterly groundless. No Odd Fellow ever takes an obligation not to divulge the real principles of the Order; he simply obligates himself not to communicate the signs and pass-words. Were a plan to be proposed in a Lodge to form some alliance against a religious or political party, any who might dissent from the plan, would have the same right to speak of it that they would to speak of any topic that could be broached in any circle. But no such proposition could be made; for in a Lodge, neither party politics nor sectarian opinions can be discussed. The secrets of Odd Fellowship then, are just as harmless as its motto, requiring of all its members, *Friendship, Love and Truth*.

JOSEPH SOLD TO THE ISHMAELITES.

SEE PLATE.

THE history of Joseph and his brethren is one of the most instructive and useful histories ever penned, either by a sacred or profane writer. It shows the working of envy and jealousy, and the cruelties to which they will lead. These vices were fostered in the hearts of Joseph's brethren, by the partiality of the father towards him, and the singular dreams of the youth. Though he was kind and confiding, and gave no indications of an aspiring spirit, they regarded him with unfriendly feelings. They therefore seized upon the first opportunity that was presented to effect his destruction. The time and circumstances chosen for this cruel purpose, though affording every facility for its accomplishment, were the last we should suppose they would have selected. They had been long absent from home, and Joseph was sent by his father to visit them, and inquire after their welfare. This kindness had no effect to allay their bitter feelings. When they saw him approach, they exclaimed, *Behold that dreamer cometh*, and immediately formed a plan for his ruin. They first concluded to put him to death, and proceeded to the accomplishment of their terrible design; but while engaged in its execution, a band of Ishmaelites came along, and they concluded to sell him to them. It seems incredible that brothers could have been thus cruel; but envy and jealousy have a strange power to blunt the moral sensibilities. His tender and earnest en-

treaties, his supplicating cries, had no effect upon their hard hearts. A wicked spirit controlled their feelings, and they acted with a baseness that is almost inconceivable. They knew the hardships to which he would be exposed, the degradation to which he would be subjected, and the deep sorrow which must fill his bosom when far from his home, he should feel the weight of the galling chains of slavery. But they hesitated not, their unholy feelings had become aroused, and they were determined on their course. What an instructive lesson does this unnatural act afford. How careful should all be in watching their hearts, and in keeping them free from such passions. They have far too much dominion in society; they lead too many to speak reproachfully of their neighbors. To envy and jealousy must be attributed many of those divisions and strifes and contentions which do so much to disgrace society, to destroy its peace, and injure the characters of the deserving. How often is their blighting influence felt in the CHRISTIAN CHURCH, in the Lodge, and in the social circle.

Bitter is the reward of those who indulge in feelings thus wicked. There are hardly any vices which are regarded as meaner and more unworthy of man, than envy and jealousy. Consequently, all who seek to injure their friends, for the sake of helping themselves, are regarded with universal contempt. Such men never meet with permanent success. They may be prospered for a while, their motives may not at first be seen; but they cannot long be hidden; and when discovered, withering will be the scorn to which their sinfulness will subject them. Let none then, ever cherish envious and jealous feelings, if they wish for the confidence and respect of the world. There are none whom the multitude delight so much to honor, as those who are governed by brotherly love. Nither are there any so safe and so sure of success, We see this in the case of Joseph. He was kind and true to all. In no instance did he depart from a course of virtue. He was subjected to all the vicissitudes of life; he knew the trials of slavery, and the trials of high rank and authority; but however situated he never proved false to the dictates of moral principles. He never exhibited a feeling of envy towards his superiors, or of unkindness towards his subjects. It has been eloquently said, that in the "lowest adversity he was patient and faithful; in the highest prosperity beneficent and generous; dutiful and affectionate as a son; kind and forgiving as a brother; accomplished as a statesman; wise and provident, as a ruler of the land." It was his virtue that elevated him from a slave to a ruler, that gave him such entire control over his subjects, and rendered him so universally beloved. Who then, will not seek to imitate the beloved, the faithful, the true hearted Joseph, rather than his envious and jealous brethren who sold him as a slave?

☞ A charter has been granted by the Grand Lodge for the institution of a Lodge of I. O. O. F., at Framingham.

ODD FELLOWS' CELEBRATION AT PORTLAND.

THE Odd Fellows' celebration at Portland, on the 23d and 24th of last month, was probably the most splendid of any that has ever been witnessed in New England, if not in the United States. The attendance far exceeded the expectations of the most enthusiastic. There were not less than three thousand present. Portland was literally filled. But though the crowd was immense, all were provided with excellent accommodations. The members of the Order threw open their houses, and freely and bountifully entertained their visiting brethren. The cry among all was, "We have the best place in the city—we are with the kindest gentleman and lady we ever saw—there is nothing we could desire which we do not have." Several families entertained from ten to twenty each. The arrangements were all well made, and as the brothers arrived in the city, they were directed by the reception committee to their places of entertainment. It mattered not at what hour in the night the brothers arrived, the committee were at their post ready to provide for their wants, and the families who were to afford the accommodations were in readiness to receive them. One train from Boston, containing about eight hundred, did not arrive till nearly 1 o'clock at night, and yet, all were provided for!

The 23d, the day for the celebration, proved unfavorable, and the procession was postponed. The different Lodges met at an early hour, and voted, each Lodge unanimously, to remain till the next day, or longer if requisite. A better spirit could not have been manifested than was exhibited by all. While they regretted their misfortune, they were willing to wait till the weather should be pleasant. It was thought best, however, to have the Oration at 11 o'clock A. M. This was delivered in the large and beautiful hall of the Exchange, by Hon. Bro. Wm. Pitt Fessenden. It was a splendid production, prepared with great care and taste, and was fully equal to the occasion. Bro. F. is one of the most chaste and eloquent speakers of Maine.—His subject was Odd Fellowship. He gave a full expose of its leading principles and objects, and presented in most glowing language its high claims. As the Oration will be published, it is unnecessary that we should detain the reader with its modes of reasoning and illustrations. We shall hail its appearance from the press with pleasure. Rev. Bro. E. M. P. Wells of this city officiated as Chaplain.

The afternoon and evening of the 23d passed away most pleasantly. Several of the Lodges had meetings, at which eloquent speeches were delivered by the Rev. Bro. Norris, Grand Master of Mass., the Rev. Bro. Pratt, Grand Master of Maine, the Rev. Bro. Francis, Deputy Grand Master of N. H., the Rev. Bro. Case of S. C., and several others. In the evening there were several levees given by some of the brothers of Portland.

The 24th proving auspicious for the procession, it was formed at 10 o'clock, A. M. by the Chief Marshal of the day, and marched through the principal streets. There were several bands of music on the oc-

casion, including the Brass and Brigade Bands of this city, which delighted the good citizens of Portland with their thrilling strains. The banners carried, made a most imposing appearance, exceeding in neatness and splendor all we ever saw.

FIRST DIVISION.
Maine Lodge, No. 1.
Ancient Brothers' Lodge, No. 4.
Ligonia Lodge, No. 5.

SECOND DIVISION.
Massachusetts Grand Encampment.
Massachusetts Encampments.
Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.
New Hampshire Encampment.
Maine Encampments.

THIRD DIVISION.
Subordinate Lodges of Massachusetts.
Subordinate Lodges of New Hampshire.

FOURTH DIVISION.
Subordinate Lodges of Maine. (exclusive of Portland Lodges.)

The First Division acted as Escort to the Procession, which took up its line of march at the time appointed, in the following order:

FIRST DIVISION.
Ald. **GRAND MARSHAL.** Ald.

Portland Brass Band.
Subordinate Lodges of Portland.
M. W. Grand Master.
P. G. Master.
Orator and Chaplain,
in a barouche
drawn by four horses.

Marshal. { Marshal.

SECOND DIVISION.
Boston Brass Band,
Massachusetts Grand Encampment,
Massachusetts Encampments,
Grand Lodge of Massachusetts,
New Hampshire Encampment,
Maine Encampments,
Grand Lodge of Maine.

THIRD DIVISION.
Band.
Subordinate Lodges of Massachusetts,
Subordinate Lodges of New Hampshire.

Band,
Subordinate Lodges of Maine (exclusive of Portland Lodges),
Band.

In the procession were the following Lodges from Massachusetts :

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1; Tri-Mount, No. 2; Bunker Hill, No. 5; Mt. Washington, No. 6. Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1; Siloam, No. 2; New England, No. 4; Merrimack, No. 7; Suffolk, No. 8; Crystal Fountain, No. 9; Oriental, No. 10; Mechanic, No. 11; Nazarene, 13; Middlesex, No. 17; Warren, No. 18; Friendship, No. 20; Franklin, No. 23; Winnisimmet, No. 24; Boston, No. 25; Essex, No. 26; Columbian, No. 29; Bethesda, No. 30; Lafayette, No. 31; Ancient Landmark, No. 32; Montezuma, No. 33; Hope, No. 34; Prospect, No. 35; Maverick, No. 36; Shawmut, No. 37; Quascacunquen, No. 39; Bay State, No. 40.

The procession attracted great attention. The people of both sexes crowded the piazzas, roofs, windows and doors of the houses, and cheered and waved their handkerchiefs as the extended line marched along. The Pavilion was splendidly arranged — the tables were spread with every thing to please the eye and gratify the taste. It was prepared by Bro. Thorpe, of the Elm Hotel. It was truly a sumptuous repast. After a blessing was invoked by Rev. Bro. J. McLeish, RWG. Chaplain of Mass., the brothers seated themselves at the table, and did ample justice to the provisions placed before them. After dinner, the following regular Toasts were read. We are happy to state that the dinner was on strictly temperance principles.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. *The Day*—Memorable as the anniversary of the introduction of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows into the State. May its annual return be ever hailed by bereaved widows and helpless orphans—by the sick and suffering, as their own peculiar jubilee.

2. *The Odd Fellows of Massachusetts and Maine*—Though divided by geographical limits, we are *one* in "Friendship," *one* in "Love," and *one* in "Truth."

3. *The Enemies of the Order*—Their arrows have hurtlessly fallen "on this side" of Odd Fellowship.

4. *The Orator of the Day*—We honor his eloquence and commanding abilities, which, in turn, have to-day conferred honor upon the Order.

5. *The Odd Fellows of Boston*—We hail their presence at our festivities, and extend to them our hearts in the open palm of our hands; and, as in olden times, their and our fathers were compeers in the great work of our political regeneration, so will we, around the mystic altar of our beautiful Order, with our hands and our breasts, pledge ourselves to labor with them unceasingly upon the great platform of an elevating philanthropy.

6. *The Odd Fellows of New Hampshire*—We give them joyful welcome, and congratulate them upon their rapidly increasing strength. May they be firm as their own immovable hills in the execution of their high mission.

7. *Our Motto*—"FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH." It is the enthroned and divinely consecrated *power* of the Order. *With* it, we may encompass all nations, and move all hearts; *without* it, our signs and symbols will be but the tokens of departed glory.

8. *Pure Religion and Odd Fellowship*—"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

9. *The Memory of Past Grand Sire Gettys*—He has left us arrayed, we trust, in the regalia, and provided with the password of the Celestial Lodge. His life will embalm him in our heart of hearts.

10. *The Community Principle of Odd Fellowship*—While it recognizes the necessity of religion, of law and order, it teaches that neither gold nor lineage constitute the *man*; it brings the exalted and the lowly together, and causes the coroneted prince and the embrowned citizen to lock arms and acknowledge their coequal brotherhood.

11. *The Ladies*—Their tenderness is the noblest regalia of the domestic "Lodge Room," and their beauty the most agreeable decoration.

[We hoped to have been able to publish a full account of the Celebration in the present No. of the Symbol; but in consequence of its having taken place at so late a day in the month, we are unable to give little else than an abstract. A large number of Volunteer Toasts were given; but having left the table before they were all delivered, we were unable to procure them, and up to the present time (Tuesday evening) we have seen no Portland paper wherein they have been published. We trust this explanation will be a sufficient agology for not giving a more lengthy report in our present number.]

A CHAPTER OF ERRATA.

DEAR READER:—We are not one of the best of penmen. We write after the most approved fly-tracks that we know of, but the printer cannot always decipher us, though he generally does better than we expect. In our leading article, in last number, however, we are called upon to pay a penalty for our "cramped penmanship," that we are not willing to suffer without explaining to you. If you did us the honor to read our "*Thoughts for the Summer-time*," in about the seventh line of that article, your eye caught these words, by which we intended to carry out a simile of nature as a temple;—"its *psaltery* is the flushed and kindling clouds." If you noticed this, no doubt you were somewhat puzzled to know what kind of *cloud* music this might be. But we did not so write. For the word *psaltery* substitute the word *upholstery*, and we flatter ourselves that our idea will seem clearer. In the *thirteenth* line, too, instead of "*wave* of the dewy grass," we wrote *odor* or *fragrance*, we confess we do not exactly remember which, but it was something of the kind. A little further along, we spoke of the ocean that unrolls its *mottled* splendor before us"—alas! it was printed "*wreathed* splendor;"—and in the very same line where we were endeavoring to describe as well as we could the summer heaven, by speaking of its "*serene and starry* aspects," our picture was overclouded by the printer, who made it *serene and stormy* aspects." On the next page, the fourth line from the top, we wrote that every sinew of nature "is strained and *busy*," but the whole anatomy of the figure has been changed and it reads "strained and *bony*," and goes on to speak of "every element in the *sprigs* of of the mountain," when we meant the fly-tracks to say "*springs*." In the fifteenth line from the top, for "*preferable*," read "*palpable*," and we shall be better suited; so shall we be, if in the eighth line from the bottom of that page, for the word "*divinity*," you substitute the word which we wrote, "*charity*"—we certainly have a right to ask for charity here.

We will not decipher farther now. In justice to the printer it should be said, that we were absent and could not read the proof. We acquit him of blame. In justice to ourselves, we have written this chapter of errata.

AN OBJECTION CONSIDERED.

It has been argued that Odd Fellowship is founded upon a wrong principle, because it refuses admission to the sick. Those who urge such an objection must be sadly ignorant or fearfully dishonest. The funds of a Lodge are created for the purpose of supporting such members as may be taken sick. In this respect a Lodge is a mutual aid association, each member putting in an equal sum, and having an equal right to draw from its treasury an equal amount per week when un-

able to attend to the duties of life. Hence if its doors were open for the sick, the same as for the well, the latter would not join it, and of course no fund could be created. You might as well then complain of a mutual insurance office for refusing to insure a building after it had taken fire, or a life insurance office because it refused to insure the life of a man in the last stages of consumption, as to complain of Odd Fellowship because its doors are closed against the sick. It is not strictly a charitable institution designed expressly to aid the sick, but it is a mutual aid society designed, to assist such of its members as may become sick. Any one, therefore, who understands its character, cannot be honest in urging as an objection that it will not receive the sick.

ASSISTANCE RENDERED BY SILOAM LODGE, NO. 2.

THIS is one of the largest Lodges in the State. During the past year, it expended \$1350, in giving relief to its sick and afflicted. This is a great sum to be paid in so short a period. What an amount of good must it have done! The weekly portion paid by a Lodge to one of its sick members, will do much towards the supply of his wants. — Many families in our city, during the past few years, have found great assistance by the money drawn from the different Lodges. Besides, they are not degraded by receiving it, for it is as much their right as is the portion paid by an insurance office to the man who has lost the dwelling he had insured. The sick brother does not go to the Lodge for charity, he does not take the place of a beggar; he asks simply for his right, for what is guaranteed by the rules of his Lodge. And it is a source of no small happiness to him whose means are limited, and who is dependent upon the labor of his hands for subsistence, to know, that though he may be deprived of his strength, and laid for a season upon the bed of languishing, he will have an income from his Lodge, and faithful brothers to watch by his bedside.

HOBOMOK LODGE, NO. 16:

THIS Lodge was instituted at Bath, (Me.) August 13th, under the most favorable auspices. The number of petitioners were seventeen, brothers from Lincoln Lodge. After the installation of officers, twelve strangers were initiated as members of the Lodge, and a number of new applications for membership were made. We were present on the occasion, and were much gratified to witness the great interest taken in the Order by the brethren. Every one appeared to be working for the good of the whole, and endeavoring as far as possible to carry out the principles of the Order. The members constituting the Hobomok Lodge are of the right material, and no fear need be entertained but that the Order will be well cared for under their jurisdiction. It has been but about five months since the Lincoln Lodge, at

Bath, was instituted. There are now nearly one hundred and fifty Odd Fellows in the place, and new members are being added weekly. As an instance of the interest manifested by our Bath friends in the Order, and the kindly and brotherly feeling felt toward one another, we would state that at a recent funeral of one of their members, *every Odd Fellow in the place was present, and accompanied the remains of his departed brother to the grave.* This act, to say the least, exhibits a feeling of the purest regard, and is well worthy of imitation by any institution.

The officers of Hobomok Lodge were installed by Deputy Grand Master NEALLY, to whom the Odd fellows of Bath owe much of their success, for his assistance and untiring zeal in the cause. The names of the officers elect will be found under the appropriate head.—P.

GRAND LODGE OF THE U. S.

It will be recollected that in the last number of the Symbol it was stated that the annual session of this body would be held on the *first* Monday in September, instant. The statement was made on the authority of the "Covenant," but proves to be an error, as will appear by the following :

Important Error.—In our last, we announced that the Annual Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States would be held on the *first* Monday of September; it should have read the *third* Monday of September.—*Covenant for August.*

How it was possible that "*The Covenant and OFFICIAL Magazine of the Grand Lodge of the United States I. O. O. F.*" should make such an "important error," still remains to be explained. —P.

THE REGISTER, OR ODD FELLOW'S GUIDE. Bro. Alfred Mudge, Boston.

WE have received from the publisher a book with the above title, of sixty-four pages, 32 mo., very handsomely got up, printed on good paper, with fair type, and bound in a superb manner. The work contains a list of the various Grand and Subordinate Encampments, Grand and Subordinate Lodges in New England, their time of institution, names of officers, number of members, their time and place of meeting, together with much interesting matter relative to the Order generally. To travelling brothers who wish to visit the Lodges, this directory will be of great benefit. It has been prepared with great care, and no exertion has been spared to make it as accurate as possible. We heartily recommend the work to the brethren. A few copies have been left at our office for sale.

☞ WE are requested to state that Monument Lodge, at East Lexington, will for the present hold its regular meetings on Wednesday evenings instead of Thursday.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE annual session of this body was holden at Odd Fellow's Hall, in this city, July 31st. The following are the names of the elective officers for the ensuing year :

Hezekiah Prince, GCP. Newell A. Thompson, GHP. Thomas Barr, GSW. Nath'l Y. Culbertson, GJW. Caleb C. Hayden, G. Scribe. Raymond Cole, G. Treasurer. Rob't L. Robbins, Grand Representative.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Free Mason.

We have received the first number of this magazine, devoted to Masonry and Literature, published at Louisville, Ky., and edited by TAL. P. SHAFFNER, Esq. The number before us is filled with interesting and useful matter. The Address of Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., on the "Masonic Character of Washington," will be read with interest by all. It is well worthy the head and heart of its accomplished author. — Those who have read the writings of the Editor can truly testify that no one is qualified to make a magazine more useful and interesting. The typographical appearance of the work is beautiful and reflects credit upon the printer. We bespeak for the "Mason" a hearty support, and hope the brethren of the craft will lend their aid in the circulation of a work that so ably advocates their cause.

Published monthly — 32 octavo pages. Two dollars a year.

The Gavel, No. 1.

We have received the first number of a monthly of 24 octavo pages, printed in Albany, by P. G. John Tanner. It contains a Lecture by Bro. L. Van Wie delivered in Albany, a tale entitled "The Promise," by Miss M. Stiles, a pencil sketch entitled "The Rivals," besides two or three editorials. The work is well printed, and promises to be a useful coworker in the good cause. We learn from it that Odd Fellowship is highly prosperous in the capitol of the empire State, and that the charter of Hope Lodge, No. 3 has been renewed.

Antistius, No. 1.

This is the title of a pamphlet of 36 duodecimo pages, written by a Baptist church member, in opposition to Elder Colver's Expose. The author is not an Odd Fellow. His work contains many good hits, and shows up very effectually the lectures it reviews. Odd Fellows care nothing for the opposition of Elder Colver; he has no power to injure them or their institution; and they have never deemed his expose worthy a reply. Those who wish to see his true character, and the folly of his attack, can do so by reading *Antistius*.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

- GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—Hes'h Prince, G C P. Newell A Thompson, G H P. Tho's Barr, G S W. Nath'l Y Culbertson, G J W. Caleb C Hayden, G Scribe. Raymond Cole, G Treasurer.
- MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.**—Wm Ellison, CP: A P Cleverly, HP; L M Smith, SW; J R Mullen, JW; Edwin Adams, Scribe; Nath'l S Prince, Treas'r.
- TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.**—George L Montague, CP. Edw'd W Howe, HP. Jos B Frost, SW. J H Woodward, JW. E F Follansbee, Scribe. Geo Norton, Treas.
- MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.**—John Vaughton, CP; Josiah H Russell, HP, Jesse P Pattee, S W; Woodman C Currier, JW; Duncan Macfarlane, Scribe; Ichabod Fessenden, Treas.
- MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT No 4.**—Francis M Kittredge, CP; Job H Cole, HP; Anson Huntington, SW; Ithamar W Beard, Scribe; Solomon D Emerson, Treas.; Nathan B. Favor, JW.
- BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No 5.**—Isaac C Cushing, CP. N P Brooks, HP. Wm Caban, SW.—Justin Jones, JW. Joseph Burrill, Scribe. Ashbel Wait, Treas.
- MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.**—Brewster Reynolds, CP. Jos Newmarch, HP. Cha's D Strong, SW. Daniel Hall, JW. Cha's Sampson, Scribe. Cha's H White, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE**—Tho's F Norris, MWGM: Newell A Thompson, RWDGM: Solon Jenkins, RWGW: W E Parmenter, RWG Sec'y: Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Jno McLeish, RWG Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE.**—Jos B Frost, DM; Isaac Gale, Jr, ADM; E F Follansbee, DADM; ——— Hall, PG; G L Drinkwater, VG; L H Bradford, Sec'y; Wm H Kelly, Treas.
- MAVERICK DEGREE LODGE**—Wm H Cairn, DM, Geo H Plummer, ADM; Wm S Howard, DADM; Sumner F. Barrett, PG; Geo W Morrill, VG; E M Cunningham, Sec'y; J Barker, Treas.
- MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.**—Louis Dennis, NG. Sam'l Prince, VG. Nath'l Gale, Rec. Sec'y. A P Cleverly, Per Sec'y, R M Baker, Treasurer. A P Cleverly, Chaplain.
- SILKOM LODGE, No. 2.**—O A Skinner, NG. Eben'r Seaver, VG. Jona Gavett, Rec Sec'y. John McClellan, Per Sec'y. John Farrington, Treas. E M P Wells, Chaplain. G N Thompson, Physician.
- NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.**—John S. Pulsifer, NG. Gardner R Welch, VG. Henry Whitney, Jr, Sec. Eli Cooper, Treas'r. Elbridge G Brooks, Chaplain.
- MERRIMAC, No. 7.**—Alex'r Green, PG. John Wright, NG; John Taft, VG; Dan'l McLennan Secretary: A Green, Treas'r.
- SUFFOLK, No. 8.**—Wm G Mickell, NG. E F Follansbee, VG. C S Brown, Treas. I B Smith, Rec. Sec'y. A S Wheeler, Per Sec'y.
- CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 9.**—Leonard Thompson, Jr, NG; J M Durgin, VG; Jos. Kelly, Sec'y; Sumner Young, Treas.
- ORIENTAL, No. 10.**—Rufus Gerrish, NG; Geo. Alexander Smith, VG; Isaac Gale, Jr, Rec. Sec'y Jacob H. Hathorne, Per Sec; Sam'l G Andrews, Treas.
- MECHANIC, No. 11.**—A R Abbott, NG. Chas G Giles, VG. Mortimer Lyon, Rec Sec'y. H S Orange, Per Sec'y. Asa Hildreth, Treas. Wm H Hatch Chaplain.
- BETHSEL, No. 12.**—Jesse P Pattee, NG; Duncan Macfarlane, VG; Josiah H Russell, Rec Sec'y; Michael Kenny, Per Sec'y; Woodman C Currier, Treas.
- NAZARENE No. 13.**—Henry Lyon, NG; Elisha Sturtevant, VG; George E Winslow, Sec'y; Chas A Stevens, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.**—Wm Caban, NG; N Y Culbertson, VG; H B Sargent, Rec Sec; Sam'l Rhoades, Per Sec; E H Chapin, Chaplain.
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- COVENANT No. 16.**—Cha's Siders, NG. A P Richardson, VG. Jona. Pierce, Rec Sec'y. Wm Rogers Per. Sec'y. T D Chapman, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.**—Augustus L. Barrett, NG.; Jona Kimball, VG; Chas Foster, Sec'y; Solomon Cruise, Treas; Wm Tozer, Chaplain.
- WARREN, No. 18.**—Wm J Twombly, NG. Benj. F Campbell, VG. James Anderson, Sec'y. E G Scott, Treas. Daniel Leach, Chaplain.
- MONUMENT, No. 19.**—George Stearns, NG; Loring S Pierce, VG; Abel E Bridge, Sec'y; Horatio Wellington, Treas.
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- FIDELITY, No. 21.**—James Howarth, NG; Geo. H. Kittredge, VG; John H Clark, Sec'y; William S. Marland, Treas.
- HOWARD, No. 22.**—Tho's R B Edmonds, NG. Henry Conn, VG. C Rand, Sec'y. J H Scott, Treas.
- FRANKLIN, No. 23.**—Joseph Newmarch, NG. R P Barry, VG. D Davis, Rec Sec'y. Andrew M McPhail, Jr, Per Sec'y. J Martin, Treas. Mark Traflet, Chaplain. A B Watson, Physician.
- WINNISMETT, No. 24.**—John Lothrop, NG. Samuel Cleland, VG. Jno F Fenno, Jr, Sec'y. Wm R Pearmain, Treasurer. G W Otis, Chaplain.
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- ESSEX, No. 26.**—Tho's Harvey, NG. Adrian Low, VG. S B Buttrick, Rec Sec'y. Gardner Barton, Per. Sec'y. Richard Lindsey, Treas.
- HAMPDEN, No 27.**—James M Thompson, NG. Josiah Hunt, VG. Francis Cummins, Secretary.—Albert C Cole, Treasurer.
- OSBURN, No. 28.**—J O M Ladd, NG; R G Colby, V G; ——— Sec'y; ——— Treas.
- COLUMBIAN, No. 29.**—Lyman Dike, NG; Jos B Kittredge, VG; Solon Dike, Sec'y; Jonathan Hay, Treas.

BETHESDA, No. 30.—Joseph Leonard, NG. Charles Smith, VG. E R Rich, Rec Sec'y. Jos Winsor, Jr, Per Sec'y. A M Holden, Treas. J H Clinch, Then. D Cook, Chaplain.
LAFAYETTE, No. 31.—B. Snow, NG; N Howard, VG; J Gould, Sec'y; A Cole, Treas. Emmons Partridge, Chaplain.
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SOUHEGAN, No. 38.—Jacob Townsend, Jr, NG; Samuel Kingman, VG; Edw A Williams, Sec'y; Jos W. Emerson, Treas; Jno H Willis, Chaplain.
QUASCACUNQUEN, No. 39.—Eben S Stearns, NG. Philip KHills, VG. Dexter Dana, Sec'y. Tho's H Lord, Treas.
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Maine.

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GRAND LODGE.—James Pratt, MWGM; E S J Neally, RWGDM; Thatcher, RWGW; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr, RWG Sec'y; J N Winslow, RWG Treas; N C Fletcher, G Chaplain.
UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—David Robinson, Jr, DM, E R Banks, DDM, James N Winslow, ADDM, J D Kinsman, Sec'y.
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PENOSCOOT, No. 7.—Sam'l H Dale, NG; B Plummer, Jr, VG; Wm L Warren, Rec. Sec'y; L G McKeuney, Per Sec; James P Crockett, Treas; Thos Stone, Chaplain.
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SACCARAPPA, No. 11.—S Brackett, NG, G W Partridge, VG, C E Twombly, Rec. Sec'y; J H Watson, Per. Sec'y, M Stiles, Treas.
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PASSAGASAWAKEAG, No. 15.—David W Lothrop, NG; Sam'l G Thurlow, VG; A Lothrop, Sec'y; Geo R Lancaster, Treas.
HOBOMOK, No. 16.—David Ingalls, NG; Jacob S Sewall, VG; George Davis, Rec. Sec'y; Edw'd H Mitchell, Per, Sec'y Thomas S Bowles, Treasurer.

New Hampshire.

GRAND LODGE.—David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWGDM; Walter French, RWGW; G H H Sibley, RWG Sec'y; Cha's T Gill, RWG Treas. G W Montgomery, RWG Chaplain.
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GRANITE No 1.—Edwin P Hill, NG; Chas T Ridgway, VG; Geo O Fisher Sec'y; Colman W Murch, Treas'r. A C L Arnold, Chaplain.
HILLSBORO', No 2, Manchester.—Isaiah Winch, NG, Isaac C Flanders, VG, Charles H Chase, Sec'y, John H Kidder, Treas.

WECOHAMET, No. 3.—Joseph H Smith, NG; John T Gibbs, VG; Amasa Roberts, Rec Sec'y; Elijah Wadleigh, Per Sec'y; Wm Tredick, Treas. Eben Francis, Chaplain.
WASHINGTON, No. 4.—Calvin Whitten, NG; Jacob Morrill, VG; David C Maybin, Rec Sec'y; Geo W Orange, Per Sec'y; Henry Hobbs, Treas.
WHITE MOUNTAIN, No. 5.—Nath'l B Baker, NG, E W Bus "all, VG; J C Winlow, Sec'y; J M Hill, Treasurer. J F Witherell, Chaplain.
PISCATAQUA, No. 6.—Geo W Montgomery, NG. Elias Ayres, VG. Geo W Towle, Rec Sec'y. Emerson Sherburne, Per. Sec'y. David Moulton, Treas.

Connecticut.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—John L Devotion, GCP; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW, Prelate Demick, GScribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer.
PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Wm L Brewer, CP; John A Lathrop, HP; Edw'd W Eells, SW; Tho's L Steelman, JW; Chauncey Burgess, Scribe; H C Bridgman, Treas.
GRAND LODGE.—John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Wm Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John L Ambler, RWG Chaplain.
SAMARITAN, No. 7.—Alexander Lane, NG, Munson A Shepard, VG, James P Sanders, Sec'ry, Irel Ambler, Treasurer;
UNCAS, 11.—John T Wait, NG. Wm C Potter, VG. Geo T Bromley, Rec Sec'y. Jno. L Devotion, Per. Sec'y. Theo. Raymond, Treasurer.
THAMES, No. 9.—Henry Champlin, NG. Royal J Kimball, VG. Sam'l Barry, Rec. Sec'y. Hiram Willey, Per Sec'y. Henry Stayner, Treas. K A G Thompson, Chaplain.

Rhode Island.

NARRAGANSET ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Wm E Rutter, CP; James Wood, HP; S Phillips, SW; H L Webster, JW; O F Dutcher, Scribe; S H Thomas, Treas.
FRIENDLY UNION, No. 1.—Jas Arnden, 2d, NG; O F Dutcher, VG; B F Yerrington, Rec Sec'y; C C Shute, Per Sec'y; L B Sheppard, Chaplain.
EAGLE, No. 2.—Wm W Knight, NG; Wm Hicks, VG; T L Warner, Rec Sec'y; B F Herrick, Per Sec'y; R H Barton, Treas.
ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—Eli Brown, NG; David A Cleaveland, VG; Sam'l R Williams, Sec'y; Nelson C Northrup, Treas.
HOPK, No. 4.—Nathan Porter, NG; Jonathan M Wheeler, VG; Nathaniel A Eddy, Sec'ry.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Grand Encampment, semi-annually, Boston.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1. Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2. at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.

Mount Washington Encampment, No. 6. South Boston, Brooks' Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.

Menotomy Encampment, No. 3. West Cambridge, semi monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Monomake Encampment, No. 4. at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5. Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1. Winthrop Hall, Monday.

Shawmut, No. 37. do. do. Tuesday.

Montezuma, No. 33. do. do. Wednesday.

Pacific, 42. do. do. Thursday.

Franklin, 23. do. do. Friday.

Tremont No. 15. Encampment Hall, Wednesday.

Ancient Landmark, 32. do. do. Monday.

Suffolk, No. 8. Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tuesday.

Covenant, No. 16. do. do. Monday.

Bileam, No. 2. do. do. Thursday.

Oriental, No. 10. do. do. Wednesday.

Boston, 25. do. do. Friday.

Union Degree, 1. do. do. Saturday.

New England, 4. East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12. West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Nazarene, No. 13. Ware Village, Monday.

Chrystal Fount, No. 9. Woburn, Monday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14. Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.

Howard, No. 22. Charlestown, do. do. Friday.

Merrimac, 7. Lowell, Monday.

Mechanics, 11. " Friday

Oberlin, 23. " Tuesday.

Middlesex Lodge, No. 17. Malden, Wednesday.

Warren, No. 18. Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.

Monument, No. 19. East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.

Friendship, No. 20. Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.

Fidelity, 21. Andover, Bank Hall, Thursday.

Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
 Essex Lodge, 28, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
 Hampden, 27, Springfield, Thursday.
 Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Thursday.
 Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.
 Maverick Degree, do do do do do Thursday.
 Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday.
 Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.
 Hope, 34, Methuen, Eagle Hall, Wednesday.
 Prospect, 35, Waltham, Thursday.
 Souhegan, 38, South Reading, Friday.
 Quasacacunquen, 39, Newburyport, Friendship Hall, Thursday.
 Bay State, 40, Lynn, Odd Fellow's Hall, Friday.
 Acushnet, 41, New Bedford, Wednesday.
 Quinsigamond, 43, Worcester, Monday.
 King Philip Lodge, 44, Taunton, Tuesday.
 Framingham, 45, Framingham.

Maine.

Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
 Eastern Star Encampment, 2, Portland, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Sagamore Encampment, 2, Augusta, 1st and 3d Thursdays of each month.
 Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland, quarterly.
 Union Degree, 1, do. Union st., Tuesday.
 Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, do. " " Thursday.
 Ligonias, 5, do. " " Saturday.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.
 Sabbattis, 6, Augusta.
 Cushnoc, 14, " "
 Penobscot, 7, Bangor, Wednesday.
 Kenduskeag, 12, " Monday.
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Natahnis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath, Monday.
 Pejepscot, 13, Brunswick, Thursday.
 Cnshnoc, 14, Augusta.
 Passagassawakeag, 15, Belfast, Wednesdays.
 Hobomok, 16, Bath.

Rhode Island.

Narraganset Encampment, 1, Providence, 25 Market st, 2d and 4th Frid
 Grand Lodge, " quarterly.
 Friendly Union, 1, Providence, 25 Market st. Thursday.
 Eagle, 2, do., cor. Broad and Pawtuxet sts. Wednesday
 Hope, 4, do., " " " " Monday.
 Roger Williams, 3, North Main street, Tuesday.

Connecticut.

Grand Encampment, New Haven, semi-annually.
 Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
 Oriental Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Unity Encampment, No. 4, New London, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
 Grand Lodge, New Haven, quarterly.
 Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, Wednesday.
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.
 Ousatonic, 6, Derby, Monday.
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Saturday.

Thames, 9, New London, Monday.
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk, "
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.
 Central, 12, Middletown, Tuesday.
 Charity, 13, Lower Mystic.

New Hampshire.

Grand Lodge, Concord, quarterly.
 Nashoonon Encampment, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, every other Friday.
 Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tuesday.
 Hillsboro, 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall, Tuesday.
 Wecohamet, 3, Dover, Monday.
 Washington, 4, Great Falls, Friday.
 White Mountain, 5, Concord, Athenean Hall, Friday.
 Piscataqua, 6, Portsmouth, Friday.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

MASSACHUSETTS.—T. R. B. Edmands, Charlestown; A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell; Duncan Macfarlane, W. Cambridge; John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge; Rev. Wm. Tozer, Malden; Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village; E. H. Smith, Woburn; Albert W. Bryant, East Lexington; Wm. Monroe, Chelsea; Adrian Low, Salem; R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport; J. M. Southwick & Co., Roxbury; A. Langley, Stoneham; Charles F. Wilson, Worcester, 69 Main st.; H. T. Crofoot, Newburyport.

MAINE.—David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland; George Prince, Thomaston; Alonzo Parsons, Bath; Wm. P. Nutin, Gardiner; Moses Quinby, 2d, Sacapappa; B. Plummer, Jr., D. B. Roberts, Bangor; N. Gunnison, Hallowell; E. P. Butler, Orono; A. Jordan, Belfast.

RHODE ISLAND.—J. W. Root, 41 Market st., Providence; C. C. Shute, No. 53 Westminster st., Providence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Wm. Walker, Jr., Concord.

CONNECTICUT.—Safford & Park, Norwich; Charles Ball, New Haven; Orrin F. Smith, New London.

NEW YORK.—James Pratt, Ithaca.

PENNSYLVANIA.—G. G. Stambach, Philadelphia, No. 400 North Second street.

KENTUCKY.—D. P. Watson, P. M., Nicholasville.

MICHIGAN.—Gilbert F. Rood, Detroit.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.—H. B. Odiome, Homer J. Doucet.

GENERAL AGENT.—J. G. MORSE.

JOS. B. FROST, of this city, is authorised to act as our Agent.

DAVID ROBINSON, Jr., Portland, General Agent for Maine.

DEATH OF P. G. S. JAMES GETTYS.

DIED in Georgetown, (D. C.), on the 15th ultimo, P. G. S. GETTYS, aged 54. The several Lodges belonging to the District of Columbia, together with about sixty members of the Order from Baltimore, attended the funeral, and marched in procession in full regalia. They numbered about five hundred. The founder of Odd Fellowship in America, P. G. S. Wilkey, also attended the funeral.

MARRIED,

In this city, 14th ultimo, by Rev. Mr. Crady, Bro. John Ray of Tremont Lodge, to Miss Margaret Kennedy.

At Manchester, August 1, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Bro. William B. King, of Shawmut Lodge, to Miss Adaline Augusta Hills, youngest daughter of Capt. Hills of Manchester, Mass.—[There is no slight testimonial of good will for which we feel more gratitude than for a generous share, as in this case, of the indispensable good things on bridal occasions; for the parties more immediately interested might well be pardoned, if, in the first intoxication of their bliss, they should forget the mere chronicler of the happy event. Mentally we lay our bachelor hands upon their heads and invoke all the blessings they themselves could anticipate.]—Pr.

At South Boston, on the 11th ult., by Rev. Bro. T. D. Cook, Bro. T. Smith Strout to Miss Sarah Jane, daughter of William C. Jenkins, Esq.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1844.

NO. VIII.

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Concluded.

The attributes and characteristics, necessary both in its essential principles and objects, and in the conduct of its members, to secure its permanent existence and prosperity.

BY REV. BRO. DARIUS FORBES.

IN the remarks already made, I have labored to establish the two positions argued, for the purpose of bringing the institution of Odd Fellowship to the test, and inquiring into the prospect of its permanent prosperity and success. It is now enjoying a singular degree of prosperity, and extending itself with an almost unparalled rapidity. Under these circumstances, it becomes its true friends earnestly to inquire into the grounds upon which its continued prosperity and permanent establishment depend; for the day of great prosperity is the day of the greatest danger to the permanency of any institution. More good institutions have been utterly prostrated and their very existence hazarded by unusual prosperity, than by adversity and trial.

It becomes every Odd Fellow, therefore, diligently to inquire into the nature of the institution, its objects and purposes, and to strive to ascertain what is necessary, on the part of its friends, to secure its continued prosperity and success. Without attention to these things, great as is the prosperity of the institution at the present time, the day of misfortune must come, and adversity as great and disastrous will ensue, as the present prosperity is striking and illustrious.

It has been shown, I think, to the satisfaction of every intelligent and reflecting mind, that in order to secure the permanency and prosperity

of any institution, it is necessary that it possess within itself some intrinsic excellence, and that it be aimed at the promotion of human good and happiness; and also, that its friends conduct, in some good degree, in their intercourse with one another and the world, in conformity with the principles of the institution. Now the question for every true Odd Fellow to ask in relation to the institution of Odd Fellowship, is this—Is it characterised by these features? In other words—Does it possess, of itself, any intrinsic worth? Is it calculated to improve individuals, and through them and their efforts and influence, society? And do its members act, in any good degree, in conformity with its principles and designs? These are questions which vitally concern us as Odd Fellows, both as they relate to the interests of the Order, and those of the community and the world. For if the institution does not possess intrinsic excellence, it is not worth an effort to sustain; and however good it may be of itself, if its members do not, in some good degree, act in conformity with its principles, it cannot be sustained.—It will fall to pieces of its own rottenness, however zealously, and industriously, and perseveringly we may labor to sustain it.

I. Does the institution of Odd Fellowship possess any intrinsic excellence, and is it aimed at the promotion of human good?

To the initiated this question needs no reply; but to the uninitiated explanation is needed, and I answer in the affirmative. And it will be my purpose to show wherein and how.

1. It is founded on three great principles, which are the only true basis of all virtue, morality and religion in human society—Friendship, Love and Truth. Take these away, and virtue, and morality and religion become a mere name, an empty shadow, without either body or soul. And it is the design of the institution, in all its forms, ceremonies and rites, to impress these principles upon its members, and secure their practical observance in their intercourse with one another and the community. This every brother of the Order knows. Indeed, I may say, that a portion of the business of every Lodge meeting is the practical observance of these principles, not only in their intercourse with each other there, but in inquiring after the health and condition of all brothers. If such is the character of the institution, I ask—Has it not intrinsic excellence? This nobody will deny. It is then worthy of our most earnest and persevering efforts to sustain and extend it in the community.

2. Not long since a worthy clergyman, in discoursing upon the characteristics of the present age, named as one of its most prominent features, the tendency to combinations. After naming several, all of which were aimed either at pecuniary gain or the promotion of party interests, he remarked, that such was the character of all combinations that now come into existence. They were low in their aims, and soulless in principle; and that a combination which should have for its object the promotion of honesty and integrity in business transactions, would be the wonder of the age. Now I undertake to say, that the institution of Odd Fellowship is just such a combination. One of its leading aims is to secure honesty and fair dealing among its members. Any member guilty of dishonesty or trickery in trade is subject, upon complaint, either to reprimand, suspension or expulsion,

according to the character and aggravation of the offence, and there is no escape. Beside this, no one thing is more diligently inquired into, when a candidate is proposed for initiation, than his character as a business man—his reputation for honesty and integrity in his dealings with his fellow men. And for no one thing are candidates more frequently rejected, than the discovery of acts of treachery and dishonesty in their dealings. Many are the individuals that have been rejected, and their names had “immorality” written upon them, for this thing alone, when in every other respect, they would be regarded eminently worthy of being initiated into the Order. Thus it will be seen, that Odd Fellowship not only aims at making its members honest in their dealings, but is calculated to exert an influence upon the community in favor of honesty. And this is done not only by the example and personal, individual influence of the members of the fraternity, but by the whole might of the influence of the institution as an institution, or organized body. For it says to every man coming upon the stage of active life, if you wish to enjoy the benefits of the Order, and the privileges it confers, you must be a fair and honest man in your dealings with mankind, or you cannot secure them; and if once secured, you cannot retain them except by continuing such a character. The institution therefore is a combination to promote honesty and integrity among men, in their pecuniary dealings.

3. The institution aims at bringing together men of the most discordant opinions, both political and religious, and uniting them in the bonds of charity and brotherly love. And such is the fact. While the institution is based upon the three fundamental principles of Christianity, —Friendship, Love and Truth, it embraces among its members those of all creeds, standing and professions in society, whose conduct entitles them, in the judgment of the world, to the character of honest and true men. Here is the farmer, the mechanic, the day laborer, the artisan, the merchant, the lawyer, the physician, the man of science, and the clergymen of all sects; the most humble private citizen and the most honored statesman, all are brought together in this institution on one common level as brothers, and bound to regard and treat each other as such. Here differences of religion, politics and stations in society are lost in brother, and are unknown to the initiated. No insidious distinctions are here permitted to exist, and no arrangements are made for the bestowment of our charities, which are calculated to remind the poor brother of his poverty. Benefits are guaranteed alike to rich and poor. Such being the nature and arrangements of the institution, all must see, that it is designed, and that its effect must be, to break down all conventional distinctions in society—all distinctions not founded in merit, and to bring men together on the common level of friends and brothers; to foster a broader charity in society, and secure a degree of union and good feeling which might not otherwise exist in the community. The blessings such a state of things is designed to secure to individuals, society, our common and beloved country, and the world, I need not undertake to point out, had I either time or space allowed me.*

* See an article in the May No. of this work, by Rev. E. J. Arthur, an oration delivered before the Eutaw Encampment, Columbia, S. C.

So much for the benefits the institution is calculated to confer upon society. To these I might add many others it secures to the individual members. But I must forbear, as I am extending this article much beyond my original design. Suffice it to say, that the institution is eminently charitable, so far as relates to its members especially. Its motto is—"Do good to all men, especially to the brotherhood." Here then, I pause and ask—Has not this institution the first requisite for its perpetuity and prosperity, intrinsic excellence, and the aim at the promotion of human good and happiness? This, I think nobody can deny, with the facts stated before them. And it is on this ground, we think it worthy our efforts to sustain and extend it.

II. *Do the members of the fraternity of Odd Fellows in any good degree conform to the principles of the institution, in their conduct and intercourse with one another and the world?*

Good and useful as we regard our institution in its principles and designs, its prosperity and perpetuity must depend mainly upon the fidelity of its friends. But a direct answer to the question before us, might seem somewhat egotistical. I shall, therefore, leave each one to answer it for himself, and confine what few remarks I have to offer to the negative view, remarking by the way, that I suppose Odd Fellows are very much like other men, and are as true to their principles as Christians are to their professions. The reason why I take this view of the subject is, that it is more for our interests to know our defects, than to congratulate ourselves or one another upon our excellencies. In one of the exposures of the Order, which its author and his friends anticipated would afford an opportunity, of which they were desirous, for "thousands of the members" to "come out and acknowledge its truth," the worst thing he has made out by alleged facts, is, that "the religious spirit which seems to flow through their degrees is regarded by few, if any, of the members. Religion is often made a cloak to the vilest hypocrisy." That there should be instances of disregard of the principles inculcated by the institution, and of hypocrisy, is not strange. This is no more than exists in the Christian Church; and if this circumstance is a sufficient ground for denouncing the institution of Odd Fellowship, the Christian Church must fall by the same weapon. I know there are inconsistencies enough in the conduct of members of the Order. I know there is much profanity in conversation on the part of too many of its members, a thing strictly forbidden by its laws. But I know there is not that general and reckless disregard of the principles of the institution, its enemies would have the world believe. I would not palliate or excuse a single fault of the members; but truth and justice demand thus much should be said, lest it be inferred that we consent, by our silence, to the truth of what is alleged against the fraternity.

I have mentioned these things for the purpose of calling the attention of brothers to the mischief even the few inconsistencies in their conduct that may be seen, are calculated to do the institution. This is especially the case in regard to profanity. No one reproach is so often thrown in my teeth, as that of the profanity of some of the members of the Order. And I would beg of such brothers to seriously con-

sider the effect such conduct must have upon the prosperity of the institution, in the minds of many, whose good opinion we should not despise. We have seen, that the principles of the institution of Odd Fellowship, are good, and aimed to benefit and bless mankind, if carried out in practice. This is a firm foundation, and all that is wanting to sustain the institution, and to secure for it the sympathy and aid of all the virtuous and good, is the faithful observance of its principles by the members, in their intercourse with mankind and society. Let every true Odd Fellow see to this, as he values his own peace and moral good, and the prosperity and success of the institution of Odd Fellowship.

Original.

A TRIP TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY BRO. J. G. ADAMS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—or as it is appropriately called, “the Granite State,” stands pre-eminent among her sister sovereigns, for mountain scenery. From north to south, her mountains, these home sentinels of her freedom, rear their heads to the skies. They are the first objects that greet the mariner as he returns from his ocean wanderings, and the last that fade in his vision as he is borne away to other lands beyond the swelling Atlantic. The most conspicuous of these mountain homes are in the Northern section of the State; and a trip to the White Mountains is becoming an object of no inconsiderable interest not only to New Englanders, but to our brethren dwellers in the far South and West, and we may add, from lands beyond the seas. Year after year are the chronicles of these tourists increasing. It is not merely to add another to the list—but for the self-gratification of a son of the granite State, and to comply with the solicitations of friends not a few, that this record is transcribed.

Coming up the side of the Merrimack with the winged swiftness of the locomotive from the “city of spindles,” and by its rising and prosperous neighbors Nashua and Manchester, we find ourselves at the most convenient of central starting points—Concord; where from a crowd of hurrying mortality, each muscle and movement of which seem instinct with anxious life, we start forth to enter with less than rail-road speed, upon the more immediate business of our journey.—The round face of the landlord Gass is smiling at the door of the “American,” as our Centre Harbor stage, laden to overflowing, wheels away, and rolls down hill into a new, sandy and most uninviting road, which so soon after the enjoyment of a welcome dinner, was passed in

less time than would have appeared to elapse under the long and aggravated impatience of more road-worn and hungry travellers. This "nuisance abated," we enter the goodly town of Canterbury; and as we ascend its long and fertile hills, discern behind us away to the south, the blue summits of the mountains in Lyndeboro' and Peterboro'; and to the west of these, the Monadnock. To the north east, the first indication of our northern hill scenery presents itself in the Gunstock Mountains in Gilmord. In Canterbury we pass through a neat looking village of that singular people, the Shakers. The broad brims are on either side of us, steadily engaged in their worldly avocations; and the gentler sex of their community with pale faces and somewhat *natural* forms, are spreading upon the green grass the clean white cotton and linen of their own washing on this veritable day. To me there is an air of ludicrous solemnity over all this Shakerism. I cannot help it; but this is the invariable sensation. It seems to my mind a kind of social and religious contortion, in which human nature "in general" is seen precisely as the individual human face divine is reflected longitudinally from a cylindric mirror!

But now on every hand the prospect is becoming more varied and interesting. Peeps of the lake scenery are caught, and we are driven up to the maple-shaded hotel at Meredith Bridge. Here is a village worth noting, aside from its agreeable external appearance. I speak of it morally. Ten and fifteen years since, it was truly the "seat of the beast." Much of intemperance and other associate evils abounded, not only with certain ones who found here their abiding habitations, but with numerous visitants—the wildest pedlars, most brazen horse-jockeys, thoroughly accomplished blacklegs, jugglers and pocket-scrappers—who, attracted by the witchery of county court time, muster and other holidays, made their periodical pilgrimages to this pleasant little village, that they might with a peculiar freedom do the works of *their* right worshipful Grand Master. This is written in no disparagement to the virtuous of the place, who regretted most deeply its apparent doom; but in justice to truth, and in delight at the contrast now presented. A regeneration has come upon the village. The evil of intemperance has been in great and small *measures* removed; and with it have disappeared most if not all of its other crying vices. Many a heart has been gladdened in this wondrous change; many a tear of joy has flowed in the contemplation of it; many a new and fervent prayer and stronger resolve has it sent up to heaven. Honor to that village! And may this honor never be less.

Over roads ascending and descending, with the lake and hill scenery increasing in beauty before us, we pass onward through another village of Meredith equal in pleasantness of location to the one just named, and favored with better views of a portion of the lake, a branch of the Winnepisseogee. The sun begins to lower, and our communicative driver is regaling us with the "fish stories" of the neighboring waters. Mammoth trout have been known to endanger the lives of children; one of huge dimensions nearly succeeding in drawing a stout nine-year-old boy who had hooked him, into an ice-hole. The marvelous begins to expand into the real as we thus pursue this "upward

and onward" course. The mountains of the North increase. They become grander and more imposing; the Ossipee, Sandwich, Squam mountains, and Red Hill; and as the dusky evening advances, we are landed in Centre Harbor.

CENTRE HARBOR. RED HILL.

Who could sleep when their first fair view of a summer sunrise in this region of beauty and peace may be taken? How irreverent dull slumber in such a temple, when its morning worship has begun;—when from sweet bird-note, and silvery lake-mist, and gold burnished clouds hanging in majesty over the mountains, this worship finds expression and gives inspiration! Up—and let the heart be attuned to gladness and thanksgiving. It is morning with nature now. Her voices are proclaiming it; her noiseless and echoing voices—light and song. Into forest and woodland, on rich field and quiet dwelling, smiling shore and placid stream, come her awakening beams, clothing and tinting the landscape with an inimitable glory.

Red Hill—here it rises directly before us. Our party collected, and we will away to its summit. This of all hills in the granite State, is now deemed the beautiful one. Every year is the number of its visitants increasing. Its good fame has gone out through all the land; and as our White Mountain routes are thronged, will extend "to the ends of the world." Almost every fair day in this midsummer time go the strangers to its piled top-stones. We are of this number, and will follow too. As we wind our way up the green sides, amid the clean beach and maple, mingled birch and pine, sweet fern, and brake, and blue-berry bush, new sights present themselves. Near and in the dim distance, mountain ranges and solitary peaks are seen. Now the trees hide them from our view; and we are hemmed in by the verdant woodland. Now far up, a rude gate-way opens; and on is a ruder old dwelling, where "mother Cook," the old matron of this mountain neighborhood, with her elder children, dwells. We are made welcome here; and rest ourselves in her old chairs, and chronicle our names in her loose-leaved album. Now we move on, and then again recline at the cold fountain, bubbling out in this high forest, where we refresh ourselves of its clear and sweet waters. O for such a joy as this, for what would not many a parched and worn desert traveller make an offering? Zahara—Arabia—where refreshing wells cannot be called from many a deep—how do ye come to mind now in strange contrast with this gushing and unfailing mountain stream! God be praised, that in our wilderness "waters break out, and streams in the desert."

Now we toil again for the summit. Again the blue and purple and silvery panorama peeps in upon us—sky, mountain, and shining lake; again it vanishes, and the green branches enclose us. Now we wind onward and up over crumbling stone, and broken pathway, and billock and bush, till we are on the welcome height, and the perfect scene has encompassed us, and we are free to wander with eager eyes

all over the wondrous face thereof. Here let us take observation; beginning first with the lake at our feet, stretching away to the south-west with its hundreds of green islands, its woody points, and long glassy arms, and still shores. It is one of the chosen mirrors of fair Nature in this her enchanting home. Deem me not irreverent when I say that the face of her wondrous Architect seems reflected therefrom. Did not even the sons of the forest thus read his presence? Consider the name they gave to this Loch Katrine of New England. *Win-ne-pi-sau-kee; the smile of the Great Spirit.* True and holy thought! Those rude children of the wilderness failed not to see the beauty and loveliness of the everlasting God. They beheld the smile of his mercy and love in these clear and still waters, when the morning sun shone upon them, or its setting rays were reflected from their glassy bosom. A question here. Should not we be as true to our full Revelation, as were these heathen red men to their dim and shadowy lessons from nature? Let scoffing unbelief and all narrow-souled misnamed Christianity answer.

Directly beneath us in the southern view, is the quiet little village of Centre Harbor, with its two white churches looking out upon that beaming lake. Near to the left are seen the bold and dark sides of the Ossipee mountain, away beyond which, though here shut out from our vision, reposes that charming sheet of water embracing in measurement seven thousand acres, with not a single island thereon. Farther south, beyond the Winnepiseogee, the mountains of Tustnboro and Wolfboro (Governor Wentworth's old home) are seen—and to the right, Kearsarge and Cardigan. Monadnock is too far south to be seen in the haze and mist which now seem to be accumulating in the southern distance, threatening a rainy evening, and reminding us of our good fortune in this early visit to Red Hill. To the north—after we have gazed down here and there on the thriving town of Sandwich, with its smiling villages, bright ponds and winding rivers, the long and high Sandwich mountain range is before us, among whose summits Chocorua Peak is the most imposing. To the north-west lay the Squam mountains, and beyond them the summits in Thornton, Campton and Peeling. North of all these are peeping over upon us dim blue peaks of the Franconia range. Nearer to us, on our left as we face the north, sleeps that silver Lake Squam, all studded with verdant islands, which accounts in some measure for our disappointment in finding it so small. To the east, stretching away in the dim distance, are the blue hills of Maine. Though not speaking in the sublime, like Mount Washington and its cloud-capped companions, yet the prospect from Red Hill is fraught with the beautiful and grand. We must descend. But hark! a knot of the party talk politics—a mere pleasant episode for variety's sake; but such an episode, now! There can be but one party in politics here, whose motto is—

“For the strength of the hills we bless Thee —
Our God — our fathers' God!”

There is but one religion here, whose utterance the Psalmist has given. — "In his hands are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is his also. O Lord! how manifold are thy works. In wisdom hast thou made them all." We are told that the north-east winds sweep over the Ossipee mountains and Red Hill with great and sometimes destructive force, tearing up trees, demolishing buildings, and spreading ruin and desolation in their course. Some years since a meeting-house in Moultonboro was thus demolished. The wind in its course here is described as water pouring itself over a mill-dam.

HIDE TO CONWAY. LOVEWELL'S POND.

Our road to Conway lay through Moultonboro', Sandwich, and Ossipee; first hilly, then level and shady, along the Bearcamp river, whose waters were hurrying over its yellow sand-bed and clustered stones, now silently gliding, now eddying, murmuring, rushing in white foam on their winding way. Red Hill is behind us; the great Ossipee range is on our right, and on the left rising and changing still, the Sandwich range, with old Chocorua turning to us her laughing granite face, so sternly shaded, yet so clearly expressive in the light of this morning sun. Snatches of mountain landscape may be seen. Here in the fore-ground ripened grass, or green cornfields, and berry bushes, thick cedar, and tall, long-armed pines, giving their outlines in boldest form; and in distance, agreeably softened by this summer haze, the stern mountain-peak, with the fleecy, sleeping clouds and the blue sky still beyond. And as the noon comes on, what stillness — what a sweet, yet soul-stirring solitude may here be enjoyed. While our company halts for relief, a communion with this quiet magnificence has blest me. The chirp of the grasshopper — the distant cawing of the raven in those dark old pines, are all the sounds I hear — the solitary butterfly the only thing in motion seen. A freshness and life to the spirit, this. And now as I enjoy it, there come no thoughts of grief save this, that those to whom our God has given the powers and aspirations of humanity, should, in their dark perverseness and discordant sin, so dim its blessedness and madly break its peace. But contraries here intrude. The moral is interrupted by the animal. My reverie is broken by the hoarse inquiry of an honest rustic, who from the road has discovered me; "Huckleberries plenty on the plain this year?" I have since hoped that my answer was sufficiently respectful.

Passing next through the town of Eaton, while the sun was yet well up above old Chocorua, we arrived at the Pequawket House in Conway. From this house, our landlord informed us, we had a distinct distant view of Mount Washington. Numerous other nearer summits were around us. Here the inclinations of the company seemed to vary. Some were for resting; some for the bewitching sport of troutng; and two others, myself and a respected son of the granite State, who had been our guide from Centre Harbor, seemed desirous most of all to visit Lovewell's pond in the neighboring town

of Fryeburg, Me. Less than ninety minute's ride brought us to the piazza of friend Knight's hotel, in this bright, level and rural looking village. To our inquiries if a young guide to Lovewell's pond could be obtained, we were answered by an offer of the welcome company of the landlord himself, whose communicative spirit and ready tongue made our swift visit doubly agreeable. He had previously asked an urchin lingering near his door, to accompany us, who denied having any knowledge of the location of Lovewell's pond; "the only boy in the village," said he, "who is not perfectly acquainted with the place, and with a general history of the battle there."

It was here that a detachment of fifty men from Dunstable, under the command of Capt. John Lovewell, encountered a superior force of the Pequawket Indians under the renowned chief and warrior Paugus, on the 8th of May, 1725. For many long hours by the side of this water, eye to eye, and almost arm to arm, fought these brave combatants. Lovewell, with nearly a third part of his little company, fell at the first fire of the Indians. Still the courage of the white men wavered not. They continued the strife until the dreaded Paugus fell, and the Indians in consternation ceased firing, and slowly and silently retreated. Among the fallen officers was their worthy chaplain Frye, of Andover, for whom this town is named. But a small number of this ill-fated band ever reached their homes. They made their graves in the wilderness; and the pen of the historian, and the rhyme of the ballad-maker have kept their deeds in remembrance. In the early years of our venerated parents and grand-parents, this homely verse, the conclusion of a long and wordy song, was sung at many a fire-side:—

"Old men will shake their heads and say,
Sad was the hour, and terrible,
When Lovewell brave, 'gainst Paugus came,
With fifty men from Dunstable."

We first rode near the spot where Lovewell's men encamped the night previous to their conflict. This place was afterwards identified by one of the venerable survivors of the company. Directly over it rises a rocky promontory nearly two hundred feet in height, and wreathed with green fir or cedar trees; from whose summit a picturesque and most delighting view is presented. Thence we made our way to the battle ground. In olden time, lofty pines with no underbrush, grew all around this pond. But these have disappeared, and a younger generation has arisen—and our pathway is cleared through a thick undergrowth, from which my generous companion secured me a "scrub-oak" walking stick, which nought but ruthless ill luck will filch from my safe keeping. As we came to the beach a few broken tree trunks with their dry mossy arms extended, revealed to us the place of battle. These were the old pines scarred in that fierce conflict. Beneath one of them Paugus fell; and around them now repose the bones of the white men. While we stood in this place, the silence pervading it seemed in strange contrast with the war-whoop and rattling of musketry heard here nearly one hundred and

twenty years ago. Bushes and rank grass encircle the resting places of the fallen, and the winds and waters murmur a perpetual requiem over their graves.

This battle was the last confident attempt of the Indians to exterminate the whites. Immediately after it, they held a council, and concluded that they must be forever unable to cope with so formidable a power. They always remembered this conflict. Often have individuals of the remnant of this tribe, resident in Canada, visited the battleground. The last one was seen there about thirty years since. With all the romantic at play within me, I could not while here suppress my emotions when this savage strife of *brethren*—the white and the red man, came up before me. If there are blessings for the brave spirit, are there not curses enough to be uttered from the depths of the human soul against the work of warriors in the shedding of kindred blood! When—when will such strife have an end? If conflicts must come why may they not be bloodless? sinless? O for the reign of truth and righteousness—that millenium which shall hush all discord, and bring joy and good will to our race.

“Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war’s great organ shake the skies,
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise!”

THE NOTCH. WILLEY HOUSE.

Morning comes; and we are on our way up the Saco. Rich intervals and beautiful cottages greet us. The scenery increases in grandeur; and when we drive up at the elder Crawford’s door, we begin to realize that we are embosomed in the mountains. The hard and even road far exceeded our expectations. Old Mr. Crawford, now seventy or more, was in the field. A representative of no mean stature, was in his place at the “White Mountain House.” The mountain and rustication mania here began to manifest itself in our company in peculiar and various forms. Some were awe-stricken—others delighted with the freedom of spirit realized from inhaling the mountain air—others still had strange premonitions of trout-fishing. These last were eloquently lectured by one of the grave pioneers of our company. The winding up of his impromptu address will not soon be forgotten. “I came not for fishing—but to enjoy a better scenery; and am filled with confusion when I hear those generally so in love with the beautiful and grand—in the midst of all this painting and hymning of nature—even when her most magnificent pictures are displayed, and the clearest and most soul-stirring harmony of her great anthem is going up to the skies—breaking in upon all this with the continual exclamation, “trouting! trouting! trouting!”

Now the Notch opens before us; massive embattlements of rock and mountain, upreared on either side. Down among them, here and there, came streaming in ribbon-like foam, silvery cascades of the Saco. Beyond the “Gap,” a natural passway of thirty feet between

this body of mountain stone, where only the road and the river find room, we came to the "Notch House," kept by Thomas J., the younger, Crawford. We knew him from description, as he stood with his good-natured face under a round-top, wide rimmed hat, in his own door.

Whatever our other sensations had been, it seemed for a time that they were all as "the small dust in the balance," when compared with the emotions excited on coming for the first time into this notch — this wondrous entrance to the mountain citadel beyond. As it opened, and kept growing, and gazing down upon us in its rude and awful magnificence — with its rock masses, cliffs, fissures, indentations, avalanches and all — now intersected and relieved by the green of old tree tops, and now by the varied stains which the moisture and sun of the winter and summer of ages have here fixed in hues indelible — peering up and standing out still more and more boldly against the deep sky; what — what were words only to give utterance to our struggling conceptions of creative Omnipotence? The poetic salutory of Brooks came uppermost in mind:

"Hail! nature's storm-proof fortresses,
By freedom's children trod;
Hail! ye invulnerable walls,
The masonry of God!"

Similar sensations were realized by most of our company. My carriage companion uttered a ringing exclamation as the vast entrance to this mountain home for the first time burst upon him; and another of our number the next day declared that the effects of this stupendous scene followed him into his sleeping and waking night visions. It was the impression deeper than all others, which no outward attractions or inward influences could remove or diminish.

Two miles below Mr. T. J. Crawford's, stands the well known Willey House, near which, in 1826, a family of eight or ten persons, the inmates of this house, were overtaken and destroyed by a sweeping avalanche, which, on one of the wildest nights of storm and tempest ever known here, came down from the adjacent mountain. In their consternation, the family fled from the house only to fall into destruction. Had they remained they would have been preserved. A stake now marks the spot where some of the bodies were afterwards found; and the course and remains of this avalanche are still plainly visible. One room of the house is to be seen as it was left by the unfortunate family nearly twenty years ago. Nearly all visitors to these mountains go to the Willey House.

FIRST ASCENT. GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

Now for the ascent to Mount Washington. The morning sun looks pleasant, though clouds from the south-west, are floating up over the mountains. Our company are in high spirits and expectations. The trained mountain horses are led out — twelve strong and sure — and

the party duly equipped for the dispensation of mud and stone, now opening upon us from the north-east of Crawford's. We are a choice company of the great and the small, corporeally — of diversified gifts and graces in the travelling line — of singularly contrasted temperaments, as the ascent and descent most signally evinced, especially in reference to the scenery realized and unrealized, to horsemanship and pedestrian power. Through the thick woods for three long miles our path lay upward. Then clearing these, the summit of Mount Clinton rose on our right, and we passed its left shoulder looking down its steep sides all tufted with the varying green of the forest tree-tops, and away up the valley of the Ammonoosuck — this stream brightening in the midst as the morning light below silvered its surface. Directly before us rose the green dome of Mount Pleasant, rendered the more imposing by the white cloud laying behind it over the top of Mount Washington, and by the abrupt ascent of the dark green and slide-marked sides of the heights still beyond this old sovereign of the summits. Mount Pleasant is indeed a picture of a mountain to look upon; so symmetrical, and so agreeable in contrast with the multitude, near and afar around it. There was no small share of the adventurous and grand in sensation to witness the company threading and winding up its steep sides — now this way — now that — slowly, cautiously, as the faithful carriers best knew. And then to behold directly below and onward in the far distance to the south and east, the valley of the Saco, and the summits of the great and lesser mountains of New Hampshire and Maine — stretching out before us. It was from this elevation that the beautiful and grand seemed losing themselves in the sublime. Through every sensation produced by the attraction and lovely, an awfulness would come. Greatness, vastness, power, overwhelming power seemed here to have enthroned themselves, to bring the meditative soul under their wondrous and far reaching sway.

But our fair prospect in the ascent is ending. Here come sweeping up the summits from the south drifting clouds of light mist, dancing and rushing to the swift music of the mountains wind. And O, how justly timed! dashing through them is seen that monarch bird, our own eagle, now darting on swift pinion, and now strongly soaring in dizzy circles far above and around us. The shrill scream of our guide seemed unheeded by him as he swept near and then out over the mazy deep, and up and away till lost in the whistling sea of clouds above. Proud and daring adventurer! Who but thee should mount and soar in such majesty over these ramparts of our freedom's home? Who but thee come to greet us in this our first presence in the midst of them, to remind us of our blessed privilege and destination, and that the ground whereon we tread, steep, and rough, and craggy though it be, is consecrated, evermore. Welcome here! and a reverent adieu! Speed thee onward and upward into brighter heavens; dip thy wings in the earliest gush of the morning sunlight; and let that eye of thine gaze upon a clearly glory than we have yet beheld. So may that Freedom of which thou art the favored emblem, increase in flight and in vision, until our own is made more just, and the nations that sit in darkness and groan in oppression are released from

bondage, and all the ends of the earth chant the glad songs, and celebrate the triumphs, and realize the blessings of a freedom that shall have no darkness in its revelations — no end to its reign !

And now an adventurous descent of the other side of Mount Pleasant, as we approach Mount Franklin. The steep places are showing themselves as we advance ; and the inexperienced riders cling closer to their sure footed steeds, or dismount and drive them before them. — This is the moment of trial — to some, of actual peril ; while to others, of rude interest or exhilarating adventure only. But there is safety with our horses, if those who use them falter in courage, or err in judgment. Where caution is needed, their steps are measured and sure. The commanding voice of our guide cheers them onward. The ladies of our party are undaunted amid all the "dangerous passages" of these long moments of life. Soon we are again on the upward way over Mount Franklin, whose level summit invited us to give a brief respite to our neighboring beasts ; yet in the midst of denser cloud and more driving wind. Our course is next over the side of Mount Munroe ; and then on to the welcome watering place for our horses. And now, "one mile and a quarter," is the answer of our guide to the eager question of the company, "How far to the top of Mount Washington ?" Nerved anew to the task ; soon a more rocky ascent rises continually before us ; and the dutiful hoofs are clattering over them. There is no fair distance now to lend enchantment to the scene, save this imaginary distance to the place of places in our journey. Distance itself seems encompassed ; for the old monarch of the mountain kings is crowned and veiled in cloud ; and here six thousand feet above the humming world, we feel his presence absorbing us. His hoarse breath — his strong voice make us feel how weak a thing is man ; and yet how gifted with such an audience as this ! Yes — the pinnacle is gained. And now in driving wind and mist, our noble guide directs us to massive rocks beneath whose kindly shelter we are seated ; and here beclouded, but not becalmed, enjoy with eager appetites, a *high noon* repast. While we were thus occupied, two other parties from the elder Crawford's and from Fabian's arrived — the gallantry of the gentlemen in full and active exercise, the loose locks and misted garments of the ladies most reverently sported with by the mountain gale. But courage and romance are here. Friendly greetings were given, cheering interviews enjoyed, rude mementos of stone and moss secured ; and there were delicate fingers in that cold air, subscribing a newspaper to some loved friend perhaps afar off — "*Summit of Mount Washington.*" What a welcome visitant will that be !

But our time expires ; and the note of preparation for descent is given. Reaching the place where our horses have been left, a short distance from the summit — it was with difficulty that we succeeded in getting our party all surely together, and in successful movement down the steepes and over the devious ways which led to our traveller's home. If the ascent had been tedious to many an unpractised one, the descent proved more so. Long ere it was accomplished, came the enquiry to the guide from many an impatient and weary rider or pedestrian, —

"How far now to Crawford's?" and always was the distance twice as far as they in their wearied anxiousness had imagined. At length, however, the last stone is stubbed, the last mud-hole invaded, the last corduroy slipped, the last stinging mosquito distanced, the last laboring sigh heaved, and we are down through the woods of Mount Clinton, at the welcome starting point. Some rejoiced that they were safe—others complained of weariness from walking or riding—and one, to his praise be it spoken, had walked all the distance up and back again—starting off with and returning an hour and a half before us; a well-trained pupil under that old prince of pedestrians, Capt. Alden Partridge.

Now that we are fairly down again, we may sum up our general description of the White Mountains. They have been noted as far back as history or tradition run, both by our ancestors and by the aborigines. More than two hundred years ago, (as early as 1632,) they were visited by the adventurous Neal and others from the Piscataqua settlement. Romantic accounts of them were given by these travellers, some of whom imagined the mountains to be stored with treasures of silver and gold. They denominated them, for their bright appearance, the *Chrystal Hills*. The Indians gave to the mountains the name of *Agicoochook*. In their imagination the Great Spirit enthroned himself here, indicating his presence in the outbreking tempests, vivid lightnings, reverberating thunders and terrible avalanches of this deep mountain wilderness. In their veneration they never attempted to ascend the summits, deeming it perilous or impossible.—This work of exploration was for the white man; and much light has he already shed upon these stupendous works of the Highest. Since the days of Neal, Jocelyn and Field, these mountains have been visited by some of the most intelligent and scientific of our own and of other lands. The relative heights of the principal summits are as follows, viz: Washington, 6234 feet above the level of the sea; Mt. Adams, 5383 above Connecticut river; Mt. Jefferson, 5281; Mt. Madison, 5039; Mt. Munroe, 4932; Mt. Franklin, 4470; Mt. Pleasant, 4339.

It is believed by those who have given most attention to the geology of the White Mountains, that they every where present a primitive character, and "have probably exhibited the same unvarying aspect for ages." No volcanic or secondary formation has yet been seen.—Most writers who describe their general appearance, make one omission. They speak of the sterility of the summits, but do not state what is true, that below, and all along and around the base of Washington and far up its sides there is a tolerable growth of grass, of which the hungry horse, after an "excelsior" up his mountain pathway here, will not scruple to eat with eager appetite. Damp moss abounds on these summits, retaining always its humidity.

In regard to vegetation in this mountain region, the following statement from a scientific writer will show that the mere height of a mountain may not determine the degree of its vegetative power. "We had been taught that on reaching a certain height, vegetation uniformly ceases; that the region of perpetual congelation is fixed with perfect

certainly; and that in the latitude of the White Mountains, it hardly reaches 7800 feet above the level of the ocean. Such however, is not the fact, as is demonstrated by an inspection of the various mountains which form the immense chain of the White Hills. On the western sides of these mountains vegetation uniformly rises higher than on the eastern; and where the mass of elevated matter is greatest, there vegetation rises highest. The whole country on the western side is much more elevated than on the eastern.* Berries of different kinds are scattered in variety over these mountains; some of them growing far above any other vegetation except grass and moss. They are not equal in goodness, however, to the berries of the fields and road sides below. But little of animated nature is here, out of the waters where trout abound. The fly and grass-hopper, the swallow, or mountain eagle, and now and then a huge bear of the forest, are the chief objects greeted by the visitor in these airy solitudes.

It is now believed that June and September are the most agreeable months in which to visit these mountains; the last of June, and first of September. In July and August there is more of haze, mist, cloud and shower. At all times, however, those who come hither may encounter all varieties of weather. An exploring party from Lancaster in August 1820, spending a night on Mount Washington, the first, they believed that had ever been passed there, were obliged to take shelter among the rocks from the fury of the winds and rains which beat upon them. Two of the party were protected by a small cavern formed by two jutting rocks — a covert which we believe we inherited for a few moments during the rage of our August snow-storm already recorded. Professor Silliman and party in September 1838, encountered a tempest so severe, that they were obliged to cling to the rocks to save themselves from being blown away. Other adventures of a similar nature might be related.

Conclusion in our next number.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

LAMENT who will in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly,
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch them as they hasten by.

Look, how they come! a mingled crowd,
O! bright and dark but rapid days,
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

What! grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on?
As idly might I weep at noon,
To see the blush of morning gone.

* Moore's New Hampshire Historical and Miscellaneous Collections for April, 1823.

Could I give up the hopes that glow,
In prospects like elysian isles,
And let the charming future go,
With all her promises and smiles?

The future ! cruel were the power,
Whose doom could tear thee from my heart,
Thou sweet'ner of the present hour,
We cannot, no, we will not part.

Oh leave me still the rapid flight
That makes the changing season gay ;
That grateful speed that brings the night ;
The swift and glad return of day.

The mouth that touch with added grace,
This little prattler at my knee,
In whose arch eye and speaking face,
Now meaning every hour I see.

The years that o'er each sister land
Shall lift the country of my birth,
And nurse her strength till she shall stand,
The pride and pattern of the earth.

Till younger commonwealths for aid,
Shall cling about her ample robe ;
And from her frown shall shrink afraid,
The crowned oppressors of the globe.

True, time will seam and blanch my brow,
Well, I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass will tell me how,
A grisly bread becomes me then.

And should no foul dishonor lie,
Upon my head when I am gray,
Love yet shall watch my fading eye,
And smooth the path of my decay.

Then haste thee time, 'tis kindness all,
That speeds thy winged feet so fast,
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest and bearest away our woes,
And as the shadowy train departs,
The memory of sorrow grows,
A lighter burden on our hearts.

Original.

PLEASANT COMPANIONS.

BY BRO. D. RUSSELL.

"To be good and disagreeable, is high treason against nature."

Who that observes the effect of *manner*, good or bad, upon the judgments of men concerning individuals, but must feel that it is a most unfortunate thing, when valuable and respectable beings are wanting in every popular quality. "Will my friend risk his life, upon any occasion, for mine? will he be perfectly just, steady, and to be depended upon?" These are very essential questions:—but "Will he condescend to be *agreeable*?" is another, which I must ask, before I can look forward to much improving intercourse with him. Is he thinking about himself continually—about his own mind—about one object of pursuit?—in other words, is he an entirely preoccupied man?—if so, he is not the companion for me. Again, is he a man of sects and parties? I have no ambition to associate with one who has never felt, nay, intensely felt, the high claims of religion, the blessings of liberty, the value of a noble name;—but I cannot bear the principled blindness of those who have taken their part, and are determined never to bestow another honest look upon the other side of a question.

What is it that constitutes the power which some few favored individuals possess, of conciliating the most unpleasant tempers, and uniting the suffrages of the most agreeable and disagreeable people in the world in their favor? It is not good temper only; nor hilarity, nor sensibility,—nor is it even benevolence,—for very benevolent persons may be deficient in tact—nor is it mere good sense; though sensible people will be, on the whole, more likely to obtain affection, at least, than those kind-hearted, ill judging souls, chiefly known by their good intentions and practical uselessness. It is very difficult, in short, to say what a pleasant companion *is*; but not so hard to say what he is *not*.

He is not a *jester*. Professed jokers are wearisome company.—They have, of all people, the least real knowledge of the human heart, though they often make it their boast that they know human nature thoroughly; the least tenderness for those little infirmities which cling to the best of human beings; the least sympathy in bodily or mental affliction; the least reverence for the image of God in the mind of man. When once the spirit of ridicule has taken possession, thenceforth farewell high and noble feeling; farewell all hopes of partaking with such an one any of that deep communion which exalts and refines the human character. Serious, even these jesters must sometimes be; but their seriousness is not improving. So accustomed are they to irony, that they can never again regard life in a calm and philosophic spirit.

It is still a jest, though a bitter one. But suppose that the banterer never had a mind, and that no regrets are called forth for the blight which has passed over it, still he might have been an inoffensive companion. But now he is the scourge of every company into which he enters; —and will spoil the most refreshing conversation, by filling up every pause with a joke. We often feel affection for the individual who has extorted from us *tears*; but he, who drags forth, hour after hour, unwilling laughter, is never regarded with complacency.

A "pleasant companion" is not often one who has lived much in solitude. Reflective habits, and depth of information are indeed valuable; but a *slow* man is not an agreeable man. An hour after the party is broken up, such an one will have framed an excellent reply to an argument; but we wanted entertainment, and wit, and spirit; and cannot wait for the full development of every rising idea. We do not like to be always, learners or teachers — though, in due season, we are willing to be both. A far more unpleasant character, however, is after reared up in solitude. A pedant, for ever endeavoring to lead conversation into a particular track — if unsuccessful, looking with angry contempt upon the little minded beings before him. It matters not what the pursuit may be, to which he has devoted his exclusive attention. Whatever it may be, his look, his whole manner testify, that if that *one* thing be not valued by his associates, he regards them and their pursuits as unworthy his attention.

"Pleasant companions" are not those, who brought up in a small and literary circle, have accustomed themselves to an uncommon degree of correctness and *finish* in speaking and thinking: — who talk as it were, "out of book," and appear ever on the watch for ungrammatical, inappropriate expressions: make you blush for your carelessness fifty times in an hour. Such people are "like the frost, which blights what it cannot produce." Every warm feeling, or gay flight of fancy, is checked in their presence; sacrificed to the dread of failing in some trifling turn of expression. It is so impossible for any but consummate assurance, or a hardness acquired by long habit to pass through such an ordeal with credit, that I really pity the persons who can subject their fellow-creatures to it; seeing that they must forever remain strangers to the true spirit of society.

Some feeling of equality is requisite to make you enjoy the company of others. Hence people of rank, and talent, who do not possess the art of raising their associates to their own level, cannot be "pleasant companions." You do not wish them to let themselves down to you; *that* is humiliation: you like to feel elevated to their station, and then you are disposed to give and receive pleasure.

There are some individuals who in common society are not unpleasant, but who are indubitably annoying in certain states of the mind and affections. These are common-place characters: people without imagination, who therefore form no conception of what will be soothing or wounding to other persons. They have regular rules for every thing. They may have kind and affectionate natures; but having settled it with themselves that grief and joy have established modes of exhibiting themselves, they are apt to resent all departures from *these*.

as something very like departure from principle. As life cannot always present one fair and pleasant prospect, I tremble at the idea of sharing it with those, who cannot leave me the liberty of taking my own measures, when storms and difficulties arise. The companion I love will always allow me independence.

Upon the whole, it seems that we want a little more of the spirit of a chivalrous age. Selfishness is at the root of the evil. We have no business to rely upon our own intentions merely; but should endeavor to take cognizance of another's mind before we spread before him our own; to get an insight into his feelings before we hazard the expression of such as may be painful or unpleasant to him. I am not fond of the fashionable world, and its levelling habits; it seems difficult to rise above its standard of good-humored pleasantry, or to think deeply and soberly when we mingle much in it; but yet it is pleasant to see the ease and refinement which pervade a truly polite circle; to see how agreeably the actors play their parts, and how complete is the avoidance of, at least, the appearance of selfish and monopolizing habits. — Such people may not be actuated by a deep spirit of Christian benevolence; they may not be thus agreeable on the highest principles, but agreeable they are; and let those, who profess to be guided by higher motives, be watchful, and not suffer themselves to be outdone by those over whom fashion and the desire of distinction may exercise the principal dominion.

Polite conversation, it is true, may sometimes take a turn in which no one possessing kind and generous feelings can follow it. Poignant and satirical remarks on individuals are never to be justified; but in the best society *things* are always preferred to *persons*, as the subjects of lively remark. Upon these to talk, and talk well, is an accomplishment, no one need disdain; and he, whose motives of action are the most exalted, whose politeness approaches to philanthropy, and whose philanthropy loses itself in the clearer and more distinguishing benevolence of Christianity, may, and ought to be, the pleasantest of companions.

Original.

KENDALL'S SANTA FE EXPEDITION.

Reviewed.

THIS is a work of rare interest. It is written in an easy, happy style, and contains many graphic descriptions of the country through which the author and his party passed, the sports in which they engaged, the trials they encountered, the prisons in which they were confined, the character of the people with whom they mingled, and the faithlessness and cruelty of the Mexican government. It was unfortunate for Mr. Kendall that he travelled with a company, whose real object was the conquest of New Mexico, and particularly that he entered the country under their protection. We had supposed before reading his journal, that the object of the expedition was purely commercial, and that the military force which was provided was designed simply to protect the company from the different tribes of savages occupying the por-

tions of country through which they were to pass; but such was not the fact. Though not a little effort is made in the journal to give the impression that the intentions of the company were entirely pacific, statements are made which show that they were far otherwise. The plan was, if the inhabitants of Santa Fe should be disposed to join the Texans to attack the Mexican forces stationed there, and thus enable the inhabitants to throw off a yoke which they found galling, and place themselves under the protection of Texas. So thoroughly was this plan matured, that they took with them the proclamation of Gen. Lamar to the people of Santa Fe, which were to be distributed should they be disposed to favor the object. Under such circumstances, we do not see how the Texans could complain for being regarded as enemies of the Mexican government; and though they might justly complain of the treachery of Lewis by whom they were betrayed, and of the brutal treatment of Salazar and other Mexican functionaries, they could not complain for being held as prisoners of war.

Great precaution was taken by Mr. Kendall, not to be in any way identified with the Texans. Hence, before commencing his journey, he obtained a passport from our government and a letter from Gen. Lamar, inviting him to travel with the Texan band, stating that he was to be subject to no control, civil or military; that he was free to remain with the expedition as long as he pleased, and that his connexion with it was none other than that of a stranger. In case of trouble Mr. K. hoped to prove that he was a citizen of the United States, and had in no way forfeited his claim to its protection. But in this he was unsuccessful; and the consequence was, an imprisonment of about eight months, and a march of two thousand miles, under circumstances the most degrading and painful. The treatment to which the prisoners was subjected, was brutal in the extreme. They were doomed to hardships that were enough to break the constitution of the most robust and crush the energies of the most determined. Though sick and lame, they were hurried on till exhausted, some sunk to the ground unable to proceed another step, when they were shot by the order of the bloody wretch in whose hands they were placed. At night they were driven into yards or dilapidated buildings, where they had no accommodations for rest. In addition to all this, their fare was of the coarsest kind, and dealt out in quantities barely sufficient to sustain life. Their lot was not thus hard during the whole of their march, for having different commanders their treatment was varied according to the disposition of the one having them in charge.

The military power in Mexico is supreme. A commander takes possession of whatever he may desire, and though the owners may look angry, they offer no resistance. In consequence of this supreme power of the military force, the people, who pitied the Texan prisoners, and sympathised with them in their misfortunes, dared not to interpose in their behalf. Were prisoners to be marched through the United States and doomed to half the cruelties suffered by the Texans, the people would all rush to their assistance, and give them an instant release from their cruel oppressions.

The state of society in Mexico is widely different from what it is among us. The people are brutal there—the finer and better feelings of the heart have no control over those in power. Accustomed to scenes of blood their souls have become callous, and they often bear a greater resemblance to fiends than human beings. While such is the character of the men, especially those in power, the females are humane almost to a fault. It is difficult to account for the wide difference between the two sexes. The latter did all in their power to ameliorate the condition of the poor prisoners. They gave them food, fruit, drink—and what was more than all, their sympathy. The priests also, are a generous and humane class of men; and though not remarkable for their temperance or purity, they are kind, jovial and companionable.

Wretched as were the prisoners, they never gave way to despair, but had, even in their gloomy prisons, some rich scenes of amusement. The most entertaining was their celebration of the battle of San Jacinto, at which the great victory was obtained over Santa Anna. Pretending that it was the patron saint's day of Texas, they asked permission of the Mexican officers to celebrate it with becoming ceremony and rejoicing. Having obtained this, they commenced their preparations. They decorated their prison walls with flags painted for the occasion—an ode was written full of patriotism, liberty, San Jacinto, love of country, detestation of tyrants, &c.—a president of the day, an orator, and a toast-master were appointed—a

splendid dinner was provided through the kindness of the friends they had in the city. "After," says Mr. Kendall, "the cloth was removed—a performance which it took but about two minutes to execute, as there was nothing to do save to stow the bowls, plates, and spoons away in the corners—after this was done, the celebration of the great anniversary began in real earnest. The regular toasts were appropriate, the volunteers spirited, and the ode a very creditable piece, and given with much effect. An oration by Major Bonnell, one of the prisoners, followed, Dr. Brenham and several other gentlemen also making some very pertinent remarks. As the hours wore along, and the liquor circulated more freely, the hilarity and general good feeling increased. Some of the foreigners present placed the chains of the prisoners around their own ankles, and several fancy jigs and hornpipes were executed with jingling and clanking accompaniments. "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner," in addition to the Texan patriotic songs, were duly honored by numerous voices, while the memory of Washington was drunk standing and uncovered. Even the younger Mexican officers took part in a celebration which to them must have been strange, drinking several toasts which were highly complimentary to the Texans.

It was not until dark that the joyous festivities ceased, and even after the prisoners were locked in their room for the night, wild catches of song and uproarious merriment helped still farther to enliven the scene. While Santa Anna, at his palace in one part of the city, was doubtless brooding over his misfortunes on the fatal field of San Jacinto, a crowd of jovial Texan prisoners were celebrating that very victory in another part, and in chains."

We must not extend our notice by detailing other particulars. We commend the work to the public. It contains important information respecting many uncultivated portions of Texas, and the cities, government, religion, habits, prisons, hospitals, and churches of Mexico. Mr. Kendall is richly entitled to the thanks of his countrymen for the valuable work he has presented them.

Many important thoughts crowd upon the mind in arising from the perusal of this work. We think of the evil of war, and treachery, and cruelty—and of the necessity of love, justice and truth. Brute force can avail nothing for the world. It may hold people in bondage; but it cannot elevate society, or make men regard each other with those feelings essential to a nation's prosperity. We cannot prize too highly the principles enjoining brotherly love, and a sacred regard for the rights and feelings of all men.

O. A. S.

CELEBRATION AT PORTLAND.

WE did not say as much in our last number relative to the Odd Fellow's Celebration at Portland as we wished, in consequence of its taking place so short a time previous to the day of our publication. — We give below, as published in the Portland Advertiser, a description of some of the banners which were carried in the procession. In our account of the different Lodges which were present from Massachusetts, several were omitted, among which we have been informed were Bethel, No. 12; Bunker Hill, No. 14, and Tremont, No. 15.

From the Portland Advertiser.

THE members of each Encampment and Lodge were dressed in full regalia, some of which, particularly that of the Massasoit, Boston, Eastern Star and Machigonne Encampments, Portland, composed of purple and black velvet, ornamented with jewels, and fringed with

gold, was rich in the extreme. Not the least magnificent portion of the appointments of the array were the numerous, costly banners, each of which is worthy of a particular description; and notwithstanding our want of time and room, we cannot refrain from alluding to a few we had an opportunity of examining. Among these was the beautiful banner of the Eastern Star encampment. It was of black satin, festooned with purple silk fringed with gold, with two pairs of heavy gold tassels, the whole surmounted by a white dove. In the centre was beautifully emblazoned the State Arms, with some additions, and the inscription — "Eastern Star Encampment, I. O. of O. F., Portland, Me. — Installed April the 10, 1844." Painted by Bro. T. C. Savory, of Boston.

That of the Montezuma Lodge, No. 33, of Boston, was also very rich. It was of white satin, hung with crimson silk, with six splendid pairs of tassels. The device was an open Bible and scales of Justice, with the motto — "Be these your guides." The figure of Hope occupied the right of the Bible, and that of Liberty the left. On the reverse was a view of the city of Boston, name of the Lodge, and date of its installation — Feb. 1, 1844.

That of the Tremont Lodge, No. 15, was an elegant affair. The front was of white satin, bordered with pink, and fringed with silver, with silk and silver tassels. Device — The Good Samaritan, with the motto, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good to all men." The reverse was of purple satin, with a view in bronze of the "Three Mountains," and an inscription bearing the time of the Charter of the Lodge, "March 10, 1843."

The banner of the Ligonía Lodge, of Portland, No. 5, — somewhat similar in regard to design, — was of the most chaste and elegant description. It was of white satin, trimmed with silver, and hung with superb silver tassels. Its front was emblazoned with the "all seeing eye," and an open Bible, surrounded by the name of the Lodge, time of its institution, (Nov. 21, 1843.) &c. Reverse, the figure of Charity, and two rosy "Jewels," with an appropriate motto, &c. The whole was suspended from a silver gilded bow and arrow, partly drawn.

The Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, banner, was of crimson silk, in front, trimmed with white. Device, the eye and figure of Charity, with the motto, "We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, educate the orphan." The reverse was of white satin, inscribed with the name of the Lodge, &c.

That of the Friendship Lodge, No. 20, of Cambridgeport, although with no particular device, was very rich in appearance. It was of scarlet and white satin, most gracefully ornamented with silver fringe and tassels, suspended from a large gilded arrow by three chain links, signifying "Friendship, Love and Truth." The time of its institution, Sept. 26, 1843, &c., was wrought upon it in gold.

The Siloam Lodge of Boston, No. 2, had a very costly banner. — The front was of bright scarlet satin, on which was painted the Dove and Olive Branch, surrounded with the name of the Lodge, &c. The reverse was ornamented with an elegant painting purporting to represent the Well of Siloam, over which was the inscription, "Usque ad

dras Americus," and beneath, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam." The banner was beautifully trimmed with gold.

That of the Maine Lodge, No. 1, was of blue and white satin, trimmed with scarlet—device on one side, the State Arms, with the figures Peace and Liberty. Motto, "In Deo Confidamus." On the other, clasped hands, time of the Charter of the Lodge, &c. It was very beautiful.

That of the Ancient Brother's Lodge, No. 4, of Portland, was of white silk tastefully trimmed with crimson,—device copied from the seal of the Lodge, representing the moon and the planets, with the motto, "Like these we receive to give." Reverse, the eye, a gilded eagle, with the inscription "In God we trust."

That of the Boston Lodge, No. 25, was hardly inferior to any in the procession. The front was of white satin,—device, the figure of the Aurora and her studs. The reverse was of scarlet, with the motto "Come and See," time of the Institution of the Lodge, &c. It was superbly trimmed with gold fringe, tassels, &c., and blue satin.

That of the Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, was of black, trimmed with gold—device, a camp, with the *eye*, &c.

The Essex Lodge, No. 26, of Salem, bore a white banner trimmed with the name of the Lodge, etc.

The banner of the Franklin Lodge, No. 23, was also very rich.—The front was of purple satin—device, a portrait of Franklin, surrounded by the name of the Lodge, and motto "In God we trust." The reverse was ornamented with a painting of the Bible, with a representation of the sun on the right and moon on the left—the whole elegantly trimmed with gold and purple.

The banner of the Machigonne Encampment, No. 1, of Portland, was black, trimmed with light silk fringe—device, eye and shepherd's crooks.

That of Bunker Hill Lodge, No. 14, was of blue and crimson, trimmed with silver, with a view of the Bunker Hill Monument, the figure of Justice in the right, and that of Hope on the left, etc. It was rich in the extreme.

That of the Oriental Lodge, was a superb affair. It was of crimson silk, depended from a gilded bow, and at the bottom were two gilded arrows. On its front was emblazoned the All Seeing Eye, surmounted by rays of gold, etc. On the reverse was pictured a handsome group, representing a mother and her children. Motto, "Succor the widow—educate the orphan." The mountings were rich and original.

The Warren Lodge, No. 18, likewise had an elegant banner of black and white satin. In front, the seal of the Lodge in blue, scarlet and gold. Reverse, a view of the Warren House Roxbury. Motto, "The patriot's birth place, the Brother's home." It was elegantly trimmed and appointed.

The following are a few of the Volunteer Toasts given on the occasion :—

VOLUNTEERS.

By P. G. M. Hersey of Boston.

Thomas Wildey, the veteran Odd Fellow — the father of the Order in this country, who has travelled over land and sea to establish the Order on a firm basis; may his last days be his best days.

By P. G. Jas. W. Patterson, of Shawmut Lodge, Boston.

The Dove that bears the branch of Peace — may she never lose one plume from her bright wing until the mystic chain has linked the whole world together.

By P. G. George Prince, member of Eastern Star Encampment.

The arguments of the opposers of our Order — they are as weak as the walls of Jericho, which tottered and crumbled at the sound of a ram's horn.

By Bro. Asa Wyman, of Warren Lodge, Roxbury, Mass.

Odd Fellow-ship — the best *ship* that sails on the stormy ocean of human life; well manned; a chain cable every link of which is strong in *Friendship*; anchor of solid *Truth*; while *Love* sits smiling at the helm. May all good "fellows" come on board.

By Bro. S. S. Harris, of Sagamore Encampment.

The Odd Fellows of Portland — the principles of the Order have been beautifully exemplified in the generous hospitality shown in the reception of our guests from abroad — no storms can impair their lustre, nor sunshine enhance their brilliancy.

By Bro. Wm. English, of Tremont Lodge.

The union of the States — when parchments grow dim, and political structures totter under the decaying influence of time, it will find an indissoluble bond in the links of *Friendship*, *Love* and *Truth*.

By Bro. A. D. Lowell.

Eastern Star Encampment — may it be as the "Star in the East" rising to carry joy to the desolate and afflicted like the star on the plains of Bethlehem.

By Bro. T. C. Hersey, P. C. P.

Maryland and Kentucky — the first represented at this festive board by one of her daughters and the latter by a Patriarch.

The above sentiment was responded to very happily by T. C. Schafner, P. H. P. of Kentucky.

By. P. G. M. Hersey, of Boston.

David Robinson, Jr., the Pioneer of Odd Fellowship in the State of Maine — may he live long and happy and have the satisfaction of seeing the principles of our Order planted in every town and village of our State.

Bro. Robinson made a brief but happy reply to the above and gave as a sentiment: —

The Order — none are too low in fortune or social position to be made recipients of its bounty, and none can be too high to be benefited by its benevolent spirit.

By Bro. Wm. H. Ayres.

Our Orator, Wm. P. Fessenden — eloquent and appropriate. "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

By H. P. Geo. Sawyer, of Eastern Star Encampment.

The Mystic Chain of Friendship, Love and Truth, only three links, — yet of such wonderful length and mysterious power as to link together in one common Brotherhood at least forty thousand of the truest and noblest hearts that ever beat in this happy and enlightened nation.

By Bro. A. W. Thaxter, 3d.

Odd Fellowship from Maine to Georgia, — from the Atlantic to the Pacific always ready to throw the mantle of Charity over all who are true to the principles of "Friendship, Love and Truth."

By a Patriarch of Massasoit Encampment.

The Machigonne Encampment, No. 1, of Portland — The first Encampment in the State. May its roots strike deeper and spread broader, and its branches yet cover hundreds upon hundreds of true-hearted Odd Fellows.

By Patriarch Thomas Todd, of Machigonne Encampment.

Rev. Patriarch James Pratt, G. Master of the Grand Lodge of Maine — In whose life and conversation are truthfully exemplified the triple bond of our union — "Friendship, Love and Truth."

By Bro. Wm. J. Tombly, N. G. of Warren Lodge, Roxbury.

The city of Portland — A city truly, of "*Good Samaritans*."

By Benj. Kingsbury, Jr., Chief Patriarch of Machigonne Encampment No. 1.

The Odd Fellow's journey through life — Though it be dark and dangerous — beset with wild beasts and full of ravines — if he but cling to his heavenly guide, he shall in his last hours hear celestial music — the light of an eternal day shall break upon his vision — and he shall finally arrive at the tent of our everlasting High Priest.

By Rev. Patriarch James Pratt, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maine.

The Mystic Chain that binds us — Forged by the hand of *Friendship* — Burnished by the hand of *Love*. May the hand of *Truth* keep it ever shining brightly.

By P. G. Charles A. Smith, of Siloam Lodge.

The first Odd Fellow — May we, by our acts of kindness and humanity, be the means of collecting the scattered seed of his race; and accomplish the grand design of our founder, by uniting all in the social bonds of benevolence and brotherly love.

By Bro. Charles Rice, of Tremont Lodge, Boston.

Our motto, when properly cemented, is indissoluble — Therefore let nought unholy enter, to break the mystic tie that binds us.

By Bro. Bryant, of North Carolina. —

Odd Fellowship — The same at the South; the same at the North — a grand link in the chain that binds together our glorious union.

By P. G. M. Hersey, of Boston.

Odd Fellows — May we ever live in accordance with the principles of our beloved Order, and should we be exposed to danger, may every brother prove himself a *Jonathan*.

By N. F. Deering, Chief Patriarch of Eastern Star Encampment.

Odd Fellowship — A binding together of all classes, sects and conditions in one common brotherhood — its object, the promotion of each other's best good.

[The Portland American thus speaks of the closing of the celebration of the day : —]

But the grand *finale* to this brilliant festival, was the *parting scene* of the brothers, at the rail-road depot. Not less than two thousand Odd Fellows (and their friends) were about to leave us, and the chances were that but a small portion, comparatively, of that number which had been for two days hand in hand, would ever meet again.

While the brethren from abroad were seating themselves in the cars, the Maine Encampments arranged themselves nearest the outside of the depot — and beyond, were arranged along the shore, the several Portland Subordinate Lodges (all in their regalia) in a line facing the track. There were two heavy trains, each carrying ten cars, loaded to the full — and as each train emerged slowly from the depot, one long continued shout, from the brothers who remained, greeted the members who were "homeward bound." The cars moved very leisurely, and nine times nine cheers went up from the assemblage, which was heartily echoed from the immense multitude of citizens, of both sexes, who crowded the neighboring hill-tops, along the line of the road. — The brethren from Massachusetts returned this unexpected, though welcome demonstration, in right hearty good earnest — the handkerchiefs of the ladies waved from the windows of the departing cars — and the shouts which reverberated from the leaving and the left — the waving of a score of elegant banners, on the shore — the thrilling music of the bands — the joy which gleamed from the bright eyes of the ladies, and the happy countenances of the brotherhood — all tended to make this grand climax one of the most soul-stirring and effective scenes we ever had the happiness of participating in — a scene, truly, which will not soon be forgotten by those who chanced to be present.

As the last train was moving homeward — the members of the Order at the upper end of the line, sang the "*departing ode*," — which is used in the Lodges, generally, at closing, as follows:

"BROTHERS ! We thank you all —
For this, your friendly call —
On us this day ;
Long may you happy be,
In true sincerity,
Honor and secrecy, ever unite."

The Maine Lodge then volunteered to escort the Ancient Brother's Lodge to their Hall, and the remainder of the procession then took up its line of march again, and after parading the principal streets — on their return route — they halted in Middle Street, in front of the Ancient Brother's Hall — where the procession separated after repeated cheering.

In the evening — the large pavilion, at the head of High Street, was illuminated, and some fifteen hundred persons assembled to listen to the music of the band, and the speeches that were delivered by several prominent members of the Order, who, were called upon, from the crowd. At half-past ten, the crowd dispersed — and thus closed the proceedings of the first celebration of the establishment of Odd Fellowship in Maine.

Original.

THE STRANGER IN THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS.

—
BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.
—

MOURNFULLY sighed the autumn wind
With hollow voice and deep,
The trees bent down their lofty heads
That crested the rocky steep.

The wandering waters murmured low
With melancholy surge,
And dark pines poured upon the breeze
A solemn sounding dirge.

The willow waved its slender plumes
Above the stranger's head,
As shadow-like there passed him by
The long-forgotten dead.

The stately old ancestral home
Where fell his mournful gaze,
Was peopled now by phantoms dim
Dwellers of by-gone days.

Sadly from out their troubled eyes
They seemed to gaze on him,
Till cold dew on his forehead stood
And he shook in every limb.

There was reproach in those dark eyes,
Reproach and menace stern;
He felt the life-blood in his heart
To icy coldness turn.

He was an alien in the land
Where dwelt his sires of old,
The heritage they left for him
To others he had sold.

The spirits of his ancient race,
The long-forgotten dead,
Had risen to pour their malison
On his degenerate head.

Low on the ground the stranger fell,
His forehead bowed to earth,
And weeping bitterly he poured
His late repentance forth.

Then turned he from the hallowed place
He never more should see,
Turned from the river and the hill,
Turned from each ancient tree,

Turned from the home in childhood dear
With all sweet memories blent,
Where his own children should have lived, —
Still weeping as he went.

September, 1844.

Original.

THREE PHASES IN LIFE.

BY BRO. BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR.

FIRST PHASE.

CONTENT AND THE COTTAGE.

"GET along, there! — come, old crook-horn, it's time to be home! —

'Get out de way old Dan Tucker,
Or you'll be late to come to supper.'

Whew! — whew! — here Rove, you rascal, stop bothering them hens! Ah, Patty, my beauty, here you are! — just in time to give us a taste of those cherries on your physiognomy." — (Smack — smack smack!)

"There, quit your fooling, *do*, Zeke. You'd better not do it again." (Smack! — smack! — smack!)

"Poh! how silly you are. One would think we were courting instead of being married over a year, and having a nice, dear, fat little baby. But come to supper — it's all ready."

We have thus introduced you, dear reader, to as interesting a pair as it was ever your good fortune to see. Ezekiel Wilson — known, however, since his christening, only as Zeke — was the son of an honest, pious, contented farmer. In person he was well formed, with an intelligent brow and a merry blue eye. On that point, it is enough to

say that, while Patty Long, the belle of the village, was besieged by the spruce young men of the place, he out-distanced them all. Patty said "yes" at once, and with a look that made his blood run like molten lead through his veins. They had loved each other ever since with an affection that seemed perennial. Though deeply religious, he possessed exuberant spirits, which found vent in merry jokes; and Patty from morning till night raised her bird-like voice, as she worked, in joyful melody. Oh, they were a glorious couple! Their woof of life seemed all woven of gold. They were happy with their farm, their chubby, rosy-cheeked boy, and each other. Their fifty acres, which were secured to Patty and her children, furnished them all the comforts of life, and they had nothing left to ask for.

One evening they were sitting, after the labors of the day, in the porch of their tasty cottage, with hands interlocked, gazing upon the sunset. It seemed like a picture finished by an Archangel's pencil, with colors made in Paradise. The sky glowed with crimsoned grandeur; and the earth, with its green carpeting, its waving foliage, its gentle flowers, and its balmy atmosphere, joined with the burnished heavens in giving glory to God. He who said "God made the country and man the town," had in his heart the true philosophy. Yet we throng to the crowded cities; we delight in their dust and turmoil; we throw ourselves with headlong zeal into their follies and fashions; we admire their works of art, and their mighty men. We have no eye or heart for the surpassingly beautiful productions of the Almighty.

But stop: what is the trouble with Zeke? While we have been indulging in an episode, he has received a letter from the penny post. His eye flashes — his brow works. He is getting new light. His mind has taken its first leap over the boundaries of his little farm. — Content is dethroned, and henceforth Ezekiel Wilson is a voyager on a stormier sea, or we yield our faith in Lavater. Let us use the writer's privilege, and look over his shoulder:

Detroit, (Michigan,) October 6th, 1836.

MY DEAR ZEKE, — My advice to you is to come to the West. This is the place to make your fortune, my boy. Land is doubling itself in value every day. I bought some yesterday for fifteen hundred dollars, which I have sold to-day for three thousand. I have made much better operations than this, and am already independent. Come on, Zeke, come on. It is the garden of Eden. Bring with you all the cash you can raise; it will net you a thousand per cent. Will you delve away your life on that miserable fifty acres till you are hunch-backed and grey-headed, when you can in a year make your fortune?"

When we had read thus much, Zeke handed the letter to Patty, and thus deprived us of giving all the inducements contained in it, as well as the name of the writer.

"Well, Patty — hem — what do you say to it?" asked Zeke, after she had perused it.

"Say! — poh, he 's wild. We know nothing of the world, and should be cheated at every step; and for my part I am well satisfied to remain here. Tom may sneer at our farm, but if he could only see how thriving our corn and potatoes are, how fat our cattle look, and how happy we are, he wouldn't talk so."

"Ah, well, my dear," responded Zeke with a sigh, "I have no doubt you are right. But how that boy bawls — *do* stop his noise."

A tear started in his wife's eye. She understood not the philosophy of his new harshness, but she meekly did his bidding. Alas! the first shred of iron had that evening been woven in their golden woof. His heart was rebelling against the providence of God, and he was fast learning to scorn his humble position in life. His days of song and peace were over.

Zeke will go to the West. Mark our prediction. He will find no joy in the music of his sweet wife's carolling, no calmness in communion with his Maker, no pleasure on his beautiful farm. The father's heart will bound no longer to the chirrupings of his baby-boy. He will cast himself upon the mighty billow that has ruined thousands.

SECOND PHASE.

WEALTH AND THE PALACE.

Detroit, the capital of Michigan, will be one of the most beautiful places in the union, as its inhabitants are already among the noblest of their kind. Taken, as it were, by storm from the wealthy French residents, the shrewd Yankee is giving it rank rapidly among the large cities of the West; and with its wealth and enterprise and position, it will ultimately be the rival of many that are now far in advance. Come, let us take a ramble through Jefferson Avenue. What a superb promenade! Really, instead of being in the "far west," one might imagine he was in New York Broadway. The ladies are as beautiful — they trip along as daintily — their bus — hem — in short, they are perfectly charming. But — ha! what! why here are Zeke and Patty. We said it would be so. And really, though we feared for them, they look so elegant and are so *au fait* in their silks and broadcloth, that we begin to think our alarm was groundless.

When we saw Zeke in Detroit — and we *did* see him there, for this sketch is no fiction — he had acquired the reputation of being a man of fortune. Remember this was in 1836, when the land fever raged throughout the country, and in no State more violently than in Michigan. There, by the aid of skilful draftsmen, the forest that had stood untouched for centuries, changed suddenly to superb cities. Rivers, rivalling the Mississippi, flowed by every town, while the "water privileges" surpassed any thing of the kind ever dreamed of. It was fairy-land — ay, more, it was the very identical Eden lost by the folly of our ancestors, who speculated in a contraband article.

Zeke's first experiment was rather discouraging. When he arrived at his hotel, a gentleman took him aside, and with great kindness told

him that he perceived he was a stranger, and that he felt it to be his duty to warn him against the multitude of sharpers with which the place was thronged. He then proceeded to give him some hints of the way these fellows would attempt to operate upon him. Zeke felt profoundly grateful, and so expressed himself. He told him frankly his object in going to the west. His new friend replied —

“Understand me, my dear sir. While I warn you against sharpers, I do not mean to intimate that by prudent foresight, and by dealing with honest men, you cannot make money. On the contrary, in six months you may be independent. I know it by experience. And if it will be of the slightest service to you, by way of a fair start in your new enterprise, I happen to have some twenty lots in the city of Upper Saginaw to spare, which I will sell you. They are doubling in value every day, and were it not for the strange interest which I feel in you, I should be unwilling to part with them. Here is the map. *There* is the park — and *there* the Court House. On these corners are the churches. The railroad, you perceive, runs directly through the city. As the water privileges are uncommonly great, it must become an immense manufacturing place. *This* is the Saginaw river, and is navigable by the largest class of vessels.”

“What do you ask for those twenty lots?” inquired Zeke, his eyes sparkling.

“As I said before, I had a little rather keep them, but as I want you should have a chance to begin well, I will put them at five hundred dollars. They are the most valuable in the city, as they are wharf lots.”

The bargain was closed, and Zeke took passage on board the next boat to see his new purchase. He found the city. It was an unbroken forest. His twenty wharf lots were in the bed of the Saginaw river, some fifteen feet under water. But this was in his noviciate. — He learned something by experience.

Zeke became rapidly rich; at least so he and others honestly fancied. His credit was without limit. The name of Ezekiel Wilson was good for any amount, and his note at the Bank of Michigan was never discussed by the Board of Directors. He had his splendid house, his carriage, his wines, his servants, his parties. Patty to be sure was not quite happy: she pined secretly for the woodland, the bower and the peaceful cottage. The crash came. Every body remembers that terrible revulsion. Banks, credit, speculators, capitalists and merchants all toppled and fell to the earth together. Zeke's beautiful bubble burst with the others. He became at once miserably, wretchedly poor.

THIRD PHASE.

RUIN, RAGS AND REFORM.

At twelve o'clock at night in the city of Detroit sat a care-worn and heart-broken young wife, waiting the return of her drunken husband. The hovel — for it was no better — was located in an obscure street.

The storm had already driven the hats and rags from the windows, and was finding its way through sundry crevices in the roof. She laid her weary work aside — and then she *wept*. They were not the easy tears of ordinary woe, but the terrible gushings out of a heart deeply, awfully stricken. And then she *prayed*. It was a prayer that must be heard. She asked for no blessings on herself save faith and patient endurance; but for her husband she wrestled with deepest agony and fondest devotion. As she prayed her hopes gathered strength — she seemed surrounded by the ineffable glory of the Highest — and with joy she clapped her transparent hands and shouted aloud — “He *will*, he *WILL* be saved!”

“God grant it?” groaned a hollow voice.

She started — rose from her knees — and timidly said,

“I didn’t know you were here, dear husband. You are wet — come nearer the fire. I will get you some tea.”

“No, Patty, no. I am a miserable wretch. I have ruined you and myself. I am a common drunkard. But I have drank nothing to-night. Through all these stormy hours I have walked the streets in despair. I came home for a — yes, Patty — for a razor, determined to put an end to this vile existence. But I have heard you pray, Patty. Now tell me — oh, tell me sincerely — can I, *can* I be saved?”

What a glorious picture was Patty at that moment. She stood there like a statue, gazing upon her husband with sparkling eyes, and lips parted, and bosom heaving, and tears coursing their way down the furrows of her cheeks. When he paused, she gave a scream of joy and threw herself upon his bosom. And then, without a word, did she gently draw him down by her side on his knees, and, with her arm around his neck and his around her shrunken waist, thus they prayed anew.

Ezekiel Wilson rose up a NEW MAN.

* * * * *

We need not draw the picture of the future. Those who have faith in the power of renovated humanity can well imagine it. The lesson had been effectual. Ezekiel was thenceforward content to live upon his little farm, and bask in the light of his wife’s glowing joy. His fiery and grasping ambition has burned itself out, and he now waits calmly beneath the shadow of the golden wings of a good Providence.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN OHIO. — There are at present thirty-two Lodges in Ohio. The Order was first started at Cincinnati in 1829, and the total number of members in that city at the present time is eight hundred and fifty. They are about erecting a magnificent building three stories high, the third story to be used as Lodge rooms.

The following original Odes were kindly furnished by C. P. ILLSLEY, Esq., Editor of the Portland Transcript, to be sung in the church at the late celebration of the L. O. O. F., at Portland.

O D E .

O, THOU who reign 'st supreme above
Who lovest with a father's love,
To thee our feeble song we raise —
Deign to accept our humble praise !

Within thy presence lo' we stand,
A BROTHERHOOD — link'd hand in hand ;
O' wilt thou not the tie approve —
The three fold tie — TRUTH, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE !

Spirit of Truth ! around our way
For ever pour thy guiding ray —
Forever in each brother's breast
Be thou a constant welcome guest !

Spirit of Friendship ! aye impart
Thy priceless boon from heart to heart ;
Where'er there's grief — where'er distress,
O, be thou near to soothe and bless !

Spirit of Love ! may'at thou inspire
Each thought — each impulse — each desire !
Our being fill — each life-spring move —
For Love is Heaven and " God is Love ! "

H Y M N .

STARS that o'er sorrow's of earth mildly gleam —
Truth, Friendship, Love!
Full on our hearts your soft radiance beam,
Truth, Friendship, Love!
Rise in your beauty — illumine our sky —
With your bright presence bid dark shadow fly —
Let your pure lustre rejoice every eye —
Truth, Friendship, Love!

Strengthen the feeble with evil to cope,
Truth, Friendship, Love!
Give to Despair the assurance of Hope —
Truth, Friendship, Love!
Shine where disease sits enthroned in her gloom ;

Aid where the victim is mark'd for the tomb —
Comfort the mourner — his dark hours illume,
Truth, Friendship, Love!

Stars, from whose founts purest blessings o'erflow,
Truth, Friendship, Love!
Aye round our pathway your genial light throw,
Truth, Friendship, Love!
In health or in sickness forever appear,
Glad'ning the joyful and drying the tear —
Glowing the brightest when death hovers near,
Truth, Friendship, Love!

Stars of bright promise! dispense here your light,
Truth, Friendship, Love:
Shine in your splendor, unclouded and bright,
Truth, Friendship, Love!
Beacon's to guide us through life's devious way,
Beam on our Order your soul-cheering ray —
O, may each Brother acknowledge your sway;
Truth, Friendship, Love!

Original.

"B E H O N E S T."

BY BRO. J. W. PATTERSON.

THIS short sentence has a meaning sufficiently broad to cover every evil that infests the walks of man, and if properly heeded will remedy and shield him from every error. It is the heart of man in his moral life, and is a fountain that supplies those streams that give life to the many virtues that originate from this great source. Like the sun that imparts light and life to the whole planetary world, honesty gilds the meridian of man's moral hemisphere with living light, and clothes its shining constellations with never-fading beauty. If the sun enlivens the broad canopy of heaven and smiles upon the dark places of earth, honesty makes the paths of life bright, and chases away the clouds that darken the home of man. To be honest we must look upon the faults of all men with a lenient eye; judge with candor, reprove with meekness and sincerity. And yet how little honesty do we find governing our benevolent and religious institutions of the present day. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," is a requisition of the law. But who in honest sincerity would place a construction upon

this sentence that would debar men from joining hand and heart in relieving the distressed of our fellow creatures, and laboring by kind greetings and just dealings to walk with them in the paths of truth and honor? The heart that has ever felt a spark of the noble sentiments of a fellow-sympathy, would not be willing thus to break down the very altar where the love of God and the love of man are offered in sincerity and in a manner that will merit the smiles of heaven. — Noble hearts that beat high with the warm aspirations of justice and manly sympathy are often chilled and every spring frozen up by the baleful influence of selfish principles, covered with the seeming garb of moral and religious duty, and that for the want of proper honesty in pointing out their true requirements. Then let us be honest, and not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers in aiding them in building up error. Let us go hand in hand in honesty doing that good which we are bound to do unto all. We cannot honestly love our neighbors as ourselves unless we greet them kindly, and in truth win their fellow feelings and lead them in the paths of honor and virtue. How can we do unto others as we would wish them to do unto us, unless we give to the needy and lend unto those who would borrow? Can we be honest unless we do these things and extend them to all? "For if you love them that love you; what reward have you? Do not even the publicans the same? And if you salute your brethren only, what do you more than others? Do not even the publicans so?" Then let us seek to do that which is right and good. Let us be honest and love those who with cold hearts would throw the damp of death upon the sunshine of human happiness; and let us by kindness win them to love their fellow creatures, and yield to the influence of the quickening attributes of the divine nature, instead of laboring under the galling influence of sectarian creeds, that too often are the governing principles of men. Search the Word of Truth, and we shall find the true principles that are best calculated to answer the happiness of the whole, and learn there with what truthful honesty the great whole of nature's works discharge their duties. The comforts of animal life are extended alike to one and all, and the ripening fields yield abundant harvests to the just and unjust; and in all God's attributes we can see an eye single to his own glory through his kindness to his creatures. Then be honest and love God; if we love him we shall love the works of his hands — his creatures, and what we love we shall cherish and support.

RICHES may enable us to confer favors; but to confer them with propriety and grace, requires a something that riches cannot give; even trifles may be so bestowed as to cease to be trifles. The citizens of Megara offered the freedom of their city to Alexander; such an offer excited a smile in the countenance of him who had conquered the world; but he received this tribute of their respect with complacency, on being informed that they had never offered it to any but to Hercules and himself.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE R. W. Grand Lodge convened at Baltimore on Monday, September 16th, at Odd Fellow's Hall, it being the regular Annual Session. The following named officers were present :

HOWELL HOPKINS, M. W. G. Sire ; W. S. STEWART, R. W. D. G. Sire ; JAS. L. RIDGLEY, R. W. G. & Cor. Sec'y. . ANDREW E. WARNER, R. W. G. Treasurer ; ALBERT CASE, R. W. G. Chaplain ; WM. CURTIS, R. W. G. Marshal ; RICHARD BRANDT, W. G. Guardian ; JNO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, W. G. Messenger.

The Grand Secretary having called the roll, and reported that a constitutional quorum of States were present, the D. G. Sire was directed to examine the Representatives. The Deputy Grand Sire reported that the Representatives present were duly qualified, and then by order of the Grand Sire proclaimed the Grand Lodge duly opened for the transaction of business.

Rep. Moore from the District of Columbia, announced in a feeling and appropriate manner the death of P. G. S. JAMES GETTYS, of the District of Columbia, and submitted the following resolutions :

Resolved, That the announcement of the death of Past Grand Sire JAMES GETTYS, late of the District of Columbia, and a member of this body, has been heard with deep sensibility by this Grand Lodge which is profoundly sensible of the loss sustained by the Order generally by this dispensation of Divine Providence.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge sincerely sympathise with his family and friends in their bereavement; and as a testimony of its respect for the memory of the deceased, the Chair of the Grand Sire be hung in black and the members wear the usual badge of mourning during the session.

Rep. Crozwell of Connecticut, announced to the G. Lodge the death of P. G. M. ROBERT S. HINMAN, and offered the following resolutions:

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty Grand Master of the universe to remove from among us our late Brother P. G. M. ROBERT S. HINMAN, late Grand Representative in this body,

Resolved, That the members of the Grand Lodge of the United States duly sympathise with their brethren of Connecticut in the loss they have sustained.

Resolved, That the members of the Grand Lodge wear the usual badge of mourning during the session.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be entered upon the Journal.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing term :

P. G. M. SHARLOCK, of Ohio, M. W. G. Sire.

P. G. M. CHURCHILL, of Maine, R. W. D. G. Sire.

P. G. M. RIDGLEY, of Maryland, R.W.G. & Cor. Sec'y.

P. G. M. WARNER, of ———, R. W. G. Treasurer.

We make the following extracts from G. Sire HOPKIN'S Report. — We regret our limits will not admit of giving the Report entire.

"In again meeting the Representatives from the various Grand Lodges and Encampments composing the Grand Lodge of the United States of the I. O. of O. F. at its stated Annual Session, it is a duty incumbent on me as Grand Sire of the Order to communicate to them information of what in my official character I have done and performed since the last annual session, in relation to the matters committed to my charge — and at the same time to submit for their consideration such matters as the good of the Order may require that they should take action upon.

In making this communication it affords me great pleasure to be able to congratulate you on the continued prosperity of the Order under your jurisdiction — from the East, the West, the North, and the South, the most gratifying intelligence has been received as well as in relation to the increase of the Order — the high estimation in which it is held by our fellow-citizens — the great benefit it has conferred on the brethren of the Order, and the good it has done and is still doing to all mankind. General as is this prosperity, it is not universally the case, with all the Lodges chartered by you. I regret to state that, from information received from D. G. Sire Stewart, the situation of the Order in the State of Illinois is by no means flourishing. Whether this state of affairs is produced by neglect or inattention on the part of the officers of the various Lodges chartered in that State, or from some local cause, I am unable to say — but such was the situation of the Order there, that Deputy Grand Sire Stewart after having used his best endeavours to revive the spirit of Odd Fellowship amongst the members, found himself compelled in the exercise of his best judgment to take into his own possession the books and papers belonging to the Encampment at Alton, which had been chartered in that State. From the representation made by that able and efficient officer, I fear it will be necessary that this Grand Lodge should take the Order into its own keeping, by recalling the charter heretofore granted for a Grand Lodge in the State of Illinois — by doing so and placing the Order directly under the care of a D. D. G. Sire, properly qualified and willing to devote such portion of his time and attention to the subject as may be requisite — the causes which have produced this apathy may be discovered and removed. I submit the matter to your judgment.

During the recess of this Grand Lodge, various applications have been made in conformity to the 13th article of the By-Laws of this Grand Lodge for dispensations to open Subordinate Lodges or Subordinate Encampments in different parts of the United States — application has also been made from members of the Order, resident in Canada, for authority to open Lodges to work under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge. Similar applications were made from members of the Order resident in Great Britain, praying to be authorised to open Lodges, and work under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States. In their application they express their desire to continue the work as it has been heretofore known, and that they do not

approve of the course pursued by the Manchester Unity. Acting by virtue of the authority vested in the Grand officers, I have authorised dispensations to issue, which has accordingly been done, and the Lodges or Encampments have been duly opened by the D. D. G. Sire under whose jurisdiction they have been located, or by a special deputy appointed for the purpose * * * *

Complaints are continually made of the difficulties which travelling brothers experience, arising from the different manner in which the language of the Order is taught in different places, since the last meeting of the Grand Lodge. I have been repeatedly applied to for information and instruction in relation to whether this or that was the correct manner of performing the work. In various instances I have ascertained that there exist, particularly in some of the older Grand Lodges, copies of the language of the Order which do not conform exactly to that taught by this Grand Lodge—it follows necessarily that working according to the books they have, their members meet with difficulty in obtaining admission into Lodges of the Order in other States—and thus a want of harmony is produced. I present this subject before you in the hope that in your wisdom you will devise some plan by which a growing evil may be corrected. To me it has appeared that if the Grand Sire had authority to appoint a D. D. G. Sire in each State, District and Territory under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, to whose care should be entrusted a correct copy of the work and language of the Order, written in the cypher of the Order—and whose duty it should be to see that no other language be used by the Order within the bounds of his jurisdiction, it would be the means of producing a uniformity which would be beneficial. The same officer without having any authority to interfere with the business transactions of the Lodges or Encampments within the bounds of his jurisdiction, might be made the organ of communication between them and the Grand Lodge.

Since the last meeting of this Grand Lodge, I have visited the Order in New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. In each of these States I was received with that respect and attention which the members of the Order are ever ready to pay to the Grand Sire when he visits them in his official character, representing as he then does this Grand Lodge. In each of these States I was gratified to find that the care and attention of the officers to whom was entrusted the management of the business of the Order, had been productive of much good, and had caused not only a great increase in numbers, but had added much to the high character of the Order in public estimation. In the month of June I visited Boston, by invitation of the Grand Officers of the State Grand Lodge, and assisted in celebrating the anniversary of the re-establishment of the Order in Massachusetts. On this occasion the Order assembled in Faneuil Hall, and evinced both by their number and respectability the exalted character of the Order in that State. To the exertion of P. G. M. Hersey and Bro. A. Guild the Order is indebted for its revival there, but for its great prosperity, the rapid increase of Lodges and members, much is due to the zeal, and care and attention of the officers who have been selected to

preside over its Lodges both Grand and Subordinate; it is now established on a sure foundation, and gives evidence that if not now, it soon will be entitled to rank first amongst those who have associated together for the diffusion of the principles of Benevolence and Charity.

From the Grand Secretary's Report we learn that the revenue received by the Cor. Secretary during the past year has been for Dispersations issued, \$1188 50; Dues, \$1715 88; Books, \$603 39; Diplomas, \$128 50; Representative Tax, \$180; Sources not designated, \$275 67. Making a total of \$4,091 94.

The revenue of the Grand Lodge has been much increased over that of last year, and it is a subject of congratulation that means have thus been placed at the disposal of the Executive Officers to preserve the credit of the G. L. of the U. S. At the close of the last session of the G. Lodge of the U. S., the indebtedness of that body amounted to \$4896. Of this sum there now remains unpaid \$2980. To pay which the surplus in the treasury and the accruing receipts of the session will abundantly provide. The affairs of the "Official Magazine," however, for the current year, (which has been published at a loss of about \$500,) do not enter into this statement.

The G. Secretary proceeds to detail such correspondence in relation to the various departments of the Order as may be worthy of notice. From all parts of the Union, with one or two exceptions, the Report speaks of the increase and prosperity of the Order. In New England, particularly, the Order and its work is spoken of in the most flattering terms. To D. D. G. Sire Guild, of Boston, the G. Secretary pays a just a well-merited compliment for his untiring, efficient and successful labors in the cause of Odd Fellowship.

The Report also states that two Subordinates and one Grand Lodge, entitled "the Grand Lodge of the Principality of Wales," have been established in England under warrants from the U. S. Grand Lodge. To P. G. Colburn, formerly of Suffolk Lodge, in this city, and P. G. M. Bolsover, of Stockport, Eng., the Report pays a high compliment for their labors in the re-establishment of our Order upon its native soil; and expresses an opinion there can now no longer remain a doubt of the spread of the Order in its true and proper language throughout the kingdom of Great Britain.

The next action of interest was that on the resolution to extend the term of service of the Grand Representatives from one year to two years which was negatived by a vote of *twenty-three* to *fifteen*.

The Journal of Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, published by McGowan of New York was very highly praised, and duly authenticated, by which action it is now the "*official version*."

The Grand Lodge has seen fit to settle a question which has frequently disturbed the peace and harmony of some of the Grand Lodges in the United States. We refer to the subject of moving the place of meeting of a Grand Lodge or Encampment for local convenience. She endeavored to settle the question when she acted upon the application from Connecticut, to allow the Grand Lodge of that State to

meet at New Haven and Hartford alternately, and which was rejected. She declares that she "has never yet recognised the existence of *moveable*" bodies, and does not now "deem it expedient to depart from this salutary custom."

The "Committee on the State of the Order," offered a report and a resolution upon so much of the Grand Sire's report as related to members lecturing upon the principles of the Institution. The report was adopted and for the information of the Order we extract the following from the report of said Committee.

"But they protest against the propriety of individuals, without authority, and often without experience, attempting to expound to an assembly of brethren or citizens the doctrines of the Order, according to their own peculiar views of religious sectarianism, or of temperance, or of any other subject which they may choose to introduce and discuss."

The Committee on the "Covenant and Official Magazine," reported that at the end of the present year the loss would "at the most liberal estimate be \$475.11." After presenting the situation of the Magazine they recommend the discontinuance of the official order under the authority of the Grand Lodge and proposed the following resolutions, viz.

"*Resolved*, That the official journal, in its present form be discontinued from and after the first day of December next.

"*Resolved*, That a Committee of three be appointed, of which the Grand Sire shall be chairman, who shall be authorized to receive proposals for the purchase of the Covenant, on the following conditions, viz.: 1st. They shall consult and advise with the Grand Corresponding Secretary. 2d. The Official Magazine shall be published on the sole responsibility of the purchaser. 3d. That all original or selected matter for the Official Magazine shall be submitted to the supervision and control of the Grand Corresponding Secretary.

"*Resolved*, That the Committee provided for by the above resolution, be fully authorized and empowered to transfer and assign the entire interest of this Grand Lodge in said Magazine on such terms as may be most advantageous to the interests of this Grand Lodge."

A subsequent resolution instructed the Committee to give preference to P. G. M. Neilson.

An effort was made to forbid in future the admission of ministers of the gospel free of charge but it was deemed a matter for State legislation and accordingly nothing was done. This we think is a very just decision, as in some parts of the United States it is necessary to maintain the institution, while in others it is not essential.

The next most important part of the deliberations of that body was in relation to the changing the work of the Order.

The question has at length passed. And we are rejoiced indeed to inform our readers that it passed triumphantly. The vote stood *thirtysix* for a change and *three* against it. The revisal has been referred to an elected committee of five, which consists of Reps. Chapin, Gley, McCabe, Moore, and P. G. S. Kennedy.

The Committee is to assemble at Baltimore at an early day and there agree upon what the work shall be, and as soon as that is agreed upon by the Committee and the fact made known to the Grand Sire, an extra session of the Grand Lodge is to be called.

The Grand Lodge has decided that no one is entitled to the Travelling Pass Word but those "who are travelling, and the two highest elective officers of a Lodge." In some States it has been customary to allow every Past Grand to have it, while others have always adhered to the above principle — the determination we think is wise and politic. A gold medal has been *unanimously* ordered to be presented to P. G. M. James L. Ridgley, "as a feeble tribute of the Order's affectionate regard for him." This was right, we think he deserves the commendation of the Order every where for his valuable services.

The forms of a Clearance and Visiting Card have been adopted, and the Grand Secretary ordered to have the same engraved and then vend the Cards at cost. After the first of January no State shall have the right to print cards — which confines the printing of them exclusively to that of the Grand Lodge of the United States. This is according to the plan in England; whether the extensive territory of our country will prevent the accomplishment of the design is questionable.

The Grand Lodge adopted the following report of the Committee on the state of the Order, viz.: "When a visiting brother presents himself at the door of a Lodge, it is his duty to hand his card to the Guardian, that it may be placed in possession of the Lodge. If the Lodge be satisfied of its authenticity, they will thereupon appoint a Committee of three members, all of whom must have received the Scarlet degree, to proceed to the ante-room to examine the visiting brother. One member of this Committee must be the Noble Grand himself, or his Vice, or sitting Past Grand, or some other brother known to be in possession of the travelling password, whose especial duty it shall be *first* to obtain the said password, privately from the visiter, whose duty it shall be to commence by letters. This preliminary being settled, the Committee will then proceed to examine the visiter in the degree in which the Lodge is open, and will report their judgment to the Lodge. If the visiter be received he will work his way in." Whether a Lodge which has given up to a Chartered Degree Lodge all her jurisdiction over degrees has the right to examine visitors on the degrees or not, by some is deemed questionable.

The Order in Illinois having been represented to be in a languishing state, a resolution passed authorising the Grand Sire to appoint two or more commissioners to examine into the affairs of the Order in that State.

By a vote of twenty-three to twelve, the side degrees of the Grand Encampment were abolished. These three degrees were adopted in 1842. They were in existence two years only when it was found necessary to abolish them. It shows how necessary it is to act prudently on new measures, and not be too speedy in acting and thereby running the Order to great expense for the accomplishment of an object which will be in existence but a short time.

WE have been favored with the following letter from D. D. G. Sire Guild, dated

Boston, Sept. 6th, 1844.

"On the receipt of the dispensation for opening an Encampment at Manchester, N. H., I proceeded to that most beautiful and pleasant village, attended by four Patriarchs from Boston, who rendered very valuable assistance in instituting Wonolanset Encampment, No. 2; after which, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing term.

Walter French, CP; Charles Wells, HP; Isaiah Winch, SW; J. G. Cilley, Scribe; J. C. Flanders, Treas; J. T. P. Hunt, JW; all of whom being present, were installed into their respective offices. After a recess of an hour, the Patriarchs from Boston being past or present officers, were invited to fill the chairs, after which eight new Patriarchs were initiated."

Independent Odd Fellow.—The September number of this magazine has been received. It is filled with the most useful and interesting matter, not only to the members of the Order, but to every one. The Order owes much to Bro. Ford for his unwearied exertions in its behalf, and we hope the brothers will give him a liberal support. The Odd Fellow is published at Richmond, Va., at two dollars a year.

☞ We are requested to state that Columbian Lodge, at Stoneham, will meet in future on Tuesday instead of Thursday evenings.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—Hez'h Prince, G C P. Newell A Thompson. G H P. Tho's Barr, G S W. Nath'l Y Culbertson, G J W. Caleb C Hayden. G Scribe. Raymond Cole. G Treasurer.

MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Wm Ellison, CP; A P Cleverly, HP; L M Smith, SW; J R Mullen, JW; Edwin Adams, Scribe; Nath'l S Prince, Treas'r.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—George L Montague, CP. Edw'd W Howe, HP. Jos B Frost, SW. J H Woodward, JW. E F Follansbee, Scribe. Geo Norton, Treas.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—John Vaughton, CP; Josiah H Russell, HP, Jesse P Pattee, S W; Woodman C Currrier, JW; Duncan Macfarlane, Scribe; Ichabod Fessenden, Treas.

ton, SW; Ithamar W Beard, Scribe; Solomon D Emerson, Treas.; Nathan B. Favor, JW.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT No 4—Francis M Kittredge, CP; Job H Cole, HP; Anson Hunting.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No 5.—Isaac C Cushing, CP. N P Brooks, HP. Wm Caban, SW.—Justin Jones, JW. Joseph Burrill, Scribe, Ashbel Wait, Treas.

MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Brewster Reynolds, CP. Jos Newmarch, HP. Cha's D Strong, SW. Daniel Hall, JW. Cha's Sampson, Scribe. Cha's H White, Treas.

GRAND LODGE—Tho's F Norris, MWGM: Newell A Thompson, RWGDM: Solon Jenkins, RWGW; W E Parmenter, RWG Sec'y: Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Jno McLeish, RWG Chaplain.

UNION DEGREES LODGE.—Jos B Frost, DM; Isaac Gale, Jr, ADM; E F Follansbee, DADM; ——— Hall, PG; G L Drinkwater, VG; L H Bradford, Sec'y: Wm H Kelly, Treas.

MAVERICK DEGREES LODGE—Wm H Calrow, DM, Geo H Plummer, ADM; Wm S Howard, DADM; Sumner F. Barrett, PG; Geo W Morrill, VG; E M Cunningham, Sec'y: J Barker, Treas.

WARREN DEGREES LODGE—Roxbury—A J P Whitcomb, DM; E G Scott, ADM; B F Campbell, DA DM; W J Twombly, PG; Ira Allen, VG; James Anson, Sec'y.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Louis Dennis, NG. Sam'l Prince, VG. Nath'l Gale, Rec. Sec'y. A P Cleverly, Per Sec'y, R M Baker, Treasurer. A P Cleverly, Chaplain.

SILSAM LODGE, No. 2.—O A Skinner, NG. Eben'r Seaver, VG. Jona Gavett, Rec Sec'y. John McClellan, Per Sec'y. John Farrington, Treas. E M P Wells, Chaplain. G N Thomson, Physician.

- NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.**—John S. Pulsifer, NG. Gardner R. Welch, VG. Henry Whitney, Jr. Sec. Eli Cooper, Treas'r. Elbridge G. Brooks, Chaplain.
- MERRIMAC, No. 7.**—Alex'r Greea, PG, John Wright, NG; John Taft, VG; Dan'l McLennan Secretary; A. Green, Treas'r.
- SUFFOLK, No. 8.**—Wm G. Mickell, NG. E. F. Follensbee, VG. C. S. Brown, Treas. I. B. Smith, Rec. Sec'y. A. S. Wheeler, Per Sec'y.
- CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 9.**—Leonard Thompson, Jr, NG; J. M. Durgin, VG; Jos. Kelly, Sec'y Summer Young, Treas.
- ORIENTAL, No. 10.**—Rufus Gerriah, NG; Geo. Alexander Smith, VG; Isaac Gale, Jr. Rec. Sec'y Jacob H. Hathorne, Per Sec; Sam'l G. Andrews, Treas.
- MECHANIC, No. 11.**—A. R. Abbott, NG. Chas. G. Giles, VG. Mortimer Lyon, Rec. Sec'y. H. S. Orange, Per Sec'y. Asa Hildreth, Treas. Wm. H. Hatch Chaplain.
- BETHEL, No. 12.**—Duncan Macfarlane, NG; Josiah H. Russell, VG; Woodmen C. Currier, Rec. Sec; Ralph W. Newton, Per Sec'y; John B. Hartwell, Treas.
- NAZARENE, No. 13.**—Henry Lyon, NG; Elisha Sturtevant, VG; George E. Winalow, Sec'y; Chas. A. Stevens, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.**—Wm. Caban, NG; N. Y. Culbertson, VG; H. B. Sargent, Rec. Sec; Sam'l Rhoades, Per Sec; E. H. Chapin, Chaplain.
- TREMONT, No. 15.**—Henry Seaver, NG; Wm. English, VG; Cha's C. Nutter, Rec. Sec'y; O. Huutress Per Sec'y; Levi Wilkins, Treas. F. T. Gray, Chaplain.
- COVENANT, No. 16.**—Cha's Siders, NG. A. P. Richardson, VG. Jona. Pierce, Rec. Sec'y. Wm. Rogers Per. Sec'y. T. D. Chapman, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.**—Augustus L. Barrett, NG.; Jona. Kimball, VG; Chas. Foster, Sec'y; Solomon Cruse, Treas; Wm. Tuzar, Chaplain.
- WARREN, No. 18.**—Wm. J. Twombly, NG. Benj. F. Campbell, VG. James Anderson, Sec'y. E. G. Scott, Treas. Daniel Leach, Chaplain.
- MONUMENT, No. 19.**—George Stearns, NG; Loring S. Pierce, VG; Abel E. Bridge, Sec'y; Horatio Wellington, Treas.
- FRIENDSHIP, No. 20.**—John A. Fulton, NG. Enoch J. Titcomb, VG. John B. Cook, Sec'y. Daniel H. Thurston, Treas.
- FIDELITY, No. 21.**—James Howarth, NG; Geo. H. Kittredge, VG; John H. Clark, Sec'y; William S. Marland, Treas.
- HOWARD, No. 22.**—Tho's R. B. Edmands, NG. Henry Conn, VG. C. Rand, Sec'y. J. H. Scott, Treas.
- FRANKLIN, No. 23.**—Joseph Newmarch, NG. R. P. Barry, VG. D. Davis, Rec. Sec'y. Andrew M. McPhail, Jr., Per Sec'y. J. Martin, Treas. Mark Trafton, Chaplain. A. B. Watson, Physician.
- WINNISIMMET, No. 24.**—John Lothrop, NG, Samuel Cleland, VG. Jno. F. Fenno, Jr, Sec'y. Wm. R. Pearmin, Treasurer. G. W. Otis, Chaplain.
- BOSTON, No. 25.**—E. Hennessey, PG. A. W. Thaxter, 31, NG. Geo. C. Rand, VG. J. W. Appleton, Rec. Sec'y. A. Reid, Per Sec'y. Geo. N. Noyes, Treas. Abel Stevens, Chaplain.
- ESSEX, No. 26.**—Tho's Harvey, NG. Adrian Low, VG. S. B. Buttrick, Rec. Sec'y. Gardner Barton, Per. Sec'y. Richard Lindsey, Treas.
- HAMPDEN, No. 27.**—James M. Thompson, NG. Josiah Hunt, VG. Francis Cummins, Secretary.—Albert C. Cole, Treasurer.
- OSBRILIN, No. 28.**—John O. M. Ladd, NG; Richard G. Colby, V G; Ithamar W. Beard, Sec'y; Olcott Pierce, Treas. Darius Forbes, Chaplain.
- COLUMBIAN, No. 29.**—Lyman Dike, NG; Jos. B. Kittredge, VG; Solon Dike, Sec'y; Jonathan Hay, Treas.
- BETHESDA, No. 30.**—Joseph Leonard, NG. Charles Smith, VG. E. R. Rich, Rec. Sec'y. Jos. Winsor, Jr. Per Sec'y. A. M. Holden, Treas. J. H. Clinch, Theo. D. Cook, Chaplains.
- LAFAYETTE, No. 31.**—B. Snow, NG; N. Howard, VG; J. Gould, Sec'y; A. Cole, Treas. Emmons Patridge, Chaplain.
- ANCIENT LANDMARK, No. 32.**—S. P. Oliver, NG. Wm. Parkman, VG. A. G. Sinclair, Rec. Sec'y. S. Gould, Per Sec'y. Joseph Moriarty, Treas. John Wourt, Chaplain.
- MONTZUMA, No. 33.**—Cha's Eastham, NG. William Ellison, VG. Jno. Bell, Rec. Sec'y. Harvey Lincoln, Per Sec'y. Cha's C. Hurd, Treas. — Lovejoy, Chaplain.
- HOPK, No. 34.**—Nathan Porter, NG; Jonathan M. Wheeler, VG; Jas. A. Smith, Treas; N. A. Eddy, Sec'y.
- PROSPECT, No. 35.**—P. Upham, NG; J. E. Chase, VG; J. T. Hemmanway, Sec'y; A. Whitney, Treas.
- MAVERICK, 36.**—G. W. Morrill, NG. A. Ordway, VG. E. M. Cunningham, Sec'y. John P. Pierce, Treas.
- SHAWMUT, No. 37.**—T. Prince, NG. Geo. W. Betteley, VG. I. D. Brewer, Rec. Sec'y. A. E. Young, Per Sec'y. Joel M. Holden, Treas.
- SOUTHMAN, No. 38.**—Jacob Townsend, Jr, NG; Samuel Kingman, VG; Edw. A. Williams, Sec'y; Jos. W. Emerson, Treas; Jno. H. Willis, Chaplain.
- QUACACUQUEN, No. 39.**—Eben S. Stearns, NG. Philip K. Hills, VG. Dexter Dana, Sec'y. Tho's H. Lord, Treas.
- BAY STATE, No. 40.**—Jas. M. Usher, NG; D. M. Hildreth, VG; J. S. Wentworth, Sec'y; T. Herbert, Treas. J. M. Usher, Chaplain.
- PACIFIC, No. 42.**—P. S. Wheelock, NG; Jos. Barnard, VG; Geo. P. Richardson, Jr, Rec. Sec'y; Sumner Sargeant, Per Sec'y; Mason J. Chapin, Treasurer.
- QUINSIGAMOND, No. 43.**—Jno. F. Locke, NG; C. F. Wilson, VG; — Wesley, Sec; P. W. Wait, Treas.
- KING PHILIP LODGE, No. 44.**—James M. Cooke, NG; Caleb C. Sprague, VG; E. Dawes Tisdale, Sec'y; Elijah S. Robinson, Treas; C. C. R. Mellen, Chaplain.

Maine.

- MACHIGONNE ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.**—Benj. Kingsbury, Jr, CP. J. T. Mitchell, HP. E. Clark, SW. Geo. W. Dam, JW. J. C. Tukesbury, Scribe. W. H. H. Hatch, Treasurer.
- EASTERN STAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.**—N. F. Deering, CP; G. Sawyer, HP; S. T. Corser, SW; W. E. Kimball, JW; H. W. Hersey, Scribe; Rufus Bead, Treas.

SAGAMORE ENCAMPMENT No. 3.—Wm R Smith, CP; Edward Fenno, HP; Frederick P Theobald, SW; Hiram Stearns, JW; Samuel L Harris, Sec'y; Eben Tudor, Treas.
 GRAND LODGE.—James Pratt, MWGM; E S J Neally, RWDGM; Thatcher, RWGW; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr, RWG Sec'y; J N Winslow, RWG Treas; N C Fletcher, G Chaplain.
 UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—David Robinson, Jr, DM, E R Banks, DDM, James N Winslow, ADDM, J D Kinsman, Sec'y.
 MAINE LODGE, No. 1.—S Rolfe, NG; H C Barnes, VG, J T Waterhouse, Rec. Sec'y, J G Warren, Per. Sec'y; S F Corser, Treas.
 SAGO, No. 2.—G W Quinby, NG, J L Lombard, VG; D W Owen, Sec'y; J Stevens, Treasurer.
 GEORGIAN, No. 3.—Oliver W Jordan, NG; Hez. P Coombs, VG; George Prince, Sec'y; Rufus H Counce, Treas. — Woodhull, Chaplain.
 ANCIENT BROTHERS, No. 4.—M F Whittier, NG; Geo W Dam, VG; W S Dodge, Rec. Sec'y; J G True, Per. Sec'y; Jas Todd, Treas; W F Farrington, Chaplain.
 LIGONIA, No. 5.—Cha's W Thomas, NG; Wm P Fessenden, VG. Frederick A Quinby, Sec'y. Andrew T Dole, Treas.
 SABBATHS, No. 6.—Benj A G Fuller NG; Wm Woart, VG; J E Ladd, Rec. Sec'y; J Snell, Jr, Per. Sec'y; D C Stanwood, Treas.
 PENOBSCOT, No. 7.—Sam'l H Dale, NG; B Plummer, Jr, VG; Wm L Warren, Rec. Sec'y; L G McKenney, Per. Sec'y; James P Crockett, Treas; Thos Stone, Chaplain.
 RELIEF, No. 8.—M E Thurlow, NG. Sylvester H Fuller, VG; J Farwell, Sec'y; J T Berry, Treas.
 NATAHNIS, No. 9.—H Stevens, NG; Benj Shaw, Jr VG; W P Norton, Rec. Sec'y; W Matthews, Per. Sec'y; J Minett, Treas.
 LINCOLN, No. 10.—George H Gardiner, NG. John T Gilman, VG. Alonzo Parsons, Rec. Sec'y. John E Brown, Per. Sec'y, W H Morse, Treas.
 SACCARAPPA, No. 11.—S Brackett, NG, G W Partridge, VG, C E Twombly, Rec. Sec'y; J H Watson, Per. Sec'y, M Stiles, Treas.
 KENDUSKEAG, No. 12.—D B Roberts, NG; W T Pearson, VG; E C Smart, Rec. Sec'y; Lorenzo Beale, Per. Sec'y; G W Tasker, Treasurer.
 PEJESSECO, 13.—J S Cushing, NG; Wm H Morse, VG; L P Merrill, Sec'y; Jos Lunt, 2d, Treas.
 CUSHNOG, No. 14.—Wm B Hartwell, PG; John C Pickard, NG; Edw'd Fenno, VG; H U Fairbanks, Sec'y; T S Robinson, Treas.
 PASSAGASSAWAKEAG, No. 15.—David W Lothrop, NG; Sam'l G Thurlow, VG; A Lothrop, Sec'y; Geo R Lancaster, Treas.
 HOBOMOK, No. 16.—David Ingalls, NG; Jacob S Sewall, VG; George Davis, Rec. Sec'y; Edw'd H Mitchell, Per. Sec'y; Thomas S Bowles, Treasurer.

New Hampshire.

GRAND LODGE.—David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWDGM; Walter French, RWGW; G H H Silsbee, RWG Sec'y; Cha's T Gill, RWG Treas. G W Montgomery, RWG Chaplain.
 NASHOONON ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—David Philbrick, CP; A C L Arnold, HP; E P Emerson, SW; Cha's T Ridgway, JW; O D Murray, Scribe; Noah Wyeth, Treas.
 GRANITE No. 1.—Edwin P Hill, NG; Chas T Ridgway, VG; Geo O Fisher Sec'y; Colman W Murch, Treas'r. A C L Arnold, Chaplain.
 HILLSBORO', No. 2, Manchester. — Isaiah Winch, NG, Isaac C Flanders, VG, Charles H Chase, Sec'y, John H Kidder, Treas.
 WECOHAMET, No. 3.—Joseph H Smith, NG; John T Gibbs, VG; Amasa Roberts, Rec. Sec'y; Elijah Wadleigh, Per. Sec'y; Wm Fredick, Treas. Eben Francis, Chaplain.
 WASHINGTON, No. 4.—Calvin Whitten, NG; Jacob Morrill, VG; David C Maybin, Rec. Sec'y; Geo W Orange, Per. Sec'y; Henry Hobbs, Treas.
 WHITE MOUNTAIN, No. 5.—Nath'l B Baker, NG, E W Buswell, VG; J C Wilson, Sec'y; Jno M Hill, Treasurer. J F Witherell, Chaplain.
 PISCATAQUA, No. 6.—Geo W Montgomery, NG. Elias Ayres, VG. Geo W Towle, Rec. Sec'y. Emerson Sherburne, Per. Sec'y. David Moulton, Treas.

Connecticut.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—John L Devotion, GCP; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW, Prelate Demick, G Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer.
 PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Wm L Brewer, CP; John A Lathrop, HP; Edw'd W Eells, SW; Tho's L Stedman, JW; Chauncey Burgess, Scribe; H C Bridgman, Treas.
 GRAND LODGE.—John L Devotion, MWGM; H I Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Win Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John L Ambler, RWG Chaplain.
 SAMARITAN, No. 7.—Alexander Lane, NG, Munson A Shepard, VG, James P Sanders, Sec'y, Irel Ambler, Treasurer;
 MERCANTILE, No. 8. . J C Walkley, NG; A N Clark, VG; Cha's Spencer, Sec; W S Crane, Treas.
 THAMES, No. 9.—Henry Stayner, NG; Geo W Brown, VG; Andrew C Lippitt, Sec; N Beckwith, Treas. R A G Thompson, Chaplain.
 OUR BROTHERS, No. 10.—Jas A Quintard, NG; Sam'l W Chamberlain, VG; W H Cleveland, Sec'y; Jas W Hyatt, Treas.
 UNCAS, 11.—John T Wait, NG. Wm C Potter, VG. Geo T Bromley, Rec. Sec'y. Jno. L Devotion, Per. Sec'y. Theo. Raymond, Treasurer.
 CENTRAL, No. 12.—Wm Chapman, NG; L C Hubbard, VG; Alfred Hall, Sec'y, Wm Willard, Tre.

Rhode Island.

NARRAGANSET ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Win E Rutter, CP; James Wood, HP; S Phillips, SW; H L Webster, JW; O F Dutcher, Scribe; S H Thomas, Treas.
 FRIENDLY UNION, No. 1.—Jas Arden, 2d, NG; O F Dutcher, VG; B F Yerrington, Rec. Sec'y; C C Shute, Per. Sec'y; L B Sheppard, Chaplain.

EAGLE, No. 2.—Wm W Knight, NG; Wm Hicks, VG; T L Warner, Rec Sec'y; B F Herrick, Per Sec'y; R H Barton, Treas.

ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—Eli Brown, NG; David A Cleaveland, VG; Saml R Williams, Sec'y; Nelson C Northrup, Treas.

HOPE, No. 4.—Nathan Porter, NG; Jonathan M Wheeler, VG; Nathaniel A Eddy, Sec'y.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Grand Encampment, semi-annually, Boston.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1. Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.

Mount Washington Encampment, No. 6, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.

Monotony Encampment, No. 3, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Monotony Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesday.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Winthrop Hall, Monday.

Shawmut, No. 37, do, do, Tuesday.

Montezuma, No. 33, do, do, Wednesday.

Pacific, 42, do, do, Thursday.

Franklin, 23, do, do, Friday.

Tremont No. 15, Encampment Hall, Wednesday.

Ancient Landmark, 32, do, do, Monday.

Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tuesday.

Covenant, No. 16, do, do, Monday.

Siloam, No. 2, do, do, Thursday.

Oriental, No. 10, do, do, Wednesday.

Boston, 25, do, do, Friday.

Union Degree, 1, do, Saturday.

New England, 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

Crystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts.

Monday.

Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do, do, Friday.

Merrimac, 7, Lowell, Monday.

Mechanics, 11, " Friday.

Oberlin, 28, " Tuesday.

Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.

Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.

Warren Deg. Lodge, do, " semi-monthly, 2d & 4th Fridays.

Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.

Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.

Fidelity, 21, Andover, Bank Hall, Thursday.

Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.

Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.

Hampden, 27, Springfield, Thursday.

Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.

Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.

Maverick Degree, do, do, do, do, Thursday.

Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday.

Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.

Hope, 31, Methuen, Eagle Hall, Wednesday.

Prospect, 35, Waltham, Thursday.

Soubegan, 38, South Reading, Friday.

Quasacniquen, 39, Newburyport, Friendship Hall, Thursday.

Bay State, 40, Lynn, Odd Fellow's Hall, Friday.

Acushnet, 41, New Bedford, Wednesday.

Quinsigamond, 43, Worcester, Monday.

King Philip Lodge, 44, Taunton, Tuesday.

Framingham, 45, Framingham.

Maine.

Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

Eastern Star Encampment, 2, Portland, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Sagamore Encampment, 2, Augusta, 1st and 3d Thursdays of each month.

Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland, quarterly.

Union Degree, 1, do, Union st., Tuesday.

Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.

Ancient Brothers 4, do, " " Thursday.

Ligonia, 5, do, " " Saturday.

Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.
 Sabbattis, 6, Augusta.
 Cushnoc, 14, "
 Penobscot, 7, Bangor, Wednesday.
 Kenduskeag, 12, " Monday.
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Natahnis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath, Monday.
 Pejepscot, 13, Brunswick, Thursday.
 Cnshnoc, 14, Augusta
 Passagassawakeag, 15, Belfast, Wednesdays.
 Hobomok, 16, Bath.

Rhode Island.

Narraganset Encampment, 1, Providence, 25 Market st, 2d and 4th Fird
 Grand Lodge, " quarterly.
 Friendly Union, 1, Providence, 25 Market st. Thursday.
 Eagle, 2, do., cor. Broad and Pawtuxet sts. Wednesday
 Hope, 4, do., " " " " " Monday.
 Roger Williams, 3, North Main street, Tuesday.

Connecticut.

Grand Encampment, New Haven, semi-annually.
 Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
 Oriental Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Unity Encampment, No. 4, New London, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
 Grand Lodge, New Haven, quarterly.
 Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, Wednesday.
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.
 Ousatonic, 6, Derby, Monday.
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Saturday.
 Thames, 9, New London, Monday.
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk, "
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.
 Central, 12, Middletown, Tuesday.
 Charity, 13, Lower Mystic.

New Hampshire.

Grand Lodge, Concord, semi annually.
 Nashoonon Encampment, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, every other Friday.
 Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tuesday.
 Hillsboro, 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall, Tuesday.
 Wecohamet, 3, Dover, Monday.
 Washington, 4, Great Falls, Friday.
 White Mountain, 5, Concord, Athenaeum Hall, Friday.
 Piscataqua, 6, Portsmouth, Monday.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

MASSACHUSETTS.—T. R. B. Edmands, Charlestown; A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell; Duncan Macfarlane, W. Cambridge; John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge; Rev. Wm. Tozer, Malden; Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village; E. H. Smith, Woburn; Albert W. Bryant, East Lexington; Wm. Monroe, Chelsea; Adrian Low, Salem; R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport; J. M. Southwick & Co., Roxbury; A.

Langley, Stoneham; Charles F. Wilson, Worcester, 69 Main st.; H. T. Crofoot, Newburyport.

MAINE. — David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland; George Prince, Thomaston; Alonzo Parsons, Bath; Wm. P. Nutin, Gardiner; Moses Quinby, 2d, Sacarappa; B. Plummer, Jr., D. B. Roberts, Bangor; N. Gunnison, Hallowell; E P Butler, Orono; A Jordan, Belfast.

RHODE ISLAND. — J. W. Root, 41 Market st., Providence; C. C. Shute, No. 53 Westminster st., Providence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. — Wm. Walker, Jr., Concord.

CONNECTICUT. — Safford & Park, Norwich; Charles Ball, New Haven; Orrin F. Smith, New London.

NEW YORK. — James Pratt, Ithica.

PENNSYLVANIA. — G. G. Stambach, Philadelphia, No. 400 North Second street.

KENTUCKY. — D. P. Watson, P. M., Nicholasville.

MICHIGAN. — Gilbert F. Rood, Detroit.

GENERAL AGENT. — J. G. MORSE.

JOS. B. FROST, of this city, is authorised to act as our Agent.

DAVID ROBINSON, Jr., Portland, General Agent for Maine.

TRAVELLING AGENTS. — H B Odiorne, Homer J Doucet, S. Thornton.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 25th, by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Bro. ROBERT N. TULLOCK of Siloam Lodge, No. 2, to Miss CHARLOTTE C. COLMAN, both of this city.

In East Kingston, N. H., by Rev. E. H. Lake, Bro. DENNIS YEAZIE, of this city, of Tremont Lodge, to Miss ISABELLA H. FRENCH, of the former place.

We offer our grateful acknowledgments to Bros. Tullock and Yeazie, and their ladies respectively, for the "sweet remembrancer" which they have sent us of their nuptials; and if their future happiness shall approximate in any degree to the extent of our good wishes, their "joy will be complete."

On the 22d ult., by Rev. Bro. O. A. Skinner, Bro. HENRY C. BURGESS to Miss SARAH JANE, eldest daughter of Bro. William Sinclair, all of this city.

In Roxbury, on the 21st ult., by Rev. Geo. Putnam, Bro. DAVID B. FLINT, of the firm of Bucknam & Flint, of Boston, to Miss MARY ELIZABETH L., daughter of Moses Fuller, Esq., of Roxbury.

DIED,

In this city, on the 12th ult., MERCY CUSHMAN, youngest child of Bro. Hex'h Prince, 10 weeks.


In South Boston, only child of Bro. William B. Burgess, 8 weeks.

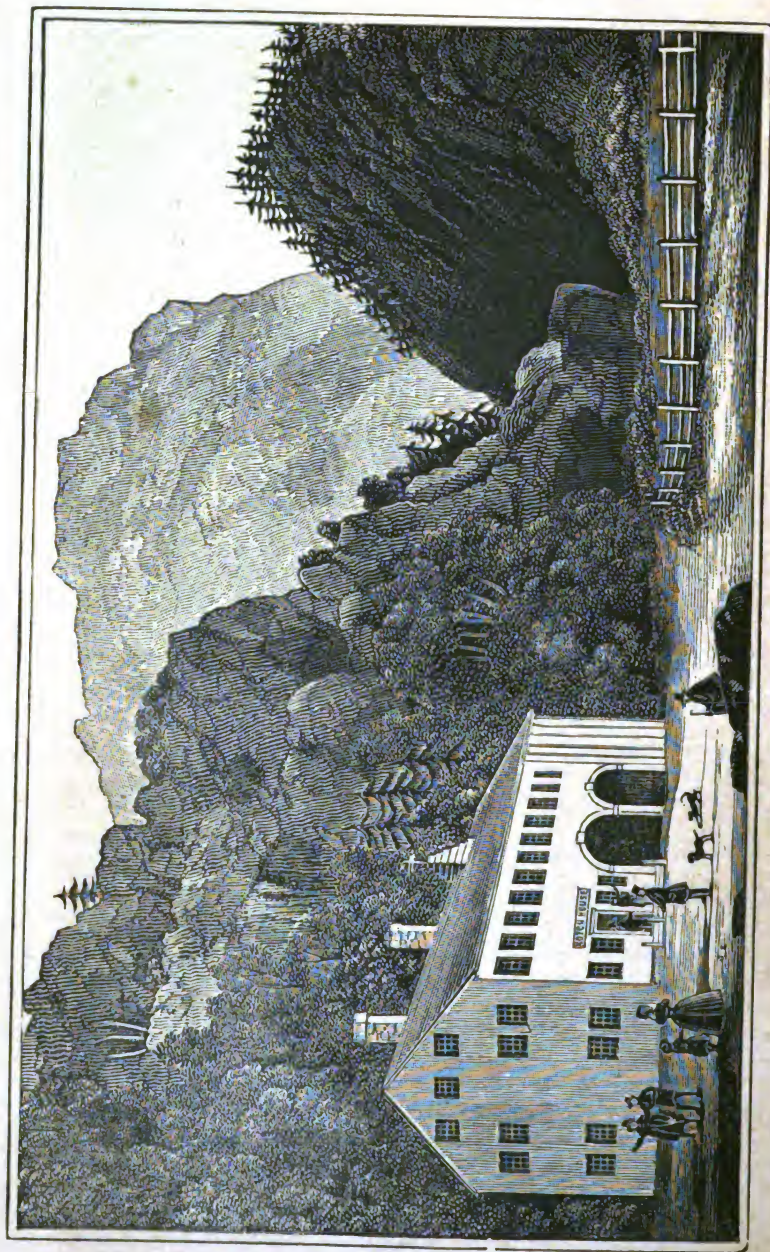
In West Cambridge, Sept. 8th, Mrs. MARY C. SCHOUER, aged 34, wife of Bro. John Schouler, and daughter of Bro. David Dodge.

In life, the deceased was an example in meekness, in calm but controlling influence for good, admired by all, and surpassed by few. The sufferings of a lingering and painful sickness she endured without a complaint, and met its final issue as serenely as sinks a summer's sun from a cloudless sky. A large concourse of relatives, acquaintances and neighbors followed her to the resting place of her earthly remains, not merely in obedience to friendly New England custom, but as real mourners — as those who feel they have been bereaved. May the consolations of that firm and abiding confidence in the love and goodness of God which sustained our departed sister with a truly Christian fortitude during many months of mortal anguish, and rendered her in death a sublime spectacle of victory over the terrors of the grave, be abundantly enjoyed by the afflicted husband, inherited by her motherless children, and prepare us all to live as purely, and die as triumphantly. J. C. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope our correspondents will not blame us because several of their articles have not yet been published. They shall be attended to as fast as we can possibly find room. In our next number will be published an interesting Tale from the pen of Miss C. F. ORNE. We would take this opportunity of suggesting to the writers of the Symbol the propriety of condensing their articles as much as they conveniently can. We wish as much variety as possible, and at the same time have the articles complete. We kindly thank our friends for their numerous favors, and sincerely hope they may be continued.

 *Notice to Secretaries.* — We should consider it an especial favor if the Secretaries of the several New England Lodges would send us correct lists of their officers as elected for the present term.



THE NOTCH HOUSE.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1844.

NO. IX.

Original.

A TRIP TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Concluded from our last number.

BY BRO. J. G. ADAMS.

A SABBATH AT THE NOTCH.

HERE in this dwelling place of nature's magnificence and power — in waiting for one more opportunity to reach the summit of Washington in a clear atmosphere — do we spend the Christian Sabbath. It should be to us a memorable one; and it will. Here are pastors away from their people. Here are those with us who would regard with becoming reverence this hallowed day. Never may we all meet thus again; never in a more befitting place for profoundest adoration. In accordance with the wish of our landlord, a Sabbath service is held in his dwelling; and appropriately, methinks, were the exercises on this occasion conducted. After reading that strong and excellent 104th Psalm; uniting our voices in that appropriate hymn;

“ I sing the mighty power of God,
That bade the mountains rise ;”

and joining in prayer that He who formed this mighty temple of which this dwelling wherein we now worshipped was but an altar, might sanctify the place and the service; a discourse from Exodus xxxiii. 19, was given. “ And he said, I beseech thee shew me thy glory. And he said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee.” God's goodness was the theme; that goodness which underlies and gives stability, interest, beauty and perfection to all his other attributes divine; —

goodness that said "Let there be light, and there was light;" that of old laid the foundations of the earth and garnished the heavens; that provideth for all dependent existences; reigns in the darkest of dispensations; and made itself doubly manifest in Christ's mission to man. Truly was the soul of the speaker inspired, and eloquently did it kindle with the wondrous theme. Thanks returned and prayer that this interview might be blest, and our united voices again employed in the well known doxology, "From all that dwell below the skies," and our exercises close. But not thus closed the Sabbath. That outer temple with all its beaming beauty and loveliness and speaking majesty is still around us; and many are the impressions it is making upon us, as here in its solitude, its shade or brightness we stand, and

"Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God."

How much holier should we be for such a worship-day! How should its revelations fasten upon us, and every hue thereof give moral life and finish to this era in our being. Trees, crags, glades, dells, silvery streams, and peering mountain brows, to us ye have all been hallowed by the light of this holy day! And so may our souls be hallowed by holiest recollections when in the distance of the future ye come looking in upon us from the past, in hours of sternest trial or most welcome peace. Farewell to the departing sun as it sinks behind that dark eminence, and sends up his last-rays into the mellow sky. I will say in spirit;

" 'Tis joy's high Sabbath; grateful hearts
Leap gladly in their fountains,
And bless our God who fixed the home
Of Freedom in the mountains! "

A SECOND ASCENT.

A second ascent to Mount Washington. The morning is clear. As we go up Mount Clinton, white clouds appear in the horizon, and come sailing over us. When on Mount Clinton, all the summits appear, but Washington. That is capped again. The view from Mount Pleasant is enlivening. The south and east are clear; the north and north-west cloudy and somewhat hazy. Soon drifting clouds appear. Mount Washington is now for the first time clear before us; and is veiled again just as we reach the summit. And now we encounter a brisk gust of snow and hail, which we enjoy for the novelty of the greeting with cold hands and faces. It was a new and strange salutation given by this merry snow-storm in August. A visiter from the far South had not seen the like for many a long year. And those of us who had come up from Boston and vicinity, could not restrain the question, "How is the temperature with the dwellers there at this hour? Perhaps the dog-day sun pours its melting power upon them, while they dream not of the shivering enjoyment of their loved friends in this wintry experience on the mountain tops." As the clouds clear

away, the prospect becomes indescribably grand. Far to the North, the waters of the Umbagog are espied; and beyond them the highlands dividing Maine and New Hampshire from Canada. Nearer is the Androscoggin, with some of its tributaries. To the East are highlands and lakes of Maine, in charming diversity; and afar off we are quite sure that we see the level line of the sea. South-east and south are Lovewell's Pond, Ossipee, Squam and Winnepisseogee Lakes. — At the North of the Umbagog, and at the South of the Winnepisseogee, nearly one hundred miles apart, forest fires are at this moment burning. The chief mountain summits in the South are North Kearsarge, Chocorua and its range, the Squam, Ossipee and Gunstock Mountains, Cardigan and Kearsarge. Monadnock is in the mist again. At the West the noble Franconia range towers darkly up, and far away in the dim blue sketches through the white haze do we catch the bold and continuous outlines of the Green Mountains in Vermont. — The north-west is obscured. But every where around us, pile upon pile, peak basing peak, rise the everlasting mountains. Such was our prospect from Mount Washington. The rich sunlight below presented a magnificent coloring. Then added to this, the fleecy, silvery, massy clouds all around us — now sleeping giant-like and lazily over the unending sea of summits — now kindling with the noon sunlight — now rolling together in darkness, and mist, and shower — then dancing in feathery brightness in myriads of changing and fantastic forms, gave increased and unutterable beauty to the scene. It was entrancing. — Never did I so completely realize that idea of Byron, "High mountains are a feeling;" never hold more reverential and instructive audience with nature and its author. Well timed was that outgushing exclamation of a new visitant near me, when this mighty diorama burst upon him; "O, my God! are these, too, thy works! — And will not this place make me a better man?" For two long hours were we permitted to enjoy the indescribable luxury of this wondrous scene. Here, so far above the world of grief and care and dim visioned unbelief — in this mountain metropolis, on its very towers and turrets, there were given to us such manifestations of the beautiful, the grand, the sublime in commingled harmony, as had never been conceived of by us before — as will never fade out from the soul of memory while a vestige of its light lingers to cheer and to bless us. Of all days of life in which nature has given instruction of God, this, to me, has been the day of days. Truly did it seem as my feet sought their way back again to the old haunts of men, that I had been up to some great banquet of the spirit, where not only a feast for the present was bestowed in all fulness, but ample and inspiring assurances given that in the days and years of life to come, this same spirit might not perish with hunger, but be fed and delighted with that manifestation of God's truth which is peace and perpetual joy.

Our descent at this time was far more agreeable than the previous one. We had become better acquainted with the way and with the labor; and the scenery that greeted us on every hand made us forget our weariness in its attractive though now diminishing beauty. Another of our party whose bodily proportions would answer to the best

accredited full length portraits of William Penn, made the whole ascent and descent on foot; while others were far better pleased than before with a trial of their own pedestrian powers. Of one thing I must here speak, according to promise, in caution to those who, but for heeding this word, might suffer a like tribulation to that here recorded. Let those who ascend Mount Washington remember their clothing. Thin boots and no flannels nor wrappers for gentlemen, and the mere ordinary dress of the ladies, will not suffice for the climate where cold and driving winds, and piercing rains, and whistling snows come. — Bitter in this respect was the experience of a few of our number; and in their well known generosity would they give this admonition to all fellow mountain pilgrims who may here come after them. No matter for the outward appearance, if comfort can be gained. Dresses greeted us, which, if not passable in Washington *Street*, will ever be agreeably associated with the remembrance of a cold promenade and accompanying "refreshments" on Washington *Summit*.

THE NOTCH HOUSE. — (*See Plate.*)

It is from the "Notch House," kept by the younger Crawford, that by far the best ascent to Mount Washington is made. And it is at this house that the stranger will find himself in a comfortable mountain home. Deservedly popular as is Mr. C., I feel in no mood to attempt new praise. Yet a few days' tarry with him evinced his readiness and good will to make this tarry agreeable; and generosity impels a tribute to his landlord virtues. His house, though not an Astor nor Tremont, is as we have said, a comfortable one; and to keen appetites and wearied limbs, may not be inaptly considered in this old solitary mountain pass, a luxury. Books and newspapers are found in his parlor, including registers of travellers who, "at sundry times and in divers manners," have made record of their thoughts for good or ill in reference to their entertainment here. Then for hunters or fishers, or mountain climbers, there are all sorts of preparations, from the huge boots of the landlord himself, to the ugliest looking hat or cap that ever leaned with an anxious head over a trout stream on a still rainy day. Then he is a man of decision. It is with him "yes" or "no," when information is wanted, or a favor asked — all in the best nature. — Then like a landlord who would be communicable, he is not at loss for the novel or marvellous with which to regale his querrying guests. — Stores of such old property are his. He intends — we would not breathe an imputation on his habitual veracity — but he intends not to be outdone in the extraordinary of incident. Many are the stories of which he is reminded by some narration not quite up to the one he will now make in all confidence; and often does his good natured wit give an agreeableness to him not always to be met in landlords of greater pretension, if not greater fame. When we parted with him, he seemed like some easy generous souled neighbor, with whom we had lived on terms happy intimacy for years. And here I must not withhold a tribute to that guide — the *honorable* Mr. Hall — far more worthy this title than many who by conventional usage merely obtained it. If there beats not under his weather-beaten exterior the soul of a true

gentleman, then in his attentions and self sacrifices, and toiling up and down that long and tedious mountain pathway, and in all his intercourse with our fellow travellers, have we mistaken him. We believe however there is no error in this estimate of the man.

The Notch House hath many and divers transient inmates. Characters, professions, and power common and rare, here record their names for a longer or shorter immortality; from the tall Scotchman of Boston who sleeps not day nor night, and who regaled us with his actual presence, to the crack-brained enthusiast who left in a red morocco bound Bible inscribed to Mr. Crawford, the following tremendous title of himself: *John Coffin Nazro Israel. Dei Gratia. Arch Bishop of the Holy land, and of the whole world; and of the Church of the People of the Saints of the Most High under the whole Heaven. God is able to make him stand!*" But — peace and long life to thee, friend Crawford. May that shadow of thine not soon be less. Next to a good conscience with God and with all men, which we doubt not thou wouldst have, we would pray for thee and for many a friend of thine, that soon one evil guest may be expelled from the far known Notch House. It is that evil spirit, Alcohol. Pollute not longer with its breath so goodly a traveller's home as thine.

RIDE TO LITTLETON. FRANCONIA NOTCH.

AWAY have we wheeled from Thomas Crawford's door, and, northward bound, come to the red Hotel of Mr. Fabyan, where we had only time to see that guests were here well and sumptuously entertained, that within doors they found becoming attractions; and without, amusement with a young, living, biting crane on one side of the road, and a "no mistake" native moose for exhibition on the other. Immediately above, in the doorway of another house opened for the travelling fraternity, stands the renowned Ethan Allen Crawford, of whom so many special narrations have been given — a third part of them, perhaps manufactured by the writers. The author of "Sketches of New England" may know something of this in his bear story. His mountain lordship kindly cheered us with copious draughts of "Adam's Ale;" although intimating to us, when questioned, that his house, in this respect, (somewhat perhaps like his neighbor Fabyan's at dinner time,) was not always conducted on strictest temperance principles. — Pushing on, we entered the town of Bethlehem; and here as we were casting back lingering looks towards the crowned mountains whose visitants we had been for long and adventurous days — and were brim-full of their inspiration — who should we greet in right good trim for glorious song, but the far-famed Hutchison family — men and women, girls, boys, and all. Never was there a more timely greeting; and never came there from those melodious lips more exquisite and thrilling harmony than that poured forth in

"I come, I come, ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!"

and

"The old Granite State."

Moistened eyes and ringing shouts from our company, answered by harmonic cheers from the songsters, gave the adieus. O the remembrance of those rapturous strains on that bright August morn away up in that mountain orchestra! We hear them yet.

Over the hills, and through a well cultivated and thriving region, we come to Littleton, a pleasant village, watered by the Amonoosuck. All along to the north the distant mountain scenery has increased in interest. On our left, at the south, the Franconia range comes before us. From Littleton we make a running visit to this range, to witness the wonders it reveals. And here do we deeply regret the shortness of our trip to the extra attractions of that mountain region. For it was the unanimous opinion of our company that, with the exception of the view from Mount Washington, the scenery of the Franconia Notch exceeds in beauty that of the White Mountains. Indeed, we were told this all the way along; and most emphatically, too, by a specially interested tavern keeper in the town of Lincoln, who seemed most distressingly out of tune with us and with all of his race, because of the extreme haste in which travellers came to view the wonders here, while they were so silly as to tarry long days over at Fabyan's and the Crawfords', where there was but little or nothing to be seen or enjoyed! We gave audience to his harangue on the score of his evident mammonism, though we were confident there was much truth as well as sour eloquence in it. Our run to the Franconia Notch was altogether too brief. The Littleton taverner and stagemen had us, and agreed in a given time to see us all down — at all the curiosities — all back to Littleton — and away again down by the Connecticut River by the next morning. When we go there again, we shall tarry longer in Franconia.

All our way down towards Franconia Notch, the noble Mount Lafayette towered up before us — only 700 feet lower than the Washington; and from whose summit we have been told by more than one who knew by actual observation, a richer view can be obtained, than from the top of Washington. The ascent is more laborious, as no good pathway has yet been made like that up the White Mountains. Before many years, however, it may be as eagerly visited. Then, we judge, there will be a good and sufficient road, and a hotel or two on the Fabyan or Crawford scale.

The Franconia Notch itself is not equal in grandeur to the White Mountain Notch, yet it is highly imposing. It has its own peculiar grandeur. The Old Man of the Mountain here, is a lofty wonder to all who to gaze upon him. From the road-side you turn your eye upward, and there at a height of a thousand feet, on the brow of a rocky summit, looking out over a still, rock and wood-bound lake, one of the sources of the Pemigewasset River, is the profile in this craggy stone, of the human face, most in resemblance of an old man — his visage-length from forehead crown to chin being sixty feet. For long centuries has he gazed out there in thoughtful mood upon this magnificent wilderness; and for a thousand years to come — while generations of men one after another, journey hither, and look upon him, and go away and die — may he be there, alike sternly smiling at the

morning sun, or "sailing cloud and invisible wind," or when the tempest sweeps and roars in its appalling fury around that rocky throne.

Passing on over a road which lay between the richest forest verdure we had yet seen in our journey, the next curiosity that greeted us was the Basin, a rush of the water into a round stone basin, forty or fifty feet in circumference, worn out by the constant force of the stream—a head branch of the Pemigewasset. The water of the Basin beneath the jutting rock, and behind the whirl and foam, to the depth of more than fifteen feet, is of crystal clearness. Then comes the Pool, another object which for lack of time we did not see; but which from description, is an immense work of a similar water power in contact with stone, to that seen in the Basin.

A hand on the guide-post points to the Flume, one mile distant, through fields and woods over stones, tree-roots, and waters. Hurrying, climbing, slipping, tumbling, puffing, sweating—but still, hurrying—we reach a vast race-way of solid rock down which the stream runs, now smoothly, now in curling eddy and in dancing foam. Up still further, and a deep and narrow fissure of the rock appears, in some places nearly an hundred feet in height. Here the water pours and rushes with more swiftness. This is the Flume. Beneath jutting crags and overhanging trees, we pursued our way to its head, where between the narrowest opening of this rocky passage the waters are streaming and foaming with still more force and wildness. Here is a picture indeed. Into the top of this passage an immense rock has wedged itself, when or how, no man knoweth. But there it is for all to behold and wonder at. The whole length of the Flume is 830, feet. The length of the cascade or fall before reaching the Flume, 616.

Here are other objects worthy of many a note of admiration, in this vicinity, among which may be named a body of water walled in on every side by rocky cliffs, except a small opening at the South. It is about three fourths of a mile from Knapp's tavern in Lincoln, and about 30 rods from the road. A friend who had seen it informed me that an intelligent Scotchman of much information acquired in travelling, on a visit to the place with him, pronounced it superior to any lake in Scotland, and one of the most beautiful combinations of lake and water scenery he had ever seen. It has not been generally known until within a year or two.

Here—before we forget it, let us ask where in the name of American, and especially of New England genius, are our landscape painters, that they have not been up into this rich Northren wilderness, and given us more and better snatches, sketches, pictures, panoramas or dioramas of this stream and mountain world? We adjure them to go up thither and worship, and do works worthy of their vocation. That there is an actual dearth of landscape painters up there, I do not pretend, in face of such speaking evidences to the contrary as I beheld.—A queer taste there prevails of landscaping the walls of rooms, for which good taste and Christian patience can have but meagre fellowship. All along our way did we catch glimpses of this bedaubing propensity. The ascent of the White Mountains at the head of Thomas Crawford's front stairs, and the magic conglomeration of elephant, camel, goose,

alligator, bull-rush, and old-man-of-the-mountain scenery, in a bar-room of one of the hotels in Franconia Notch, are specimens not soon to be obliterated from the memory of a sensitive beholder. One of our company started a query, whether such offences should not subject the perpetrator or owner to fire or loss of limbs! A better dispensation of this art divine is needed to exterminate, if possible such "actual transgression" of its unvarying rules. Ye Fishers, Burts and Mallorys of Boston, or ye landscape surveyors of any other city, or town, or village, or highway — where are your pencils?

All back from Franconia to Littleton! And soon leaving the Amonosuck, we come in sight of its neighbor of more extensive fame, the Connecticut. Its intervals sides are dressed in summer's luxuriance. At the great Ox-bow we are gazing from the road-side down upon golden fields ready for the harvest hand, and majestic trees green and bending with thick foliage, all mirrored in that slowly moving stream. An hundred years ago, before the white man came, it was the "cleared interval," a cornfield of the Indians. Now it teems with the richness, and is surrounded with the beauty of civilization. From old Haverhill "corner" away out to the south-east, the venerable Moosehillock gives us salutation. We pass down its woody sides through the town of Benton, and thence through Warren and Wentworth into the valley of Baker's river. In the next town, Rumney, one of the most rugged and rural of this region, that veteran John Stark, though before his veteran days, was taken, in 1752, while hunting near Baker's river, by a party of Indians. Stark and Amos Eastham were made prisoners; David Stinson was killed; and William Stark, brother to John, escaped by flight. The two prisoners were carried to Canada; and returning the next summer, gave a cheering account of the meadows along the upper country of *Cohos*. Plymouth, Hebron, Bridgewater, along whose side lays Newfound pond, and beyond which sleeps all day and night, grey old Cardigan; Bristol, Hill, Franklin, Boscawen passed, and Indian Penacook, our modern Corncord rises into sight once more — and our circuit endeth.

And thus endeth our description of mountain scenery; and now we wend our way from this exhibition of the marvellous in nature's ample temple, in full faith that the time approacheth, when the White Mountains will not only be visited by throngs of the wise and the simple, the indolent or industrious of our land; when not only Mount Washington will be sought for the far reaching prospect from its glorious old summit; but when by equally eager steps, the Franconia waters, cliffs and summits will be sought, and their curious and magnificent scenery explored and admired. Nor will the mountain fever be abated until the fashionable route shall extend far up into the extreme North of the Granite State, into another Notch — the Dixville, and along the forest bound shores of the romantic Magalloway. Should the reader be tolerably long-lived — which may Providence grant — he will see if we are not a true prophet.

Original.

LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, TRUTH.

BY ANNIE E. JOHNSON.

ONWARD! ye noble band! a prayer
And blessing with ye rest,
Wove from the motto that ye bear,
The noblest and the best!
Be yours the meed all praise above,
Champions of Friendship, Truth and Love.

Onward! still in your proud career
Bind up the broken heart—
Be by the couch of him whose soul
Is waiting to depart—
And strive that parting hour to soothe
With thoughts of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Onward! — through scenes of weal and woe
Thus firmly have ye stood
Linked hand in hand, a glorious band,
A noble brotherhood!
Who though ye meet on foreign strand,
Clasp yet a stranger's, *brother's* hand.

Oh, those are holy words! deem not
“Love, Friendship, Truth,” are vain;
Those magic words, the brightest links
In life's unsevered chain,
Binding with such deep power the heart
That naught but *death* its ties may part!

And when in this our changing world,
Those holy links are riven,
Oh, deem it as a broken chain
Still to be clasped in heaven!

Nahant, October, 1844.

WHEN you have nothing to say, say nothing; a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

—
BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.
—

ASSOCIATION is the substratum of human effort and enterprise. Single action can do little—it is but a stand-point, a focus, to which the rays of united effort must converge, before it can accomplish anything. But when once the electric chain of union is woven around the hearts and minds of men, the merest spark will thrill in the sympathetic spontaneity, through each and all. No laborious, problematical difficulty arises in the hearts of the united. Simultaneously, the chord is struck through the mass, the path is visible to all, the means and the end are apparent to every eye, and for good or evil will they unitedly press on to the work.

There is much in *resolve*—in the grand thought, that springs lighting-like into being, and conceives in a moment that which ages only can effect. But how useless, how abortive, will the thought become, although the very spirit of truth be embodied in it, without a corresponding, co-working, united action. The radiant diamond may be turned up in the recesses of the dark mine—there it may be, as intrinsically beautiful, as truly rich; but until it is brought forth to the sky and the sun of Heaven—till the shaper's hand polishes its surface,—it will not, it cannot be, as dearly valued. In the dark mine, though discovered, it lies dormant—it has entered not on its work, on its mission of beauty; and it never can, till it is plucked forth to the light of the broad day.

Then, what a result may be achieved by united effort, what a result in the improvement and regeneration of man! With a warm grasp man may seize the hand of man, and with a firm active perseverance, press on with him to the task of good-doing. The stream of time flows ever on, and carried impetuously through every eddy, or floating sluggishly log-like, in an aimless course, hie the millions of men to the dim vale where the last cataract is lost. Some there are—stout swimmers, with brave hearts and strong limbs, who strike boldly out, and beat back the currents and the waves, and choose their own course. These are they who must stretch out the hand of sympathy and succour to the wave-driven ones around them. They must pluck the sinking ones from the dark depths to which they are descending and guide the blind and fearful from the sharp jagged rocks and the treacherous quicksands.

Singly they *may* aid and save. The brother may stretch out his hand to the brother, and rescue him ere he perish. But in union only can they be eminently effectual. In one symmetrical, lonely, unbroken band, linked together by one golden chain of love, must they

float down the fearful stream, with their bright torches lit and held aloft, to allure the distant wanderer to the ranks, with their scouts of Friendship and love on the look out, to bring the erring and the perishing within the broad circle of their protection. Then, gradually but surely, one by one, will the scattered myriads fall into the bond of union. From afar they will come, that they may not perish. Man is not wholly evil. The bright spirit that came pure and spotless from the great God, may be tarnished and clouded by the world-tempests—the beautiful enamel of the soul may be destroyed or its lustre dimmed and spotted; but it is not in this world, that the last beauty is marred, the entire ruin effected. Around the heart steeped in the bitterness of sin,—still cling some remnants of the fair flowers, the bright shells, that wreathed it when it floated on the sunny surface of its opening life-stream. And, perhaps the withered flower may sometimes be discerned through the dark water—the bright shell, may yet gleam, when haply the sun of sympathy shines through the gloomy waves.

Sympathy—beautiful, heart-born sympathy—is the master-key, the “open sesame,” to the mysteries of the soul. Its depths may not be sounded by the line of human wisdom, nor reached by the sharp arrows of ridicule, nor stormed by the harsh batteries of authority. No! it must, can be, penetrated only by the affinity of a fellow heart; it can only mingle in congenial, sympathetic love. And O, how simple! how lovely, how facile, is the melting union! A word, a little softly-breathed, whispered word, coming from the depths of the heart,—a look, shining out through the clear windows, of the soul,—will touch the dead, mute chord of the decaying spirit, will bring an echo and an answer from the silent and shrouded soul.

Far along, through the dark journey of life—across the dubious path of crime, follows the world wanderer, a mother's voice—the glance of a sister's eye. They come to him in the strife and in the revel, in the glare of the noon-day, and in the still hours of the night! The man of blood, as he raises his hand against the life of his fellow, hears, like far-off music the prayer of his happy childhood; sees, like a distant sun-beam, the look of the early loved. But he shuts his ears, mayhap, to the accents, he closes his eyes to the bright glance of memory, and—they come to him again in his doomed cell. There was none near to touch again the silver chord of memory, to wipe the tear that was starting, and catch the half-breathed sigh of repentance, and—they were checked.

The heart seeks companionship—it must lean on another heart,—and for good or evil it will unite with that other. There is fraternity in crime—it must be coupled—it cannot live alone. Alone, and companionless, crime may not exist; it is Cain, despairing and desolate, and it dies. But he who walks the bloody way, seeks for a comrade, with him plans and executes, with him divides, and exults over, the spoils. To be alone—to murder singly, and then, solitary and desolate, to enjoy the crime-won gold, would appal the darkest villain. No, some must share—there must be companionship in the peril or the prize—there must be support, leaning—there must be sympathy. The child's holiness and purity depart not wholly from

the man. They are still there, hidden, choked up, smothered, with the strifes and hatreds and woes, and curses, of the dark heart of man; but not gone, wholly, irretrievably departed. It bubbles up, oozes forth, that fountain of child-holiness in man's soul, among all the poisonous weeds: and it softens the fierce, wicked spots around it, in the most corrupt heart. A thought of old hours long passed, comes then, a memory of youth and sunny innocence, and a tear steals down—no! not so; the laugh of a fierce, bad comrade strikes his ear, and a curse, too, for his comrade's moment of child-memory is not now. He hears the laugh and the curse, and brushes the starting tear away, and laughs too, and curses. There was sympathy in that laugh and curse, but not sympathy with the little bubbling fountain of child-holiness; it was the crime-sympathy with the weeds and rank things of the bad heart of the man, and it strengthened there to spring up again where the little fountain was oozing, and choke it, and drive it back again, down, deep, into the depths of the heart. O, if the lovely tear of the holy eye of Virtue had but fallen on that little stream when it started, how would it have gushed forth, bright, and powerful, and resistless! But, thank the merciful God, a new spirit is awake. Abroad, through many lands, with a soul-entering, uniting, transfusing power, flies the angel of Brotherhood. Over the mountain-barriers, with the infinite, ductile cord of union, speeds the warm hand to unite the hostile nations—it brings the heart of the crowned king and the heart of the rude peasant near to each other—they beat together—they are one pulse—they are transfused. It windeth the chain around the heart of the bad and good, and the bad is no longer bad, and the good is better. It is an abiding, enduring sympathy—this spirit of union; its motto is Friendship and Truth and Love. It has a name; men call it Odd Fellowship.

Odd Fellowship! Far and near, through the wide world, its course is onward. Christian and Turk, Jew and Gentile, all who breathe the blessed air and hope for immortality; all who look upon the blue sky, and believe in the God who made it, are linked in the mighty ties of heart-sympathy with the true Odd Fellow. He loves his fellow-man; he is the "neighbor" of him who is lone and desolate, as well as him who is lofty and powerful. The Odd Fellow kneels by the pallet of dying poverty, and smooths the hard pillow of forsaken misery. Soft and musical his voice sounds on the ear of the outcast who has known no friend, and it wakes the echoes of the forlorn one's bosom. Beautiful, god-like, soul-chaining sympathy, gushing in the pure stream of benevolence over the void desert of the world! Such might it be—such it can be. Not alone to minister to the suffering body, but to the sad heart. Not alone to grasp the hand of the friend, and press to the breast the brother; but, ever and ever, with swerveless, mighty, yet gentle and soothing power, to lead the heart and the mind by the true heaven-sympathy of good, to the goal of earthly and eternal happiness. Like the ever-spreading, yet invisible wavelets of sound, that bear the whispers from our lips to the ears of the listeners, let the soft influences of the great soul-love that should unite us, spread wider and wider, noiselessly and unseen, entering and penetrating the chambers of

every human soul, till the mingling spirit of friendship and truth shall be one atmosphere of love.

Such may be the power of association for good. Such has it been. A forceful, undeviating, onward energy, has the association of determined hearts. Mighty is it for good and evil. With a fearful, devastating power, when superstition fired the passions of men, swept the united avalanche of ruin over the freedom of the world. With a dull, heavy, yet onward and paralyzing stride, moved the iron footsteps of despotism over the necks of men, when the united chain-forgers and scourge-wielders kept an unbroken front. And united, firm, wedge-like too, came the phalanx of Reform—and conquered. Bound and knit together in an adamant chain of right, pressed on the glorious union of the “pledge-signers.” Stronger and stronger grew they, and marched on, wavelike and unbroken over the prostrate hosts of Intemperance. And they conquered—nobly, bravely, mightily conquered. The kind word went down, deep, into the drunkard’s heart—it was so strange to him. The gentle look of pity sunk to the inebriate’s soul. He remembered that he was a man, for he had forgotten that in the mists and clouds of drunkenness. Then he arose—up, up—he was awake; he shook off his sloth, his lethargy—he moved—onward.

A bright, radiant path through the mazes of human misery, is the beautiful path of true human sympathy. It is paved with blessings—the blessings of the widow and the fatherless—the holy prayers that rise, incense-like, to the throne of God, yet cast their perfume around and about the world. It is a glorious privilege to relieve, and there is no prerogative so high as that of mercy. But mistaken and selfish is he who supposes that generosity and mercy are but to succor the distressed and relieve the miserable.

Art thou an Odd Fellow? Unselfish and generous as the world hath it, dost thou find pleasure in the bestowal of thy substance and the offer of thy sympathy? Thou hast indeed achieved much over the selfishness and hardness of the world. But wilt thou check the angry word that is falling from thy lips, to reach thy brother’s ear?—wilt thou spare that ill-timed jest?—wilt thou *have mercy* upon thy brother who hast offended thee?—hath the plain word of truth, and that alone, fallen from thy tongue this day? Then thou art in truth an Odd Fellow—a God-loved, noble, workman of the Good and the True: thou hast broken forever one rivet of the chain of misery and crime that boweth the world down;—thou art a fellow-laborer with the good! This is the true, the abiding and eternal spirit of Odd Fellowship—to do good. O, that it could be felt, known, appreciated!—O, that the holy flame of sympathy would unite the souls of the great Brotherhood. It is surely no illusion, the hope that this may be. The El Dorado of human happiness may be attained, must be; and the elements of its foundation are in every man’s heart. Dormant they are, and passive. But the clay is fitted for the potter’s hand, and each may be his brother’s fashioner. Sympathetically will hand and heart work and heave to the mighty object of erecting the structure of happiness. The progress of one is the destiny of the other; there can be

no Babel, for there will be no dispute. Together in the love-work, will each and all labor and achieve. On, then, ye united, unbroken ranks of Odd Fellowship — on, in the glorious bond of Friendship, Love and Truth. Your influence will not be sudden, immediate. — Years may roll on, and ye be still, quietly, noiselessly at work. But ye will still be achieving, and ye will have achieved. On, steadily, over the crumbling barriers of slavery, and selfishness, and falsehood. The stream of your existence may be no wider at its mouth, it may be no broader upon its surface than it now is. But O, how deep will it have worked in the channel of the world, sweeping out the quicksands and scattering them, — tearing up the rocks and the breakers, and all noiselessly, quietly, below the surface.

Original.

REVENGE.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

"There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search, and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."
BYRON.

AMONG the New Hampshire hills are many beautiful villages, and that of P——, is certainly not the least so. The lover of the grand, the beautiful, the romantic, here finds what is congenial to all these feelings. The summits of the distant hills are crowned with snow till late in the season, and the nearer eminences are covered with beautiful verdure, and with majestic trees freely and proudly flinging their branches to the pure breezes of heaven. Enormous masses of rock covered with delicate and various-colored mosses present their attractions to the adventurous pedestrian, and the most beautiful water-courses wander down the sunny slopes, the sides of which are gay with blossoms. Cottages embosomed in trees are nestled away on the hill-side, and proud mansions look down from the lofty heights into the lowly vallies. At the foot of one of the less precipitous ascents, at a short distance from that more closely settled part of the town called the village, stood a fine old mansion of the quadrangular form, which was once so prevalent, and of which so many fine specimens still remain. This noble estate had been in the possession of one family for more than a century, and with its broad lands undiminished, and its magnificent trees untouched by the sacrilegious hand of innovation, it had become within a few years the inheritance of Charles Le Baron, who with his wife and his fair young son dwelt in the old ancestral home, around which clustered so many hallowed recollections and associations.

A noble and a manly boy was Carroll Le Baron, the last heir of that ancient house. Vigorous as a young sapling of the forest, and with a step as free and light as the springing deer, in the joy of his glad and youthful heart would he roam the wild hills, and dark glens, and climb the precipitous crag, to gaze from its dizzy height on the glorious scenes beneath him. The fires of poetry already gleamed in his dark, flashing eye, and the glossy auburn curls waved over a noble and intellectual brow. No wonder that his father's eye gazed with pride on Carroll Le Baron. No wonder that his mother's heart was full fraught with tenderness and love towards her only and her beautiful one.

Carroll almost idolized his mother; the sound of her voice was sweeter to him than music, her smile beautiful as the light of heaven. He walked with her one bright summer evening down the long avenue of maples that led to their dwelling. Her hand was lightly laid on his graceful shoulder, and he was explaining to her what delightful plans he had made for his enjoyment the ensuing day.

"I shall rise very early, dear mother, and go up to the top of the Craig, that I may see the sun rise. It is a glorious sight to see its broad disc wheeling up behind the distant hills, illuminating the bald summit of the dark Monadnoc, and sending its almost level rays across the whole landscape. Then the little columns of mist rise slowly from the shaded river, and creeping along its surface, expand, and, floating off, envelope the woods, the hills, and the village in a thin veil, airy and graceful as the gossamer. But tenfold should I enjoy it dearest mother, if you could be with me to participate in my pleasure."

"I can understand all your enjoyment, Carroll, and can sympathise with you fully in spirit, though I cannot be with you in person. But it is not long since I also drank in the full beauty of a summer's morning from the summit of the Craig."

"And I trust you will yet again, dearest mother, when this cheek that droops like the lily shall bloom as the rose."

His mother's eye of love rested for a moment on Carroll, as he finished speaking, and then fell on a tall and elegant figure, that was rapidly advancing up the avenue.

Carroll sprang forward to welcome his father, and Charles Le Baron gaily saluted his wife and son, from whom he had been absent all day. In cheerful conversation they returned to the house, where they found friends awaiting them.

Later in the same evening, as the last radiant gleams of twilight were fading from the landscape, and a misty indistinctness was taking place of the gorgeous coloring, the burly figure of George Ireton might have been seen leaning moodily on the gate that lead to his substantial dwelling, which was an old fashioned farm-house, standing beneath the shelter of two enormous trees, a beech and an elm which overshadowed it with their branches. The door of the house was open, for it was a warm and sultry evening, and a little girl was sitting on the old settle reading. Her fair mild face was shaded by golden hair that fell carelessly over her neck and shoulders. It was the only child of George Ireton, the legacy of his beautiful, ill-fated wife.

A man of violent passions, of a wilful, and revengeful temper,—such was the owner of Rook's Nest, and this might be read in his countenance, as he left the gate and walked sullenly toward the house, on beholding Charles Le Baron coming up the green, quiet lane, that led to his dwelling. As his heavy footfall sounded on the threshold of the door, the child looked timidly up from the book she was reading, as if to note the countenance of her father.

"Why do you stare at me so? Go to bed, child," was his angry exclamation, "and be up in season in the morning."

Tears stood in the violet eyes, but no drop fell on the pale-rose cheek, for Lucy knew her father's dark passions were aroused, though all unwitting of the cause, and with a deep sigh she sadly retired to her own little room, there to weep anew over the loss of her gentle mother.

George Ireton felt his conscience reprove him for his harshness, but he hardened his heart against his better feelings, and throwing himself in the old chair where his mother used to sit, he awaited the approach of his visitor. A light tap at the door announced his presence, and was answered by a gruff, and surly "Come in."

"Good evening, Mr. Ireton," was Charles' salutation, which the former coldly returned, and without rising, bade his visitor be seated.

Le Baron quietly placed a chair at a little distance, and seated himself nearly opposite Ireton. Strong was the contrast between the open, manly countenance of the one, and the dark, lowering gloomy brow of the other. Charles' visit related to some legal affairs which he wished to adjust, and to which Mr. Ireton was a party. He entered into a minute detail of the circumstances, and with gentle firmness explained the position in which Ireton stood, but it was long before the latter seemed willing to comprehend him. At length, however, their business was amicably adjusted and their conference brought to a close.

As Charles Le Baron returned home he could not help feeling how great was the contrast between his own happy dwelling, and the one he had left. Emotions of gratitude ascended from his heart to the Giver of all good gifts, who had so greatly blessed him, and mingled with proud and happy thoughts of Carroll, came a feeling of sorrow for the lot of Lucy Ireton. He revolved in his own mind many plans for her happiness, but to them all was this great objection,—the opposition of her father. He determined to lose no opportunity of doing a kindness to Ireton, in order to soften the asperity of his feelings, and make him a kinder and better man, and this resolution gained new strength, as, seated in his own elegant mansion he beheld the two beings most dear to him, looking on him with eyes from which beamed the pure fires of love.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

CAMPBELL.

The first rays of the morning began to illuminate the summits of the hills, when Carroll Le Baron with a light step passed along the

corridor, and pausing a moment before his mother's door, to his surprise it opened, and robed in a loose dressing gown, she stood before him, looking paler than usual.

"Why, dear mother! you have risen too early, or else you have not slept well," said Carroll tenderly embracing her; "you will lie down again and rest till my return, when I will bring you those beautiful flowers you love so much."

"Ah, my child," sighed his mother, "I almost fear to have you go this morning, I have been restless and uneasy in my dreams of you, and I fear you will encounter some danger."

"Oh, no, mother, there is nothing dangerous in the path I take, and the cheerful sunlight will smile away your fantasies. Is it not so, mother?"

"Perhaps so, Carroll, but do not stay out very late, my son."

"No my best mother," answered Carroll gaily, "I shall soon return," and with a farewell embrace they parted, Carroll to his mountain ramble, and his mother to an indulgence in those sad forebodings which oppressed her."

The morning was close and sultry, and Carroll bounding lightly on his way, felt that even he did not possess his usual elasticity. Passing at a little distance from Rook's Nest, he observed Lucy Ireton walking slowly along the lane, seeming very sad and unhappy. Gentle and compassionate in his nature, Carroll could never pass by distress without offering his aid or sympathy, and in a few moments he was at Lucy's side. With all the artlessness of a child she told him that her father's harshness and violence were the cause of her sorrow, and that she had risen very early and wandered abroad in order to feel less troubled.

"If I were a man, Lucy," said Carroll, his dark eye flashing fire, "you should have nothing more to suffer."

"Hush! pray do not speak so loud," said Lucy trembling at his energetic tone. "My father may hear you and he will be very angry. He was very angry with your father last night."

"With my father! Was he here last night?"

"Yes; and I was in my little room, and my father's voice sounded very stern, and after your father went away, he walked up and down the room, and said many angry words about you all, and if he should see you talking with me he would punish me, and so I dare not stay any longer."

"And I will not stay to give you trouble," said Carroll, and gently kissing her, he bade her good-bye. A beautiful moss-rose bud fell from his hand as he turned away, and Lucy picking it up slowly returned to her unhappy home.

When Carroll reached the summit of the Craig he found that he had chosen a very unfavorable morning, for the air was heavy with clouds that seemed almost to rest on the summits of the hills, and partially shrouded the majestic Monadnoc in their gloomy folds. The surface of the flowing Contocook was of dull leaden hue, and an angry red glare in a portion of the heavens seemed to betoken the approaching storm. Yet Carroll delighted to look on the face of the tempest,

and when a sharp flash lighted up the frowning sky, and a heavy peal of thunder reverberated among the hills, his eyes beamed with a wild joy at the sublimity and grandeur of the scene. A storm among the mountains—

“ Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder.”

With a spirit akin to that of the poet, Carroll gazed upon the scene. Leaning against a large rock, the wind that swept through the mountain passes tossing wildly his auburn curls from which he had removed his cap, his dark eye flashing proudly, and his lip curled with an exulting smile, he seemed almost supernatural in beauty. The storm-wind swept over the forest, and the heads of the lofty pines bent as it passed, and the strong arms of the beech waved wildly to the blast; there came a deep, dreary moan from the dark firs and the hemlocks, and the storm came down in its wild ungovernable fury. Foaming torrents ran down the hill-sides, and the fierce lightning darted its forked flashes incessantly through the heavens, which shook with the heavy thunder. The young saplings were bent to the earth before the wrath of the tempest, and a giant pine that had reared its lofty form for more than a century, was scathed, riven, and blasted by the consuming fire of heaven.

The war of the elements is fearful, but more fearful is the tumultuous strife of passion in the human heart. Terrible is the combat where wrath, envy, and bitterness of spirit have gained the ascendancy over the nobler and better feelings. The storm of the elements purifies, but that of the passions leaves a dreary and desolate waste.

There was no strife in the heart of the young and noble being who so fearlessly gazed on the gloomy and terrific grandeur of that storm among the mountains; but there *was* strife in another who looked on the same scene, but whose own heart was still more shaken by the tempest of ungovernable rage within.

It was as though an angel and a demon had met on that mountain-steep.

“ They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him far with moan and sorrow;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.”

OLD BALLAD.

“ I am sorry Carrol went out this morning,” said Charles Le Baron to his wife, as they stood together at the window watching the dark clouds as they retreated from the heavens, like the hasty march of an army to the roll of the thunder, growing fainter and fainter in the distance. The glorious sun shone with dazzling splendor on foliage sparkling with myriad pellucid gems. “ The storm has been severe, though transient, and he can have had but an insufficient shelter. ’Tis strange that so gentle a nature can take such deep delight in looking on the violent contest of the elements.”

"I would I had urged him not to go this morning," said Mrs. Le Baron with a deep sigh. "I felt a presentiment that something melancholy would occur, and I am afraid he will suffer from his exposure.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear Mary, I will go out very soon, and I think you will soon see us both returned to chide your alarm."

In a few moments Charles Le Baron was on his way to meet his son, and his wife remained at the window with her head leaning on her hand, watching his retreating form till it was hidden by the trees. For more than an hour she watched and listened for returning footsteps, then growing uneasy she arose and paced the room hurriedly, often looking down the avenue. At length Charles Le Baron returned alone.

"Where is my child? Where is Carroll?" exclaimed Mary in a tone of distress and alarm.

"Be calm, dearest Mary, do not be distressed. I have not yet seen him, and probably he sought shelter in some house, where he has prolonged his stay later than he is aware of. Do not be uneasy."

For her husband's sake Mary strove to govern her emotions, but as the long day wore away, and Carroll did not return they became overpowering. Charles himself was greatly alarmed though he encouraged his wife and went out often to look for the wanderer. The shades of night drew on and no tidings came to relieve their oppressed hearts. The men had been out in every direction, but could see and hear nothing of the lost one.

The news had spread rapidly through the village, that their favorite, their pride, the beloved of all hearts was lost, for so it must be, or he would have returned to his parents. One or two who had risen early remembered to have seen him on his way to the Craig. The old men shook their heads and spoke sadly, and yet proudly of the daring spirit of the brave boy, and feared he had fallen from some precipice. "The lightning" said one "has stricken the tall pine tree, perhaps it fell also on the young sapling."

"He may have wandered into the forest, and become bewildered in its depths, we must muster a strong party to search them;" said James Smith. "He saved my Jamie from drowning, and I shall never forget it. You will go, Alick Middleton?"

"Aye, that I will!" answered Alick, with a strong Scotch accent. "The bonny chiel should come to nae harm, if my twae hands could fend it aff, and my haill body could stand atween it and him. Fair fa' his bonny face! Sair wad my bairnies greet an he should be tint, or percit by the levin. Sma' wad we think 'o the lave, if the winsome callant we lo'e the best were awa."

"Ye say right, Alick," answered a dozen voices, and "I will go," and "I will go," rang around the circle, with a word of praise for the son, and honest manly sympathy with the father, and especially for the unhappy mother.

The voice of woman was not silent, nor the heart of woman cold, for there was hardly a family in town to whom Carroll was not endeared by some act of kindness, and but few eyes were closed in

slumber that night, for all watched for the return of the lost one. It was not long before nearly every man in the town was assembled at Wilson's tavern. The glare of many torches and lanterns was reflected from the angular and fantastic little building, which had witnessed many a singular scene, and many a gathering for political strife, many a crowd of happy faces, but never before an assembly of such anxious countenances. The party divided into small bands in order to more effectually secure their object, and each was to range a certain portion of the forest and the hills; a discharge of fire-arms was to be the signal of success. One of these parties was led by George Ireton, whose robust and hardy frame seemed to defy fatigue, and who entered with great zeal into the search. To him was appointed the most rugged and difficult part of the hills. Charles Le Baron had joined the party but was summoned home to his wife whom alarm and apprehension had made dangerously ill.

The night wore away, and nothing was seen of Carroll. The voices and shouts of men filled the forest, and the glare of torches flung a wild light over the scene. The forest animals retreated further into its depths, and the dismal shriek of the owl was heard in the distance. The party led by Ireton were obliged to pass over the Craig in their way, and they paused a moment under the blasted pine, whose bark was rent, and whose very trunk was slit down as it were in layers, and twisted and rent apart.

"If I remember aright," said one of the party, "there is a cave somewhere about here, I used to know where it was, and I guess I could find it now, though it's a good many years since I was here. I feel as if I should like to look into it, though I don't suppose it's likely he should be there."

After some search the cave was found, and one or two of the party entered, Ireton led the way, and flashing his torch around smiled in derision at the idea of finding him there. In fact all could easily see at a glance from one end of the cave to the other, and that none but themselves were there in it.

All that night passed away, and no tidings of Carroll. Mary Le Baron was lying in a delirious fever, calling in most piteous, heart-moving tones for her son, and Charles was nearly distracted with apprehension for two objects so dear to him.

Gloom deepened on the faces of the people, as band after band returned from their fruitless search. Scarcely a ray of hope was left, but unwilling to relinquish even that, a few hopeful men prolonged their search even to the third day. But every means failed, and filled with deep sadness the whole town mourned over the loss of the young, gifted, beautiful and loved Carroll Le Baron.

"He was thy first born son,
Thy first, thine only one,
'Twas hard from him to part."

For many weeks Mrs. Le Baron lay in a long delirium, and when it

at length passed away it left her weak and feeble as a child. Her husband watched her with the most tender care and anxiety, but day by day she became paler and weaker, and at length her gentle spirit was released from the sorrows and sufferings of earth. A placid smile lighted her features as she turned a last dying look of love on her husband, saying faintly "You will come soon dear Charles to meet us in heaven."

That sweet smile lingered on her beautiful countenance long after the spirit had left its mortal abode. When they laid her in the silent grave, there were few who did not feel that they had lost a friend, and none who did not sympathize with the painful bereavements that had been the lot of Charles Le Baron. A few short months had changed the whole aspect of his life. Of all the beings most dear to him in this world there was left,—not one. His broad lands were heirless; the light of his home had faded forever; the hope of his future years was blotted out; he was a childless, solitary, broken-hearted man.

From thenceforth he went about doing good whenever an opportunity presented itself, and seeking them out when none came. He never spoke of his sorrows, but the sad smile on his once manly, frank, and joyous countenance, alone betrayed what had been the depth of his suffering.

"The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In mazy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when all wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthal;
The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

Concluded in the next number.

Original.

SOCIAL CLASSIFICATION OF THE COMMUNITY.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

IN the following essay I have divided society into four classes;—first the *Gentry* or the fashionable class; second, the *Clerisy*, or the learned class; third, the *Yeomanry*, or those who practise trade or some manual art; fourth, the *Populace*, or the menial classes, who subsist by mere rude labor. I have endeavored to use words in their customary signification, and to avoid the error of making distinctions without a difference.

'*The Gentry.* The highest class in Great Britain, except the nobility, is called the Gentry, and individuals belonging to this class are dignified with the title of gentlemen and ladies. In this country

the term gentry may very properly be limited so as to include all people of leisure and fashion. The learned and professional men may then be classed in another division, to which I have given the name of *Clerisy*, upon the authority of the late S. T. Coleridge. It is rather invidious to graduate society by numbers as we appraise goods; since there is no just reason why fashionable people, or the Gentry, should rank above learned people, or the Clerisy. But there is no harm in being guided by custom in regard to a mere caprice; and custom has ordained that people of leisure and fashion shall be appraised number one. The learned, who are not made fashionable or *genteel* by their learning, if they would be classed with the *gentry*, must place their learning in the back ground, and show their fashionable accomplishments in the front of the picture. Science must be banished to their closets, and they must appear abroad only as votaries of fashion. Congreve was obliged to be silent respecting his character, as an author, when he gained admittance to the courtly circles! He found that genius weakened a man's claim to gentility. He might speak of his wealth, but he must not allude to his tragedies!

The qualifications for admittance into the society of the Gentry, are comprehended under the technical term *gentility*—a word which expresses that peculiar sort of manners which generally results from the possession of wealth and leisure. It is my object in this essay to speak of those causes which tend to produce the characteristics of the Gentry, which are greater ease, grace and external refinement, without more intelligence or politeness than is possessed by some other classes.

Each class of people must necessarily excel all other classes in that particular thing to which they devote themselves, as the study of their lives. Hence physicians must understand medicine, lawyers law, merchants trade, and mechanics the arts, better than any other class can understand them; though there may be solitary individuals out of these professions, who are as well versed in professional knowledge as any of the members of it. One of the most celebrated linguists in this country is a blacksmith. It may be true, likewise, that one of the most ingenious blacksmiths in the world was educated a linguist. These solitary facts, however, do not affect the truth of my position.

Let us apply this principle to the different social denominations. The only classes which enjoy a great deal of leisure from their youth, united with good opportunities for acquiring the fashionable accomplishments, are the children of the wealthy. Hence they are commonly more refined in their manners and acquisitions, than the children of other families. The majority of those who have had sufficient leisure from their youth to follow the bent of their own inclinations, will study the graces and the genteel accomplishments. This class of people cannot necessarily be confined to any particular profession; but they must during the period of their youth have been in affluent circumstances. It is this class which will for the most part compose the gentry. Being educated in leisure and affluence, and devoted chiefly to the study of external manners, they must necessarily acquire greater ease and elegance of deportment, more external refinement, and

more of all those qualities of conversation and manners, which in foreign countries distinguish gentlemen from rustics. They excel all other classes in the Chesterfieldian accomplishments, as the Clerisy excel others in learning, and as the Yeomanry excel them in the arts. That this external elegance and refinement should be absolutely confined to this class is impossible. There will be individuals among the Clerisy who excel them, and among the Yeomanry who equal them; but as a body, the gentry must excell all other classes in the elegant accomplishments, because they are the only class who have made them, as it were, their professional study.

Besides those individuals who have enjoyed the advantages of a genteel education, and who are the true gentry, there will always be a large number of uneducated upstarts, who have risen from the rudest families to a degree of wealth which enables them to outshine all others in fashion and splendor, and who must be admitted into genteel society. The wealth of these people atones for their deficiencies, and gains them admittance into a circle that despises them. The children of these rude families, however, enjoy all the leisure and advantages which wealth affords, and are therefore well educated, notwithstanding their parents' ignorance and rudeness. The older the country grows, the smaller must be the number of rude gentry, since the opportunities of rising to wealth from complete indigence must be proportionally diminished. Men will then rise through the avenues of learning and the arts, rather than of wealth, and ambitious men will devote that energy which is now devoted to the acquisition of wealth, to the attainment of excellence in the arts and sciences.

Though neither wealth nor learning are gentility, yet both the wealthy and the learned may gain admittance to the fashionable circle; the wealthy by the exhibition of splendor, and learned by making themselves useful to the Gentry. The thing which serves as the best passport to fashionable society, is the possession of those accomplishments which are valued as the qualifications of genteel rank. The graces are their diploma. If a stranger can but exhibit this diploma, provided only he has sufficient wealth, or command of wealth, to enable him to imitate the fashions and to bear his part in the expense of fashionable dissipation, the doors of all private palaces are freely open to him. It is idle to say that the gentry pay no regard to merit. In this respect they do not differ from other classes. Moral worth is a secondary consideration; gentility is the primary one. So with the professional classes, learning and talent are the first consideration, moral worth the second. With the religious sects, too, faith is of primary consequence, moral worth is always ranked below it.

There is a kind of envy which disdains to admit that the fashionable circles are superior to others in any valuable quality whatever. — Still it will not be denied by candid observers that they are distinguished by a greater ease of manner, a more elegant fluency of speech, a better and more graceful carriage of the person, and a better habit of countenance, than the generality of other classes. All this may be explained, not only by their more refined education, but by their more frequent and constant intercourse with fashionable and learned society.

The gentry and their children are always admissible into the company of the learned; travellers and strangers of distinction are generally introduced into their families and assemblies; and more than all, they spend a great part of their time in visiting places of fashionable resort, and are, as we may say, always in company. It is a necessary consequence, therefore, that such people, as a class, must acquire a brilliancy of discourse, a refinement of observation, and a graceful assurance, which in a mixed assembly elevate them, as it were, above others, even above their superiors in learning and talent, who have been confined to some particular pursuit, and who have mingled less with the gay world.

But, it may be asked, have they any more real refinement than the members of other respectable classes? In answer to this question, it may be remarked, that it is highly improbable that a class which devotes the greatest amount of time and attention to the study of elegant accomplishments, would not likewise obtain proportional refinement. By giving an arbitrary definition to *refinement*, we might perhaps prove the contrary. We may, for instance, limit the signification of the word, so that it shall mean nothing more than intellectual taste, or moral delicacy of feeling. But there is a variety of qualities comprehended under the term refinement, besides a mere cultivation of intellectual taste or moral sensibility. There is a refinement of speech and of deportment, a refinement of physiognomy, a refinement of apprehension which is the opposite of what is signified by the cant word "*greenness*," and a refinement of tact, giving to those who possess these qualities an elevating mark of distinction in society. Such are the qualities which characterize the Gentry, or those who were born and bred in affluence and leisure.

On the other hand, there are particular kinds of refinement which are more manifest in the members of other classes. Among the Clerisy there is undoubtedly more of what may be called intellectual refinement. The Clerisy are better judges of truth and evidence, of literary merit, and of moral desert, than the Gentry, whose moral sense is generally blunted by the depraving influence of fashionable amusements, and by the heartless customs of genteel society.

The manners and customs of the Gentry are the most likely to be aped by common minds which are ambitious of social distinction. The imitation of gentility is termed *coxcombr*y, that of learning *pedantry*. It is more easy successfully to imitate fashion or gentility than to imitate learning; so that even if the latter were more honorable, the former would have more imitators. Some individuals, with happy powers of imitation, acquire *gentility* with a great deal of ease. Some of the servants of wealthy families, making allowance for a little obsequiousness, are equal to their masters and mistresses in grace and elegant assurance, far superior to the majority of the members of the Clerisy, and to the independent Yeomanry. City dandies are often good imitators of gentility in caricature. Gentility has been their study; but they are apt, like the imitators of original works of genius, to place the defects of their model in the foreground of their own performances. Stage actors and actresses of the higher order are gene-

rally perfect in all the genteel accomplishments. It is on this account, that many of this class of people, notwithstanding the odium connected with their profession, find ready admittance into fashionable circles, which would frown upon half the people who belong to the learned professions.

2. *The Clerisy.* The word Clerisy was used by Coleridge to signify that class of men who have been termed *Literati*—a word that is not suited to the idiom of our language. I have used the word to comprehend not only the mere professors of literature, but likewise the members of all the learned professions—clergymen, physicians, lawyers, teachers, professors in colleges, lecturers, editors, authors, and all amateurs of science and literature. I have arranged all these professions under one head, on account of the general similarity of the habits of those who compose them. It is true that a physician and a lawyer have very different classes of wants to supply; yet as they are both devoted to the acquisition of learning, they resemble one another more than either resembles a merchant or a mechanic. But individuals are found among mechanics and among merchants, who are devoted to the study of the principles rather than the practice of their art. All such persons are professors, and come into the ranks of the Clerisy. They properly belong to the class that is devoted to learning and science.

It is very evident that if the cultivation of the higher faculties of the mind, other things being equal, is a true test of superiority, the Clerisy should take the highest rank in society. Of all the community, this class has cultivated the powers of the mind to the greatest extent. Hence we must allow them an intellectual superiority over the Gentry and other classes, as we allow to the Gentry a superiority over them and other classes in the elegant accomplishments. To the Clerisy must we look for those qualities which most ennoble and exalt the human mind, and to the Gentry for those qualities which most adorn the manners. The greatest men of all ages, with the exception of warriors and conquerors, have belonged to those professions which are devoted to learning. Yet while we look to the Clerisy for intellectual superiority, and to the Gentry for superior refinement, we must likewise look to each of them for physical inferiority to all other classes. As a general rule, neither learning nor genteel refinement can be obtained without nearly a proportional sacrifice of physical strength, health and hardihood.

There are certain individuals among the Gentry or the Clerisy, who are equal to most of the Yeomanry in physical vigor. So there are individuals among the Yeomanry who equal most of the Gentry in refinement, or the Clerisy in learning. Individuals are not always placed by circumstances where nature designed them. Such cases are anomalies. The Gentry, as a class, must obtain their refinement, and the Clerisy their learning, only on condition of accepting physical effeminacy in connection with the gift.

The distinguishing points between the Gentry and the Clerisy, are that the former are possessed of a certain refinement of manners in which the latter are wanting, and that the latter are possessed of intel-

lectual vigor and learning in which the former are wanting. The Gentry, therefore, in all ages, have made something very different from learning a test of social rank. Philosophers and learned men are generally as far from the possession of gentility, as from the possession of physical hardihood. The Yeomanry have nearly about as much of genteel refinement as the Clerisy. While the members of the Clerisy are wasting their strength and health in the acquisition of learning whereby they may rule the world, the Gentry are employing their leisure and wits in acquisition of accomplishments whereby they may dazzle the world. The Gentry have in all ages affected a contempt for learning and learned men. It is nothing, however, but the mere affectation of what they do not feel; which they affect, as a kind of outward manifestation of superiority. And that the world is deceived by this affectation, is proved by the popular eclat which attends a mere votary of fashion. The Gentry have always exalted themselves by this affected contempt of learning. With the same motives certain religious bigots affect to despise morality, that their mere profession of faith may elevate them above those who merely perform good works. Thus boors affect to despise refinement, that their own lack of it may not sink them in people's estimation.

There are certain qualities which are despised, not because these qualities are in themselves despicable, but because they are so often found in intimate union with despicable qualities, that people identify them as one and the same thing. Genteel refinement, for instance, in itself is a very desirable and estimable quality, is so very generally, and almost constantly associated with effeminacy, that people consider them the same thing; and in their abhorrence of the one, they learn very unwisely to despise the other. The more ignorant an individual, the more ready is he to despise what he cannot rightly understand. The uneducated classes are, therefore, remarkable, both for their contempt of learning and refinement; though extravagant believers in mysteries and magic wonders. They confound learning with pedantry, and refinement with coxcombry, while they are the dupes of real pedantry, and are the unconscious admirers of coxcombry. Nothing is more common among the lower ranks of society, than to see individuals who despise the refinement of people of fashion, and scorn their elegance of speech and address, who nevertheless do all in their power to imitate them in the smallness of their waists, and in the gaudiness and foppery of their dress. They imitate their effeminacy, while they scorn their refinement. They imitate them in whatever is despicable, and pride themselves in their folly, while they overlook all that is truly exemplary in the people whom they copy, and glory in their defects. This is the general character of all that class of people, among the vulgar, who strive to ape the Gentry.

It is evident, notwithstanding the display which is made by the Gentry, that the members of the Clerisy are the most influential class. All political measures are immediately dependent on the votes of the people, but the majority are influenced by the arguments of their superiors. Wealth it is true, is hardly less powerful than talent; but the Gentry, in this community, consist rather of the sons and daughters of

wealthy families, whose circumstances are often somewhat reduced, than of those who are possessed of the most actual wealth. The latter are mostly adventurers from the illiterate ranks, and do not become *gentilized* but in the next generation. Hence the Gentry, in this country, in very many cases, are families reduced in wealth, like some of the indigent nobility of France, and struggling with all their intellectual energies to maintain appearances which their purses cannot well support. Some of them, being as wise as they were once wealthy, afford excellent specimens of human character; refined and intelligent beings, who were born and bred in affluence, now living in comparative poverty, satisfied if they can but maintain elegance and refinement, without that pomp and magnificence which please the vulgar.

Almost every one has taken notice of the mutual court which is paid by the wealthy to the learned, and by the learned to the wealthy. This circumstance not only serves to give wealth greater distinction, but affords to learning and the learned, facilities and advantages which could not otherwise be enjoyed. To make amends for the want of a law of entail and primogeniture, families of reduced wealth generally endeavor to marry their children to the wealthy, and many broken fortunes are thus frequently rebuilt. Newly risen families, on the other hand, that have a great deal of wealth, whose heads are conscious of certain obvious defects of education, for the purpose of adding that lustre to their reputation which is wanting, often encourage their daughters to marry into the learned professions. In this case, an advantage is gained on both sides. The learning and reputation of the professional man who marries into the wealthy family add dignity to the family name, while he, in his turn, is placed in affluence by the fortune of his wife. Such marriages are very common in this country; and are highly advantageous to the little souled men who thus prostitute their affections, by introducing them into fashionable society, from which their poverty would otherwise exclude them. Their literary success is thereby promoted in about the same degree in which their energies are weakened, by their good fortune. They may then become their own patrons, and what their genius could not effect, their wealth may purchase. Fame is the certain dower of those ambitious men who unite a common share of genius with extraordinary wealth.

There is undoubtedly a public advantage derived from this circumstance. Very many selfish men rise to wealth, by marriage, who would otherwise be prowling for office, and playing the demagogue on the political theatre. The very men are thus quieted, whose selfishness and avarice might otherwise cause them to perform actions injurious to the commonwealth. After their marriage, they become prudent and conservative citizens, friends of "law and order;" and if disposed to cultivate literature or science, enjoy facilities both for prosecuting their studies and for purchasing reputation, which wealth only could afford them.

Original.

THE FLOWER OF MODESTY.

—
BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.
—

A SIMPLE flower is Modesty —
It bloometh in the wild,
Where through the thickly-woven leaves
The sun-beam falleth mild, —
And silently it there receives
Its nurture undefiled !

The sun-god on the Flower of Love
His blaze of beauty throws,
And with a warm and crimson blush
Its damask bosom glows ; —
But mid the shady forest's hush
The *modest* Flow'ret grows !

It holdeth silent communing
With airs that softly steal,
Amid the interwoven vine,
Their friendship to reveal,
And tendrils that around it twine
And half its form conceal !

It liveth on the sympathy
Of beings good and pure,
And shrinketh from the dazzling beam
That shineth to allure,
And seeketh not the giddy gleam
Of summer skies unsure.

The sun-beam fierce and withering,
Would parch its fading breast,
The wind, that roughly visiteth,
Would rob it of its rest,
Or bear away its fragrant breath
That once the desert bless'd.

O, better far that solitude
Should bosom all its sweets,
Than that around its form should blow
The wind that roughly greets,
Or fall on it with scorching glow
The fiery summer heats !

O, better far the gentle ray,
That God in love has given,
Than false and fatal noon-day light
That mocks the spirit riven —
And better far than splendor bright,
The peace that falls from Heaven !

Philadelphia, October, 1844.

Original.

THE MARCH OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY BRO. A. FLETCHER.

To a lover of Odd Fellowship, nothing is more gratifying than to witness its prosperity amid opposition and persecution. The rapidity with which our Order has spread for the last two or three years, is perhaps without example in the records of history. And although in some instances the church has lifted her voice against it, and many of her learned doctors and dignitaries have pronounced their anathemas upon it, yet it has continued to move on like some stately ship, bidding defiance to the wind, the waves and the storm. Based, as it is, upon eternal principles, the "gates of hell," cannot crush it, nor the arrows of its enemies harm it. "Truth is eternal" and can never die; e'en though "crushed to earth," 'twill rise again;" amid opposition it will prosper; amid persecution it will live, and amid desolation it will revive. Though retarded for a while in its progress, yet like some mighty stream, whose waters are clogged, it will gather strength, and burst through the obstacles, and break down the barriers, that obstruct its progress. Such has been and such ever will continue to be the course of Odd Fellowship.

Residing, as the writer does at present, in the sunny South, nothing gives him more pleasure, than being permitted from time to time to look over the pages of the Symbol, and learn the prosperity of our Order in the beautiful and pleasant land of New England, where he once lived and labored in the cause. Among the enlightened and intelligent people of New England such an institution as that of Odd Fellowship cannot fail to be appreciated. First as they are in every enterprise calculated to benefit and bless mankind, who can wonder that when they became acquainted with the principles of our Order, they should enter into its spirit with that zeal which has ever characterized them as a people? It is true, that some dark spirits among them have dared to lift their voices against our institution, but they were passed by unheeded, and as little regarded as the murmurings of the idle wind. The march of Odd Fellowship is still onward.

Its banner is unfurling in every part of our land. Its principles are proclaimed abroad, and disseminated among the people. Blessings and honors follow in its train. The sick are visited; the distressed are relieved; the dead are buried; the widow protected, and the orphan educated. Silent, sure and rapid are the strides of Odd Fellowship. Soon may it cover our earth, and its benign influences be felt in every land, and enjoyed in every clime! And may the people of every age and of every creed, be gathered beneath its outspreading branches, and there find a shelter from the storm! And when the bells of death shall ring in their ears, and the grim messenger of the tomb shall knock at the door of their hearts, may they be permitted to exchange the blessings of one world for the glories of another!

Richmond, October, 1844.

O D E

Sung at the Celebration of the Anniversary of Lafayette Lodge, No. 8, I.O.O.F., at Winnebago', (S.C.)
August 2d, 1844.

BY MRS. C. M. LADD.

A YEAR, a fleeting year's roll'd round
Since first our little band
Assembled, and together pledg'd
Their faith with heart and hand;
Thus far we have each other proved,
Since the first hour we met—
Honor alone has been our chart—
Our model "LA FAYETTE."

We boast no mighty secret here,
Friendship's our guiding star,
Her handmaid's are but Love and Truth,
To spread our name afar;
They'll bear it too from pole to pole,
And waft our incense high—
An incense worthy of our sect,
The tear from sorrow's eye.

This be our boast, our noblest boast,
Our password shall be Truth,
A diamond bright, whose lustre 'll give
Our Lodge perpetual youth:

Our next great boast, then let it be
To give the wanderer rest,
Relieve the poor, and banish care
From every brother's breast.

May every social virtue bind
Each sympathetic heart
So firmly in the bonds of Love,
That death alone can part
The tie that now each Brother feels ;
The chain that binds our bands
Cannot be severed ; Faith's cement
Has link'd our hearts and hands.

Original.

CELEBRATION AT WEST CAMBRIDGE.

West Cambridge, October 5th, 1844.

BRO. PRINCE, — Another manifestation was last evening given of the high repute and rapid advancement of the Institution of Odd Fellowship. An elegant banner, (with a beautiful and appropriate speech,) was presented to Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. of O. F., by the accomplished lady of Bro. Thomas P. Pierce, in behalf of the ladies of West Cambridge.

On receiving the banner an eloquent and appropriate response was given by Bro. J. H. Shepard in behalf of the Order. Beautiful hymns from the pen of Bro. J. C. Waldo, were also sung, and an excellent address was delivered by Rev. Bro. Wm. Tozer, of Malden; all of which exercises breathed finely forth the spirit of the Order, and left upon our minds, (as communion with each other ever does,) more of the love of its principles, and left sounding upon our ears the closing exhortation from Mrs. Pierce, "Be true, be firm, hope on, hope ever." Causing us to respond in the language of Bro. Shepard, that we will be mindful of the symbols spread before us and make them lively monitors of our duty.

The banner was painted by Bro. T. C. Savory of Boston. The front is of crimson satin with fringe and tassels of the same color, surmounted by a white dove with the olive branch. The device is an open Bible with the scales of Justice. The figure of Hope occupies the right of the Bible pointing to the motto, "Hope on, hope ever." On the left is an altar, on which is the date of the Charter: — "Chartered Sept. 13th, 1842." On the reverse, "Presented by the Ladies, to Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. of O. F., West Cambridge, Mass."

Yours in F. L. & T.

D. M.

We here present to our readers the Address of Mrs. Pierce, together with the response of Bro. Shepard, for both of which we are indebted to our obliging correspondent, Bro. Duncan Macfarlane, of West Cambridge.

ADDRESS.

RESPECTED FRIENDS: — It is with feelings of diffidence that I rise to address you, knowing there are others better qualified than myself. The interest I feel in your cause must be my only apology. Relying on your kind forbearance, I proceed. That your Order has many and powerful enemies I know; that the voice of keen and bitter sarcasm has oft times been raised against it I am well aware; — still, I believe it ranks high, as one, among the many institutions for the amelioration of distress, and for the dissemination of those principles which are to Christianize the earth. Why judge thus favorably; and why anticipate that in coming time we shall behold it exerting a still wider, and more beneficial influence? I answer, because we believe it founded upon the eternal principles of truth and justice. The results we witness seem but the natural effects of an institution resting upon such a basis. So long as we behold that Christian sympathy which bids you mourn with those that mourn, and rejoice with those that rejoice, that warns an erring brother of danger, extends the friendly hand to raise the depressed and bowed one; that heaven-born charity, which supports the drooping head of sickness and administers the healing moisture to the parched lips; supplies the widow's wants and dries the orphan's tears; so long, I say, as this sympathy and charity are cherished by your Order, so long may it be blessed of heaven. Desirous of acting upon the principles you sustain, the Ladies present you this banner. And on this occasion permit me to say, we would that the members of Bethel Lodge might show to the world, that Odd Fellowship is something more than a name, obeying the precepts of that blessed Volume which teaches "that ye should do others as ye would they should do unto you; to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before your God." Gentlemen, we would that you might ever act upon the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth; and though malice may ridicule, and strive to impede your progress, be true, be firm, "Hope on, hope ever."

REPLY.

MADAM: — In receiving at your hands this beautiful banner, we are not unmindful of its intrinsic value; but far more grateful are we for the manifestation of the spirit that prompted you to bestow it upon us, a society of which you can know but little, except as the fruit of worthy deeds may commend us to your sympathy and affection.

Yes, this token of your approbation assures us that our conduct and principles are beginning to be viewed in their proper light; and that

upon the mind of a generous public, we are fast gaining a well deserved favor, that under the blessing of Heaven, will long continue. We shall ever consider this a sacred trust in our keeping; though not "by angel hands to valor given," 'tis by trusting hearts to honor given, and in discharge of the most sacred honor shall be borne along the flight of years, untarnished, whether fanned by auspicious breezes, or assailed by tempestuous fury engendered in the foul atmosphere of prejudice and hatred.

Had your sympathies given it into the hands of the patriot soldier, it would have nerved his arm for your protection; and when amid the scenes of mortal strife, perhaps overborne with numbers, and sinking with fatigue, its soul-inspiring motto should meet his eye, he would rally his remaining strength, and strike once again for home and liberty. Yes, hope would shed its light upon the field of victory,

"Or bid its folds to fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye."

Our duties are not less imperative and sacred, nor shall they be less faithfully performed. It calls us not to the tented field except to seek the fallen brother; to bury the lowly slain; and to proclaim (there as in all places) to the victims of sorrow and anguish, what you, by the ingenious and beautiful device on this banner have more strongly impressed upon our minds. That the eye of Omnipotence is still upon us; that the scales of justice are held in impartial hands; that the hand of charity is to be ever extended to raise fond hope in the desponding heart, and point the sorrowing to a beaming star whose radiance "shines on, shines ever," even through the darkness of the tomb, and lights up the skies of an immortal existence. But still to us are its calls in as deep a voice; its instructions as impressive upon our souls; as are any that call the patriot to the field of generous fame in the dread hour of conflict. We have obligations as great; campaigns as arduous; victories as important to achieve; the bloodless victories of the mind, the peaceful victories of Christian principle. His would be the achievements of physical strength and courage against an external and visible foe; ours, by moral strength and courage, to combat the vices that rankle in the bosom of society; to silence the slanderer's tongue; to shut the swearer's mouth; to dash aside and break forever the maddening cup; to shield the feeble from the oppressor's hand; to wipe away the widow's and orphan's tears; and fulfil that most sacred mandate,—to weep with those that mourn.

We rejoice too that it is at the hand of woman that we receive this pledge of confidence, its emblems ever silent, yet expressive; simple, but instructive; beautiful even as a work of art, but far more beautiful in its expressions of the heaven-born principles of Charity, Friendship, Love, and Truth; woman, whose sympathies are ever given to the cause of truth and virtue, whose aid is never withheld from the deserving. Who has ever been first to visit and last to forsake the couch of the sufferer; who has lingered longest at the tomb of departed worth, often planting there the flowerets that shed their odors above, and their foliage on the dust consecrated alike by being the depository of

lost affection, and by mingling with the pearl that falls from affection's eye? Woman! Would you learn of her holy deeds, trace the history of Christianity; hers are the brightest stars that glisten to adorn its skies. Would you know her worth, read it in the elevation of the human race. Would you behold her eulogy, turn to the purity of your own hearts, you will find it indelibly written there.

Madam,—accept for yourself and those you represent on this occasion, the full measure of our gratitude and love; which permit me to assure you, dwells in no place in greater purity and abundance than in the heart of every true Odd Fellow. We joy in your presence this evening, for animated by it we may exceed even our proper selves, and shine with the reflected rays of virtue and beauty. In bestowing your favors upon Odd Fellows, you have given them to those to whom your sex may look with confidence and hope even in life's darkest hours. Coming as we do from the same homes that your presence cheers; from amid your fathers, husbands, sons and brothers; connected by the most endearing ties; this act of your generosity, but adds another to the numberless chords already twined around our hearts. Though we are not the fawning sycophants for public favor, yet are we ambitious to *deserve* it, and having gained your approval we shall by acting faithfully upon the same principles, strive to retain it.

Coming as we do from all sects and parties, allied to none, nor holding any principles, that counteract the high duties "we owe to our God, our country, and our families," we trust that no opposition will outlive the ignorance, prejudice, and jealousy in which it had its origin; but with those baser passions, disappear before the light of benevolence and truth, that reveals the dove, Heaven's own messenger, bearing the emblem of Hope and Peace. Yes, Ladies, we will be true to our principles, and "show to the world that Odd Fellowship is not an empty name," but a vital principle, running through all our actions, and quickening the pulse of cold humanity with Christian charity and love. We will be mindful of the symbols you have spread before us, and make them lively monitors of our duty. Those chains of Friendship and Love shall be forever bright. That volume of inspired Truth shall be our guide. The hand of charity shall be ever extended to the needy and destitute. That messenger bird shall speed wherever the consolation of hope and peace is needed. And in our hearts shall be reared the altar, from which shall constantly rise the incense of gratitude to you our friends, and also to Him, whose eye is over all his works.

CONFIDENCE IN PROVIDENCE. — Murmur at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain. A Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than Stoicism; he is pleased with every thing that happens, because he knows it could not happen unless it had first pleased God, and that which pleases him must be best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a father who will prove him with no affliction, that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOCIETY, CRIME AND VICE.

THERE is a great question which reaches back of the crimes and the vices that beset society, and which, one day or another, must receive a full, free answer. That question is — how far these crimes and vices are involved with causes existing in society itself? — in other words, how far society is to blame for those evils? This question will be answered, not by those rash reformers of our day who mingle things sacred and profane, who, without reverence and without discrimination, go about declaiming against social wrongs; but by those who look upon the facts of humanity with a candid and Christian vision, seeking not the overthrow but the perfection of the most sacred order, yet not afraid to know the truth, and piercing by the power of love and pity to the last analysis of wretchedness and sin.

Far be it from us to endeavor, with presumptuous spirit, to penetrate that mystery which God has thrown around the sources of evil, or to unlawfully lighten that burden of suffering and shame which guilt presses upon the individual conscience. Still, the question alluded to, which we do not propose to discuss now, suggests a most important and practical fact. Society has its share — and we may as well say it plainly — in producing those evils which infest its bosom, desolate its peace, and against which it endeavors to guard by penalties and prisons. Vice and crime are not wholly spontaneous — they grow by influences without, as well as from the soil within. And ignorance, neglect, uncharitableness are among these influences. It is a melancholy, and yet a profitable lesson, to trace out the circumstances that have led to the first downward step of many who now welter in the great mass of degradation and sin that taints our large cities, or who, outcast from respectability and virtue, are the tenants of our penitentiaries. We shall find those circumstances in long and insufferable poverty, in youthful training among the most baleful contacts of ignorance and sin, in crushed and despairing affections, in cold repulses made to appeals for sympathy and succor. We do not say, be it noticed, we do *not* say, that driven to this extremity, the wretched man or woman has reasoned correctly in putting forth the hand to crime, or selling himself or herself to vice; but we *do* say that there is but little opportunity in such a case for correct reasoning, and everything that has a fearful tendency to drown the instructions of morality, or the appeals of conscience, rushes upon the soul at once. William Thom,

the Scotch weaver-poet, gives us a passage from his sorrowful experience that illustrates this fact with great power. He had set forth with his wife and four children, in search of bread and succor. Leaving them by the road-side, upon a wet cold evening, he went in pursuit of shelter. His efforts were unavailing, and with a despondent heart he returned to that shivering way-side group. I quote his own language:—"I returned," says he, "to my family. They had crept closer together, and, except the mother, were fast asleep. 'Oh Willie, Willie, what keepit ye?' inquired that trembling woman; 'I'm dootful o' Jeanie,' she addid; 'isna she waesome-like? Let's in frae the cold.' 'We've nae way to gang, lass,' said I, 'whate'er come o' us. Yon folk winna hae us.' Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them, my head throbbled with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow, than of indignation, and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and, on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones who alone cared for me—what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out, and be heard, too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits; when despair has loosed honor's last hold upon the heart—when transcendant wretchedness lays weeping reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing on-looker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain with one end fixed in nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny."

We do not quote facts like this in order to awaken a morbid sympathy for crime—to blunt the keen edge of its offence against society, or to lessen the measure of responsibility to God. We would not confound the distinction between vice and virtue. But is there any danger of thus confounding them? We may twine meretricious laurels wet with the tears of false sentiment, around the brows of the sin-stricken and the fallen, but the intrinsic degradation that belongs to guilt, the soul-eating canker that our eyes may not see but that he must feel, these will draw an unmistakeable line between the good and the bad. To the one we render the free homage of love and respect, to the other we can only give a charitable pity. We do not wish, then, to awaken,—we have no fear that there will be awakened, a morbid sympathy with guilt and shame. But there should be, there must be awakened an inquiry into the sources of these things. It is a pregnant and a terrible question—why should men sell themselves to crime and to dishonor? Why should that being who but a few years ago moved in the fair circle of respectability, and with the ordinary dispositions of humanity, why should that being fall

and miserable estate? Go into yon prison — raise up the felon-head. It belongs to a man, not to a brute; to one in whom manhood can never be utterly obliterated — it is human nature, *poor* human nature, *tainted* human nature, but still human nature with all its original capacities — the human nature that Christ came to seek and to save — human nature, scarred all over with the fierce wounds of sin, heated in the seven-fold fire of passion, drunken with sensuality; yet shewing in those haggard eyes the glimmer of an immortal soul. You, oh! reader, have stood up in this perilous conflict with sin and temptation which besets us all, and he has slipped and fallen. But why has he fallen? He was not *born* a thief or a murderer — some moral influences, some neglect, some injury, some wreck of reason or of early virtue, plunged him down, step by step to this? But now, ye who are innocent, against whose reputation even slander dares breathe no taint, I ask you *why* are you where you are, and why is that felon behind those dark bars yonder? Why are you not a felon? Why is he one more than you? Because around you has been breathed a better moral influence, and for no other reason — or because you have never known temptation as he has known, have never been called to grapple with it by your own powers so weak, or with its seductions so strong — have never been wounded and overthrown by it. God deliver us from temptation! and if he has delivered us thus far while others have fallen — what then! Shall we only attend to the overt act? Shall we only exercise the dread function of dooming and chaining? Have we nothing else to do? Is this the two-fold monotony of society, if we may use the phrase, that so far as vice and crime are concerned, it shall only nourish and punish, accomplishing no intermediate work of instruction and mercy — shall it be merely sin and the penalty — a *morass* and a *Bastille*? Yes; there is another work for society to perform — there is another work for you and me to perform, who help make up society. It is a work not of retribution alone, but of *prevention*. We have not to deal with the overt act simply, but with the *sources* of crime and vice. Society has not wholly discharged its task when it has shielded property, or maintained its violated sanctions — when it has thrown around the sanctity of human life its most terrible penalties, when it has sealed the lips of the profane, affixed the brand of degradation upon the drunkard, or pointed the finger of scorn at the daughter of shame. Below all this there lies a mass of unbaptized ignorance, of weakly guarded virtue, of exposed and tempted innocence, that calls for education, for charity — for the sympathetic action of the good and the wise — for the strong unwearied operation of moral influence. And as this is a happier so is it a safer work than to enact penalties and build prisons.

But another, and even more affecting consideration belongs to this subject. The vicious, the criminal, are linked with other beings, who though they may share their wo and their shame, are not in the eyes of God, and ought not to be in the eyes of man, branded with their guilt. The Drunkard's Wife! The Felon's Child! She is not a drunkard — he is not a felon! No rule, human or Divine, makes it so. The Drunkard's Wife. The Felon's Child! What an associa-

tion of the dearest and holiest relations with all that is awful and shocking in human circumstances! How are the finest chords of the heart intertwined here with profaneness, pollution, and moral death! But shall we use no discrimination? Shall we say—"let them be cursed and crushed together!—born in an evil association, in that evil association let them live and die, sharing its fate and its infamy?"—But we ask you—Is the child to blame for first opening its eyes in the home of ignorance and sin? Is it to blame that it was swathed in immorality—that the first breath of its mother was the fume of intoxication, and its first hearing of God came by an oath? Is it to blame because its ancestral name is frequent in the rolls of shame—because its heraldry is rags, and its patrimony sin? Can you expect that virtue will appear to it in all its fair proportions, and morality present its laws in their Divine sanctity, when it looks upon them only through reeking mists of darkness? And has *society* no duty to discharge to that child? Has benevolence no call to the rescue? Well, leave it alone a few years. By and by society is disturbed and injured. After looking upon that child are you at a loss to account for that disturbance? By and by felony violates some sacred right. Has not that child been left under precisely the influences that might induce that felony? By and by murder alarms us with its red hands. Was there anything in the early education of that child that was too good to allow of this? No! But, oh! men, as ye wonder at the fiend that has come among ye—as ye wonder at the man made monstrous by crime—as ye arraign him before your terrible assize and vindicate the majesty of justice in his blood—ask yourselves, what reason had we to expect otherwise than this? The stalk has come up bearing poisoned fruit, but we watered with no holy dew the tender blade, we placed it under no genial sunshine; we left it to grow in dampness and darkness—to strike its root deep in pollution, and to lift its head in miasmatic air!

We are not reasoning now with the guilty individual. Were we, we might say—"seek no excuse for guilt that will deny your own free agency. The darkest mind has some ray of light—the foulest conscience, the most cramped and ignorant spirit, is a law unto itself—and you were not *forced* to vice and crime." Were we arguing with the guilty individual, we might dwell and enlarge upon this truth. But we are reasoning now with society, and exposing *its* share in the vice and crime that trouble and pollute it. And we say, that while we are to consider and act upon the sources of vice and crime, and those who are actually guilty of these, it seems to us that there is a work that calls peculiarly for our labor, in reference to those who are linked with the vicious and the criminal—who are wedded or born to a lot, which is such that while they are actually free from guilt they are tainted with its infamy; and, what is even worse, immediately exposed to its influences. If ever the hand of a discriminating and liberal charity is needed, it is needed here. If education is calculated to arm at all against evil, its guarding and guiding influences are needed in circumstances like these. Let us as members of society, then, consider our duty to the ignorant, the vicious and the guilty.

Let them have our sympathies, our charities, our teachings, and our prayers !

SIX MONTHS' TERM.

As one of the Representatives from this State, we introduced into the G. L. U. S. under instruction, a resolution to alter the official terms in Subordinate Lodges from three to six months. That resolution was laid upon the table. We are sorry that it was not acted upon — that it was not carried. We hope that this will soon be the case. We deem this an important, and we had almost said a necessary measure. Every one in the Order must be aware that Past Grands are multiplying too fast and becoming too numerous. The Grand Lodges of the different States will soon become uncomfortable and unwieldy bodies. Nay, we are not certain that eventually the P. G's will not outnumber all the other members. It will in that case be something like the training in Vermont, one rainy day. We asked a friend how many there were out in a certain troop. He said *ten*, or *fourteen* officers, we are not certain which, and three privates. We shall not vouch for the accuracy of his report, but we must confess that our Order will by and by resemble that troop, if every few days a new Lodge is chartered, and every three months there is a shower of Past Grands. This to be sure would be ludicrous ; but not only so — as we said above, it would make the Grand Lodge unwieldy and inconvenient.

If it be objected that six months is too long for one officer to occupy the chair, week after week, then let each subordinate Lodge meet once in two weeks instead of every week ; and the amount of actual service would be the same as it is now. And this would effect another reform which we are anxious to see — that of less frequent Lodge-meetings, which, we are convinced would be better for the Order.

GAMBLING.

THE attention of our community has recently been called to the vice of gambling, by the labors of Mr. J. H. Green, a reformed gamester. For twelve years, we think, Mr. Green was engaged in this nefarious business, but he has seen his wrong course, repented of it, and claims of society what society should ever be willing to grant to the repentant — pardon and charity. Like a true penitent he is now endeavoring to remedy, to some extent, the evils which his past conduct has wrought, by rousing public attention to the dreadful details, the awful results of this vice ; and by exposing the tricks and frauds of professed gamesters. Mr. Green does not profess to be an orator, but to state simple facts, and this he does in a plain, unassuming way that is very affecting, and must arouse the community to a sense of the prevalence

and enormity of this vice. An Anti-Gambling society has been formed in this city as one result of his labors, upon the basis of a pledge, similar in its principle to that great and blessed agent in promoting the Temperance Reformation. Indeed the two vices, Intemperance and Gambling, are very closely allied, and we trust that their hydra-heads will both be crushed. We hope the attention of our young men will be awakened to this subject; that all good and true citizens, lovers of humanity, of society, and of God, will join the Anti-Gambling society, and rally around Mr. Green, and give him their countenance and support. Let a voice like that which was lifted up against Intemperance, be lifted up against this evil; and a strong and effectual arm be stretched out to crush it! Mr. Green has put into our hands a little book containing his own history, which we may notice at some future time, and make further remarks upon this interesting and important subject.

REVISION OF THE WORK OF THE ORDER.

OUR readers have perceived by our condensed report of the doings of the G. L. U. S. in our last number, that a Committee has been appointed to revise the work of the Order. We do most heartily rejoice at this, and we are sure that there are many who rejoice with us. We hardly know of one who does not feel as we do. Bro. Ford hails the movement as the breaking of a glorious dawn. It is surely a most important one. Every one must see this. Only let the work be done wisely, thoroughly, permanently.

Dedication of Odd Fellows' Hall.—The Dedicatory Ceremonies were attended to on Thursday evening last, in the New Hall recently fitted up by the Odd Fellows of this town on Central street. The Lodge was opened by a few remarks from D. G. Master E. Francis, and singing the opening ode, after which prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Br. Charles G. Chase. Then followed an Address by Past Grand S. H. Parker, which was listened to with the most profound attention by a large assembly of brothers from the Lodges in this vicinity, and larger number of ladies who had been invited to be present on the occasion. The address was chaste and elegantly written, delivered in an eloquent manner, and was highly acceptable and pleasing. The Dedicatory Ceremonies, which were solemn, impressive and interesting, were performed by the following brethren: E. Francis, D. G. Master; C. H. Elliott, G. Marshall; S. H. Parker, G. Guardian; and J. H. Smith, Past Grand. The several performances by the Choir were well executed, and the whole exercises passed off in a manner highly creditable to the Order. — *Dover (N. H.) Gazette.*

☞ WECOHANET LODGE, No. 3, at Dover, N. H., will hold in future its regular meetings on Thursday evenings instead of Monday.

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE regular quarterly session of this body will be holden at Covenant Hall, in this city, on Thursday, the 7th inst. Time of meeting, 9 o'clock, A. M.

SHORT ARTICLES.

WE crave again of our correspondents short, pithy articles. Essays, arguments, facts, let us have them. Something that the eye can take in in a few minutes, but that the mind will retain a great while. Something that will fill only a page, but is worth a volume. Will not our call be heeded?

NEW VOLUME.

IN order to commence the next volume of the Symbol in January, we shall publish two numbers in November and two in December. — By doing this our subscribers will receive their whole complement of numbers for the year. We do this, as we think it much better to begin a volume with the year than in March, at which time our present volume would expire in the regular course of publication. Subscribers, therefore, holding receipts for the year ending March, 1845, will of course understand that the time for which they have paid, ends with No. 12 of the present volume.

[W. G. Master NORRIS will please accept our thanks for the following notices received at his hands for publication. We shall always esteem it a great favor to be advised of the institution of new Lodges, and as "one good turn deserves another," we hope Bro. Norris will often favor us with such articles and information relative to the Order, as he may deem interesting.]

R. W. P. G. Master. E. H. Chapin :

I wish to inform our brothers of the Order, through the excellent periodical of which you are Editor, that on September 30th ult, assisted by M. W. D. G. Master, N. A. Thompson, and other Grand Officers, I instituted a Lodge at Milford, Ms., hailed by the name of *Tisquantum Lodge*, No. 46. The following are the names of the officers elect: Rev. J. Davis, N. G., — — —, V. G., Hiram Hunt, Sec'y., N. C. Underwood, Treas. These brothers are among the leading citizens of the town. *Thirty* were initiated that evening under the direction of the deputation from the G. L., and twelve more proposed for membership.

On the 10th Oct. ult., *Macedonian Lodge*, No. 47, was instituted at

Lexington. Its future meetings will be held at Bedford, Ms. The following are the officers elect for the ensuing term: Wm. N. Read, N. G., Joseph Phelps, V. G., S. Lawrence, Sec'y., W. H. —, Treas. We were assisted by D. G. M. Thompson, S. Jenkins, W. G. W., A. J. P. Whitcomb, G. Marshal, and P. G. A. W. Pollard, acting G. Secretary.

Norfolk Lodge, No. 48, was instituted. The installation of officers took place at Odd Fellow's Hall, Roxbury. D. G. M. Thompson officiated as presiding officer, and was assisted by the G. Sec'y, W. and Marshal. This Lodge will hereafter hold its meetings at Dorchester. Officers elect — Joseph Whitaker, N. G., Thomas W. Capen, V. G., J. W. Follansbee, Sec'y, Geo. Dodge. Treas.

Yours, respectfully,
THOS. F. NORRIS.

Progressive Increase of the Order in the United States from 1840 to 1844, inclusive.

	<i>Initiations.</i>	<i>Revenue.</i>	<i>Lodges.</i>	<i>Members.</i>	<i>Relief.</i>
1840,	3343	\$59,298 79	155	11,166	\$8,044 00
1841,	6822	115,878 11	199	17,854	18,551 70
1842,	7836	163,719 71	265	24,160	43,435 83
1843,	8749	191,635 22	352	30,043	66,863 17
1844,	13,486	292,250 00	466	44,627	79,928 78
Total,	31,236	\$822,781 83	1437	127,850	\$216,823 48
	Illinois, Tennessee, Texas,	} not included.			

LITERARY NOTICES.

Neal's Saturday Gazette and Ladies' Museum: Philadelphia.

We have received three numbers of a new weekly paper entitled as above, and edited by Joseph R. Neal, Esq., the well known author of "Charcoal Sketches," and recently editor of the *Pennsylvanian*. If Mr. Neal's pre-eminent qualifications for the particular enterprize which he has marked out for himself could be held by any one as problematical, a perusal of the three numbers which have appeared would clear up all doubts in that particular. There is a raciness and individuality about all Mr. Joseph Neal's mirthful efforts which is not surpassed even by his great eastern namesake, John. The *Gazette*, so far, has proved itself to be one of the best weekly newspapers in the United States.

The Covenant and Official Magazine.

The October number has come to hand. It contains the annual reports of the G. Sire and G. Secretary, a synopsis of the late proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the

U. S., together with other interesting and valuable matter. In the present number notice is given of the discontinuance of the Official Magazine after the first of December next, as per vote of the G. Lodge. The committee appointed to dispose of the publication, have given notice that proposals will be received at the office of the G. Corresponding Secretary, till the 15th of November instant, for the purchase of the same. There are one or two things connected with the disposition of the Covenant, that appears a little too one-sided to us. It is required of the purchaser to "publish the Covenant—in the form heretofore accepted—at his own risk and expense."—It seems to us no more than right that a publisher should issue his work in whatever "form" he preferred, whether it be the "Covenant" or or any thing else. The committee also state that "*all selected or original matter before being published, must be submitted to, and approved by, the Grand Corresponding Secretary.*"—We always supposed it was left optional with a proprietor to employ such assistance in the management of his work as he may deem advisable; but it appears in this case, that whoever purchases the "Covenant," Bro. Ridgley,—whose qualifications for the office have been fully tested and which none will doubt,—must have complete supervision of all matter before published! We do not see, therefore, that the purchaser is much at liberty to do as he wishes in the matter, other than publishing the work "at his own risk and expense!"—P.

The Independent Odd Fellow.

We have received the October number of this work, and from a mere glance should judge it to be an excellent number. Take it, reader, and judge for yourself.

The Golden Rule.

This weekly publication devoted to Odd Fellowship, is regularly received. It is conducted with ability, and deserves a liberal patronage from the members of the Order. Terms, two dollars per year. Bros. Stewart & Houel, Publishers, New York.

The Ark, and Odd Fellow's Monthly Magazine.

We received just as our Magazine was going to press, the October number of this periodical. From a hasty glance of its contents, we should judge it to be, like its predecessors, an excellent number. We are happy to learn that Bros. Blair & Glenn have decided to continue the publication of the Ark. It is a valuable work, and we sincerely hope our Western brethren will liberally bestow their patronage upon a work that labors so faithfully for the good of the Order.

MARRIED.

In this city, Thursday evening, Sept. 26th, at the Fifth Universalist Church, by Rev. Bro. O. A. Skinner, Bro. Geo. C. Davis, of Pacifick Lodge, to Miss Elisabeth Low, all of this city.

[Bro. Low and lady will please accept our thanks for the large slice of cake that accompanied the above notice. After all, we bachelor printers have a pretty good share of the *sweets* of matrimony. Our warmest wishes are with the happy couple for their future prosperity and happiness.]

On Sunday morning, Oct. 7th, by Rev. Mr. Neale, Bro. Alexander R. Murray, of Franklin Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth J. Farrell, all of this city.

DIED,

In this city, Oct. 6th, Mrs. Ellen C. Stone, wife of Bro. David Stone, of Tremont Lodge, aged 22.

In Thomaston, (Me.,) 15th ult., Mrs. Deborah P. Cilley, widow of the Hon. Jonathan Cilley, aged 35.

☞ The communication from Bro. T. C. Savory was not received in season for publication in our present number. It will appear in our next.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

- GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—Hes'h Prince, G C P. Newell A Thompson, G H P. Tho's Barr, G S W. Nath'l Y Culbertson, G J W. Caleb C Hayden, G Scribe. Raymond Cole, G Treasurer, MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Wm Ellison, CP; A P Cleverly, HP; L M Smith, SW; J B Mullen, JW; Edwin Adams, Scribe; Nath'l S Prince, Treas'r.
- TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.**—George L Montague, CP. Edw'd W Howe, HP. Jos B Frost, SW. J H Woodward, JW. E F Follansbee, Scribe. Geo Norton, Treas.
- MINOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.**—John Vaughtan, CP; Josiah H Russell, HP, Jesse P Patee, S W; Woodman C Currier, JW; Duncan Macfarlane, Scribe; Ichabod Fessenden, Treas.
- TON, SW; Ithamar W Beard, Scribe; Solomon D Emerson, Treas.; Nathan B. Favor, JW.**
- MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT No 4**—Francis M Kittredge, CP; Job H Cole, HP; Anson Hunting-Bunker Hill ENCAMPMENT, No 5.—Isaac C Cushing, CP. N P Brooks, HP. Wm Caban, SW.—Justin Jones, JW. Joseph Burrill, Scribe, Ashbel Wait, Treas.
- MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.**—Brewster Reynolds, CP. Jos Newmarch, HP. Cha's D Strong, SW. Daniel Hall, JW. Cha's Sampson, Scribe. Cha's H White, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE**—Tho's F Norris, MWGM: Newell A Thompson, RWDGM: Solon Jenkins, RWGW; W E Parmenter, RWG Sec'y; Heskiah Prince, RWG Treas'r; Jno McLeish, RWG Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE.**—Newell A Thompson, DM; Elmer Seaver, ADM; E W Bumstead, DADM; Thatcher Beal, PG; I P Clark, VG; Wm B May, Sec'y; Cha's Siders, Treas.
- MAVERICK DEGREE LODGE**—Wm H Calfow, DM, Geo H Plummer, ADM; Wm S Howard, DADM; Sumner F. Barrett, PG; Geo W Morrill, VG; E M Cunningham, Sec'y; J Barker, Treas.
- WARREN DEGREE LODGE—Roxbury**—A J P Whitcomb, DM; E G Scott, ADM; B F Campbell, DA DM; W J Twombly, PG; Ira Allen, VG; James Anson, Sec'y.
- MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.**—Sam'l Prince, NG; L M Smith, VG; Alfred B Ely, Rec. Sec'y; A P Cleverly, Per Sec'y, R M Baker, Treasurer. A P Cleverly, Chaplain.
- SILAM, No. 2.**—Eben'r Saver, NG; E. M. P. Wells, VG; Wm. H. Kelley, Rec. Sec'y; John McLellan, Per. Sec'y; Wm. N. Melcher, Treas; E. M. P. Wells, Chaplain; G. N. Thompson, Physician.
- NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.**—Gardner R Welch, NG; Elbridge G Brooks, VG; Barnabas Binney, Sec'y; Jas C Nute, Treas. Elbridge G Brooks, Chaplain.
- MERRIMAC, No. 7.**—Alex'r Green, PG, John Wright, NG; John Taft, VG; Dan'l McLennan Secretary; A. Green, Treas'r.
- SUFFOLK, No. 8.**—E F Follansbee, NG; Sam'l K Lothrop, VG; Gilman D Colburn, Rec Sec'y A S Wheeler, Per. Sec'y.
- CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 9.**—J M Durgin, NG; Jos. Kelly, VG; W B Randolph, Rec Sec'y; E H Smith, Per Sec'y; Sumner Young, Treas.
- ORIENTAL, No. 10.**—Geo. Alexander Smith, NG; Harlos Whiting, Jr, VG; Jas R Gardiner, Rec Sec'y; Jacob H. Hathorne, Per Sec; Sam'l G Andrews, Treas.
- MECHANIC, No. 11.**—Chas G Giles, NG; Wm H Clemence, VG; Geo R Rowe, Rec Sec'y; Henry S Orange, Per Sec'y; Asa Hildreth, Treas. Edward A Rice, Chaplain.
- BETHEL, No. 12.**—Duncan Macfarlane, NG; Josiah H Russell, VG; Woodman C Currier, Rec Sec; Ralph W Newton, Per Sec'y; John B Hartwell, Treas.
- NAZARENE No. 13.**—Henry Lyon, NG; Elisha Sturtevant, VG; George E Winslow, Sec'y; Chas A Stevens, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.**—Wm Caban, NG; N Y Culbertson, VG; H B Sargent, Rec Sec; Sam'l Rhoades, Per Sec; E H Chapin, Chaplain.
- TREMONT, No. 15.**—Wm English, NG; Geo Kurtz, VG; Sidney A Stetson, Rec Sec'y; S D Willis, Per Sec'y; Levi Wilkins, Treas. F T Gray, Chaplain.
- COVENANT, No. 16.**—A P Richardson, NG; R W Lord, VG; L H Bradford, Rec Sec'y; Wm Rogers Per. Sec'y; C E King, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.**—Augustus L. Barrett, NG.; Jona Kimball, VG; Chas Foster, Sec'y; Solomon Cruse, Treas; Wm Tozer, Chaplain.
- WARREN, No. 18**—Win J Twombly, NG. Benj. F Campbell, VG. James Anderson, Sec'y. E G Scott, Treas. Daniel Leach, Chaplain.
- MONUMENT, No. 19.**—George Stearns, NG; Loring S Pierce, VG; Abel E Bridge, Sec'y; Horatio Wellington, Treas.
- FRIENDSHIP, No. 20.**—Enoch J Titcomb; Stephen P Greenwood, VG; Francis Tukey, Rec. Sec'y; Tho's B G Messenger, Per Sec'y; Hosea Jewell, Treas.
- FIDELITY, No. 21.**—James Howarth, NG; Geo. H. Kittredge, VG; John H Clark, Sec'y; William S-Mariand, Treas.
- HOWARD, No. 22.**—Tho's R B Edmonds, NG. Henry Conn, VG. C Rand, Sec'y. J H Scott, Treas.
- FRANKLIN, No. 23.**—R P Barry, NG; J Martin, VG; N M Phillips, Rec Sec; Andrew M McPhail, Jr., Per Sec'y; J Allen, Treas. J McCollam, Chaplain. A B Watson, Physician.
- WINNISSIMMET, No. 24.**—John Lothrop, NG, Samuel Cleland, VG. Jno F Fonno, Jr, Sec'y. Wm R Pearmin, Treasurer. G W Otis, Chaplain.
- BOSTON, No. 25.**—Geo C Rand NG; Ezra Mudge, VG; Tho's Green, Rec Sec'y; A Reid, Per Sec'y; Sam'l Vaughan, Treas; Abel Stevens, Chaplain; E O Phinney, Physician.
- ESSEX, No. 26.**—Adrian Low, NG; Warren G Rayner, VG; Amory Holbrook, Rec Sec'y; Gardner Barton, Per. Sec'y; Richard Lindsey, Treas.
- HAMPDEN, No 27.**—James M Thompson, NG. Josiah Hunt, VG. Francis Cummins, Secretary.—Albert C Cole, Treasurer.

- OBERLIN, No. 23.—John O M Ladd, NG; Richard G Colby, V G; Ithamar W Beard, Sec'y; Olcott Pierce, Treas. Darius Forbes, Chaplain.
- COLUMBIAN, No. 29.—Lyman Dike, NG; Jos B Kittridge, VG; Solon Dike, Sec'y; Jonathan Hay, Treas.
- BETHESDA, No. 30.—Charles Smith, NG; John A Harris, VG; Joshua B Holman, Rec Sec'y; Joseph Winsor, Jr, Per Sec'y; A M Holden, Treas. J H Clinch, Theo, D Cook, Chaplains.
- LAFAYETTE, No. 31.—B. Snow, NG; N Howard, VG; J Gould, Sec'y; A Cole, Treas. Emmons Patridge, Chaplain.
- ANCIENT LANDMARK, No. 32.—Wm Parkman, NG; Joseph Moriarty, VG; C Barton Whittemore, Rec Sec'y; Sam'l Gould, Per Sec'y; Smith W Nichols, Trs; Jno Woart, Chaplain; Jos Moriarty, Phy.
- MONTZUMA, No. 33.—Cha's Eastham, NG. William Ellison, VG. Jno Bell, Rec. Sec'y. Harvey Lincoln, Per Sec'y. Cha's C Hurd, Treas. — Lovejoy, Chaplain.
- HOPE, No. 34.—Nathan Porter, NG; Jonathan M Wheeler, VG; Jas A Smith, Treas; N A Eddy, Sec'y.
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LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Grand Encampment, semi-annually, Boston, on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.

Mount Washington Encampment, No. 6, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.

Menotomy Encampment, No. 3, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Mumomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Winthrop Hall, Monday.

Shawmut, No. 37, do. do. Tuesday.

Montezuma, No. 33, do do Wednesday.

Pacific, 42, do do Thursday.

Franklin, 23, do do Friday.

Tremont No. 15, Encampment Hall, Wednesday.

Ancient Landmark, 32, do do Monday.

Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tuesday.

Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.

Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.

Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.

Boston, 25, do do Friday.

Union Degree, 1, do Saturday

New England, 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
 Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
 Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
 Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
 Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts.,
 Monday.
 Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.
 Merrimac, 7, Lowell, Monday.
 Mechanics', 11, " Friday.
 Overlin, 23, " Tuesday.
 Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
 Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
 Warren Deg. Lodge, do. " semi-monthly, 2d & 4th Fridays.
 Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
 Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.
 Fidelity, 21, Andover, Bank Hall, Thursday.
 Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
 Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
 Hampden, 27, Springfield, Thursday.
 Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.
 Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.
 Maverick Degree, do do do do do Thursday.
 Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday.
 Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.
 Hope, 34, Methuen, Eagle Hall, Wednesday.
 Prospect, 35, Waltham, Thursday.
 Souhegan, 38, South Reading, Monday.
 Quasacuncquen, 39, Newburyport, Friendship Hall, Thursday.
 Bay State, 40, Lynn, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.
 Acushnet, 41, New Bedford, Wednesday.
 Quinsigamond, 43, Worcester, Monday.
 King Philip Lodge, 44, Taunton, Tuesday.
 Framingham, 45, Framingham.
 Tisquantum, 46, Milford.
 Macedonian, 47, Bedford.
 Norfolk, 48, Dorchester.

Maine.

Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
 Eastern Star Encampment, 2, Portland, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Sagamore Encampment, 2, Augusta, 1st and 3d Thursdays of each month.
 Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland, quarterly.
 Union Degree, 1, do. Union st., Tuesday.
 Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, do. " " Thursday.
 Ligonias, 5, do. " " Saturday.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.
 Sabbattis, 6, Augusta.
 Cushnoc, 14, "
 Penobscot, 7, Bangor, Wednesday.
 Kenduskeag, 12, " Monday.
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Natahnis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath, Monday.
 Pejepscot, 13, Brunswick, Thursday.
 Cushnoc, 14, Augusta.
 Passagassawakeag, 15, Belfast, Wednesdays.
 Hobomok, 16, Bath.
 Orono, 18, Orono, Odd Fellow's Hall, Mill st., Saturday.
 Harrison, 20, Harrison, Friday.

Rhode Island.

Narraganset Encampment, 1, Providence, 25 Market st., 2d and 4th Fird
 Grand Lodge, " quarterly.
 Friendly Union, 1, Providence, 25 Market st. Thursday.
 Eagle, 2, do., cor. Broad and Pawtuxet sts. Wednesday
 Hope, 4, do., " " " " Monday.
 Roger Williams, 3, North Main street, Tuesday.

Connecticut.

Grand Encampment, New Haven, semi-annually.
 Grand Lodge, New Haven, semi-annually; 2d Wednes July and Jan'y.
 Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
 Oriental Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Unity Encampment, No. 4, New London, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
 Grand Lodge, New Haven, quarterly.
 Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, Wednesday.
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.
 Ousatonick, 6, Derby, Monday.
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Saturday.
 Thames, 9, New London, Monday.
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk, "
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.
 Central, 12, Middletown, Tuesday.
 Charity, 13, Lower Mystic.

New Hampshire.

Grand Lodge, Concord, semi annually.
 Nashoon Encampment, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, every other Friday.
 Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tuesday.
 Hillsboro, 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall, Tuesday.
 Wecohamet, 3, Dover, Thursday.
 Washington, 4, Great Falls, Friday.
 White Mountain, 5, Concord, Athenaeum Hall, Friday.
 Piscataqua, 6, Portsmouth, Monday.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

MASSACHUSETTS.—T. R. B. Edmonds, Charlestown; A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell; Duncan Macfarlane, W. Cambridge; John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge; Rev. Wm. Tozer, Malden; Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village; E. H. Smith, Woburn; Albert W. Bryant, East Lexington; Wm. Monroe, Chelsea; Adrian Low, Salem; R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport; J. M. Southwick & Co., Roxbury; A. Langley, Stoneham; Charles F. Wilson, Worcester, 69 Main st.; H. T. Crofoot, Newburyport; F. S. Monroe, Taunton.

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RHODE ISLAND.—J. W. Root, 41 Market st., Providence; C. C. Shute, No. 53 Westminster st., Providence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Wm. Walker, Jr., Concord.

CONNECTICUT.—Safford & Park, Norwich; Charles Ball, New Haven; Orrin F. Smith, New London.

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JOS. B. FROST, of this city, is authorised to act as our Agent.

DAVID ROBINSON, Jr., Portland, General Agent for Maine.

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THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE,

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NO. X.

LABOR AND INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

Honor to the worker—to the toiler—to him who produces, and not alone consumes—to him who puts forth his hand to the treasure-heap of human comforts, and not alone to take away. . . . Honor to the strong muscle and the manly nerve, and the resolute and brave heart! Honor to the sweaty brow and to the toiling brain! Honor to the great and beautiful offices of humanity—to manhood's toil and woman's task—to parental industry, to maternal watching and uneasiness—to teaching wisdom and patient learning—to the brow of care that presides over the state, and to many-handed labor that toils in the work-shops and fields beneath its sacred and guardian sway!—ORVILLE DEXTER.

LABOR is a portion of man's lot. The earth is spread out around him, broad and goodly, and filled with life and beauty. But, to possess and enjoy its treasures, he must put forth action—*action*. His harvest of bread will not spring up spontaneously from the soil, nor his habitation arise by enchantment, like the palace of Aladdin. His raiment must be won and woven by skilful toil, and his meat obtained by the diligent hand of industry. He cannot, it is true, make a simple seed, or create one rood of land, and these are surely necessary to the harvest, but those things which he cannot obtain by labor are kindly prepared and given him by his Maker.

But all that he *can* perform he *must*, and through the means of his toil only, shall his wants be gratified. He must use the plough, and cleave the earth, and lay open the furrow, and deposit the seed and attend to its growth, and nourish it agreeably to its nature, and the rest will God do. He has provided those alchemies in the bosom of the earth—those mysterious principles which unfold and develop the germ, and send up the plant—and He will distribute the gushing shower and the warm sunshine.

Labor, then, either of the body or the mind, is necessary to the well-being and existence of humanity. We say of the *mind*, for mental toil may pass as an equivalent for physical industry, and is not, therefore, an exception to our rule. But it is, in this place, of *physical* labor that we would speak. This, most surely, occupies a vast and wide-spread portion of the family of man. Look abroad in the world, and behold in how many forms its inhabitants are employed in busy and laborious action. On the fertile and sunny hill-sides, in the fair green fields of the vallies, on the shores of the great sea, on the bosom of the waters, and even down in their gorgeous depths, is man—active and working man—putting forth his energies upon the eternal principles of production and gain, filling the universal earth with the murmur of business, and rearing all around him the monuments of his toil. And, narrowing our vision to civilized lands, we behold, moreover, the smoke of furnaces and the glitter of merchandize—the gallant ship with her snowy sails quivering in the wind, and her bright prow cleaving the ocean-foam, laden with silks of Shiraz and spices from “Araby the blest;” and the rapid steam-car on its track bearing men numerous as an army to and from the marts of barter and of sale. We hear the tumult of an ever-moving multitude, the clangor of anvils and the thunder of looms, proclaiming the wide-spread dominion of earnest and eager industry. To such a land as this—to our own land—and especially to its active young men, are our succeeding remarks addressed.

We say, then, *labor*—for labor in our country and at the present day, is noble. It is one of the vital springs which keep in motion the life and spirit of the age, and all through the land are its mighty and everlasting triumphs. The most glorious monuments of our country are its trophies, and some of its richest treasures have been bestowed upon it by “the strong muscle and the manly nerve.” In its fields, its workshops, its public marts, and out upon the great deep, are some of its truest and noblest sons. The bondage of the feudal ages is broken, and the names of serf and villein are no longer applied to those who work “in the sweat of their brows.” The stigma *now* lies upon him, who, whatever may be his station or his circumstances, is content to bear the character of drone and vagabond. The effect which the revolutions of the last four centuries have produced, has been not only to give freedom to men, but to throw clear light upon certain broad and eternal principles; or, perhaps we speak more properly, when we say that the light which certain principles shed upon men produced those revolutions. One of these principles, is “the nobility of labor.” The superiority which he possesses, who is master of full granaries and teeming harvests, who stands up untrammelled upon his own broad acres, and who labors under the bright sun and in the open air, the superiority which *he* possesses over the throned and regal slave, the jewelled minion of the great, or the parasite who lolls in the palaces of kings. To draw our own resources directly from the bosom of earth, or by any other means of personal labor to *claim*, as it were, an adequate return, is far more noble (inasmuch as freedom is nobler than slavery) than to be dependent on the breath of popularity

or the smile of power. The marks of toil — the swollen sinew and the swarthy brow — are badges more honorable than the dented armor and laurel crowned locks of the victor.

In accordance with the spirit of the age, and upon a conviction of these truths, our countrymen seem to have acted ; and few they are, in all the compass of our land, who, in one way or another, do not labor. The pride of titled descent and the lofty memories of yore, are lost in this our good republic, and all ranks and degrees engage in busy action, making the country to be, what I think a traveller has called it, "one vast workshop." Its marts and wharves, its towns and hamlets, its fields and highways, its every nook and corner, are filled with eager and bustling industry. Labor is the health and life of our land, and although foreign sarcasm and cockney wit may sneer at our assiduity in the acquirement of "dollars and cents," we hail the spirit evinced, so that it absorb not wholly the mind and sear the heart, as a portion of our fame and a happy effect of our popular and free institutions. We would increase the influence of our national name, blood-bought and already mighty in the earth ; but we may not build up our reputation by the lustre of our arms and the spoils of conquest ; so we gather the produce of our toil — the rewards of our honest industry — and pile them up above the bones of our ancestors, and side by side with the monuments of their glory.

Such is the tribute that we pay to labor, but such the reader will perceive, by glancing at our caption, was not the only object of this article. We said, but now, that labor was a portion of our fame. It will be seen that we qualified the expression, making it dependant upon the fact that this general devotion to business did not absorb other and nobler principles. There *are* other and nobler principles, even than labor, to be cultivated — there are other trophies which we should place beside the mementoes of our fame, and from which will beam our brightest splendor. These principles are the intellectual and moral faculties, and those trophies the results which will follow their lofty and expansive development. This should be continually before the eye of the nation as its great end, and the means of wealth and the influence of power should be employed for the attainment of this supreme object. Surely, we were not born, merely to give the nations lessons of liberty, and to set them a bright example of honest and unwearied industry. It was not for this only, we trust, that after the lapse of long dark ages of ignorance and oppression, our goodly heritage arose, throne-like and beaming with morning light from the sea — it has not been hallowed by pilgrim prayers and moistened with patriot-blood, *only* to be the mountain-home of freedom and the domain of strong-armed toil ! No ! we hope for it, an elevation higher even than this proud eminence — an intellectual and a moral elevation — without which true liberty and honorable toil cannot exist. We wish to teach the nations a *knowledge* better than could have been bestowed by Greece in its brightest day, when poetry burned on all its altars, and philosophy poured out its richest libations at the shrine of the ancient wisdom — to show them the strength of a *power* mightier than ever brooded upon the banners of the triumphant and kingly Roman.

And this knowledge and power will be attained by us, if we progress towards that object, which, we have already said, should be continually kept in view.

There is danger, much danger, that we lose sight of this important end. There is danger that, engaged in the perplexities of trade and drawn aside by the attractions of pecuniary interest, we forsake the more elevated path and degenerate into a nation of mere traffickers and seekers after wealth, forgetting the noble triumph which we might obtain, forgetting our better natures, and grovelling to Mammon. These are melancholy thoughts, yet who will say that there is not reason for them? Let the reader of this, glance over the history of these few years past, and in the golden bubbles, the dreams of speculation, the mad games of hazard, and struggles after wealth, the annals of which are recorded there, let him tell us if he finds no reason for such thoughts! Now, all will admit that there are no influences more corrupting to the higher faculties of the mind, than those passions which are chained to low and earthly lusts, and when our labor is merely put forth for the purpose of acquiring riches, then it is that we shall be branded with a *stigma* when we are denominated a nation of toilers — then it is that labor, perverting many of its uses, will have lost its true nobility.

There is another evil result into which such a condition of things might flow, and that is a state of pampered and enervating luxury. A time when the memory of "the Pyrrhic phalanx" is lost, while "the Pyrrhic dance" remains — a time when the spirit of lofty deeds stirs no pulse of the universal heart, and when even the fields lie waste, and the strong energies of labor are dissolved in the effeminacy of sloth and the revelries of the banquet — a time for moral pollution to darken and blight the land, and a time, moreover, for some iron race to rush in upon us with destruction, while the finger, either of sorrowing friendship or triumphant scorn, writes upon all the crumbling pillars of our strength — "*Glory departed!*"

We do not use this language in a spirit of evil foreboding for our country. We merely describe the effects of an all-absorbing devotion to physical labor and in the pursuit of riches. We only point out the breakers and whirlpools which lie in the course of the future. For ourselves, prompted by strong and ardent hope, we look to a brighter result. The old republics which have arisen and flourished and passed away, are not, to us, the prototypes of this; and, although others may turn to their ruins and shake their heads and draw therefrom an evil omen, from the age in which we live and the different circumstances under which we are placed, we augur a different destiny. — There are manifestations and movements in the land, which encourage and strengthen our hope. Systems of intellectual improvement and plans of moral reform are establishing and developing themselves far and wide; schools and universities, lyceums and debating societies, are rising in every direction; and the murmurs that thrill the universal air around us, are those of a mighty people, going forth in the light of their morning beauty, onward and upward, and from strength to strength. These things, with the power of the many tongued

press, and, above all, the ever-living influence of the Bible, are distinguishing characteristics of our country, and the harbingers and safeguards of its noon-day and unfading glory.

Intellectual and moral excellence, then, being necessary to the welfare of our country, we appeal, in this article, to the laboring and industrious young men of the land, to put forth diligently their aid in deepening and increasing these influences. And although the attainment of the latter excellence is indeed the supreme object, the former is highly important, and it is in reference to that, especially, we speak at this time. We say, then, improve the means which lie around you for intellectual cultivation. Whatever may be your condition and circumstances, let not the plea of hard labor and confinement, prevail with you to the exclusion of those claims which the mind has upon every man. Consider, that in your hands, it may be, rest the destinies of our country. You compose the generation which is fast coming into effectual action in the public arena; to you appertains the consideration of this subject, for your impulse may give a character and a bias to this vast nation which will affect it down through all the coming years of its existence. This is a serious reflection, and as true as it is serious, and it may not be lightly thrust aside by a single individual to whom it is addressed. Are you, reader, of the class specified in the introduction to this appeal? If you are, duty binds you to act upon it, for, no matter what may be your peculiar station in life, you have an influence which may be employed to a good or an evil effect upon not only your own interests, but those of your country. — You have hours of relaxation, which afford you not only time for necessary recreation, but also proper opportunities for intellectual improvement. Do not, then, we earnestly entreat of you, spend them in useless folly, idle pleasure, or, worse than all, in injurious and sinful dissipation! There are means around you, many and efficient — lyceums, debating societies, books, pamphlets, and journals — which are easily and cheaply obtained, and we say to you again, use them, diligently use them, for your own good improvement and for the welfare of the nation; not absorbing all your faculties in business, or weakening them in reckless and momentary amusement. Were you called upon to defend your country from the invader, on the perilous frontier or in the tented field, you would rise up instantly and ardently at the summons — were you aware that your vote at the polls would have an important bearing upon the political interests of your State, or the nation, you would eagerly rush to the ballot-boxes — but, your intellectual improvement may have a vital effect upon deep and lasting and national results, and we trust that a love for the true glory and the future honor of your own, your native land, will incite you to vigorous and unceasing action. To convince you of its tendency to promote your own happiness and excellence, you need no argument. Glance your eye over the map of the world, and read in the degrees of light which mark its tribes and races, their several gradations of mental superiority; and then apply this fact to individual cases, and be guided by the result.

We respond to the eloquent sentiments expressed in the quotation

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at the head of our article. We say, also, "honor to the worker" — to those, who away down in the obscurity of their stations, or in the far, lone places of our land — to those, every where, in all its turmoil and its strife — who put forth their strong arms and their unwearied energies, to the varied and blessed operations of toil. "Honor to the worker," for it is, indeed, his due, and he demands a loftier trophy than was ever wreathed among the shields of haughty victors or strewn in the paths of triumphal chariots! Ay, let man toil, for toil is noble, and the station of those, even of the rich, who use it not, is unenviable. Hands that have struck the proudest blow for freedom, and have opened the widest for the distressed, and have been ever lifted for the just and the right — such hands have guided the bright reaping-hook, and wielded the ponderous sledge, and moved the swift shuttle. Let man toil, for labor is pleasant, too, and beautiful are the spots of earth where toil has been, and it is filled with the magnificence and triumph which toil has wrought. The hill-sides glow with fruitage, the harvest smiles along by the flowing waters, and the city lifts its glorious pinnacles to the sun. Let man toil, for toil is necessary. The poor man must labor, even though the "beaded sweat" pour down like rain, and his hard hands ache with their work. His hearth-fire will burn the brighter for it, his bread be the more abundant, and the laughter of his ruddy little ones will cheer his homeward coming. Let man toil, for it is a circumstance and condition of his being — all must toil, with the body or the mind, if they would be men. Let him toil, then — but let him view labor only as a *means*, not an end; and even when his form is bowed to the earth and he moves intent upon his task, let his soul possess a vision which reaches beyond the stars.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

A voice as of the softly-breathing lute is heard,
 A voice of ever-living music sweet,
 It comes in every softly-whisper'd word,
 When Friendship, Love and Truth together meet.

There comes a thought to bless misfortune's child,
 A holy thought that's given by hands divine,
 It dwells not mid excitement's tempest wild;
 The heart 's where Friendship, Love and Truth combine.

There is a hope that glows within the breast,
 'Tis not of earth, though on the earth 'tis given;
 It springs from promise of eternal rest,
 Where Friendship, Love and Truth all reign in heaven.

'Tis there, when life is o'er, its labor's done,
 In joyful spring-time of immortal youth,
 We 'll hope to meet our brothers, all as one,
 And sing for aye, of Friendship, Love and Truth. — J. H. S.

Olive Branch.

Original.

THE ISLAND WHERE MY PARENTS DWELL.

BY MAGGY.

THE following lines were written by a daughter of the lone and barren isle of Mount Desert, who is now a resident of the beautiful village of Pigeon-Cove at Rockport, Cape Ann. They were not intended for the public eye, but accidentally came into possession of a friend of mine during a short residence at the Cove, who, struck with their poetical beauty, traced their fraternity, and, unknown to the fair author, requested me to procure their insertion in the *Symbol*. — W. E. P. H.

My spirit views a sunny isle,
With here and there a scattered cot ;
A picture to my heart more dear
This world hath not, this world hath not.

I see it often in my dreams,
Or when, with fancy light and free
I rove ; for oh ! that sunny isle
Is far from me, is far from me.

At twilight, by the rocky shore,
My dreamings to the waves I tell ;
The waves I love, for well I know
They round it swell, they round it swell.

I do not know that summer flowers
There grow by cottage door and tomb —
Indeed I do not know that there
They ever bloom, they ever bloom.

Nor do I know that Friendship's tokens
Are sweet and bright, as always here ;
But well I know that home is home
However drear, however drear.

Yes, lone and bare that isle may be,
Yet can I love it quite as well,
For, stranger, on that distant isle
My parents dwell — my parents dwell !

October, 1844.

Original.

OUR ORDER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

ODD Fellowship is but a simple matter, and like every other simple and disingenuous affair might be thoroughly understood and fully appreciated, did not a spirit of captious criticism in those who oppose it stand in the way. Were all the world imbued with the same sentiments of benevolence and "good will to men," as all are presumed to be who join our fraternity, there would be no necessity for its existence. But human experience has proved it to be otherwise. Therefore the necessity of such an organization, — based upon those pure, holy, natural and spontaneous impulses of the human heart, which give relief and sympathy to suffering humanity for its own sake alone. Throwing aside caste, nationality, political predilections, similarity of disposition and pursuits, and like considerations, — which form the basis of nearly all friendships, and are the main motives to all acts of benevolence in the ordinary course of human affairs and human action — Odd Fellowship adopts a higher standard of friendship and philanthropy. This is the triumphing merit of our fraternity. Divesting itself of all extraneous considerations, it goes to the work of human benevolence with "an undivided heart." The pleasing amenities, the inculcations of brotherly kindness, the precepts of justice and of honor, which are solemnly insisted upon in the obligations of the Order, and which lead to the "doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us," — are not with Odd Fellows mere words which strike the ear, or a meaningless ceremonial. What they profess in their language they are imperatively obliged to realize in their acts. Their ministrations unto suffering humanity are not

———— "Mere mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny," —

but they are the substantial palliatives to suffering, and administered with all that kindly interest and fraternal consideration which gives them a double value.

How different this from the cold and frigid methods of bestowing relief to suffering humanity which are but too frequently observed in the world. The sting of heartless formality poisoning the beneficence of the charitable intention, distorting benevolence into an irksome task, when the performance of its duties should be the desired and willing object of the human heart!

Had Odd Fellowship no other object than that of drawing into its circle of kindness and reciprocal regard many of those sensitive and

warm hearted beings who have been thrown by the isolated state of society beyond the sphere which its conventional forms have prescribed as a necessary prelude to subsequent mutual intercourse, it should, for this object alone, command the esteem of all who can discern in the sympathetic throbbings of the human heart the paternal kindness of Him who formed it. Odd Fellows' Lodges are indeed oases in the social desert which surrounds us. Men there meet in an entirely new relation; and feel an impulsive ardor in the cause of justice and benevolence which they never felt before. There is, indeed, something there to harmonize the harsh discords which but too frequently render unseemly the generous volitions of even the best of men—

“Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,”—

something which tempers natural impulses not bad in themselves, but receiving a wrong bias from their forced direction; which may be likened to harmonious spheres distorted from their orbits by the rude shocks and pointed asperities which are the natural growth of the not yet perfect social organization of human life.

The Institution of Odd Fellowship is simply the garner-house of those sacred precepts and pleasing duties which Christianity inculcates,—which have been impressed upon us in our plastic youth, but, alas, have been but too often forgotten in our maturity. It is the “pleasing remembrancer” of what we should be. Warning us to throw aside the dross of our selfish desires, and be what the Heavenly Father hath made us.

The secrecy of the Order is but an armor against deceit; an innocent device to ward off the subtleties of the evil disposed—the mere amplification of that guardedness which individual benevolence in the exercise of an enlightened philanthropy would use to protect itself from premeditated duplicity. When we speak of shielding our Institution from the corroding influences of fraud, selfishness and duplicity, we do not mean to imply that these qualities are inherent in the nature of things, and as a consequence an integral portion of human nature. No,—we have nobler ideas of humanity, and of its Creator. These unseemly manifestations, and erratic volitions, which shock the moral sense of all whose understandings and affections have been duly nourished and cultivated, are the combined result of an imperfect individual culture, and the imperfect social organization in which men, singly and collectively, find themselves placed;—moral and social evils which depend for their amelioration, upon the same mental process by which he alleviates his physical disadvantages, a study into the laws of his Creator and the mutual and hidden relations of things.

We have full faith, and hope, and trust in humanity, and believe that its progress is onward—until it reaches the highest point of moral, social, and physical perfection of which it is susceptible. And we believe that Odd Fellowship is destined to be a great and leading agency in this social revolution,—not by the dogmatic assertion of what it conceives to be right, or the violent denunciation of what i

conceives to be wrong, but by that mild yet invincible appeal to the understandings and feelings of men, which manifests in its acts the sincerity of its professions, and disarms suspicion by the singleness of its purpose and the openness of its generosity.

Original.

DUTIES OF ODD FELLOWS.

BY BRO. TALIAFERRO P. SHAFFNER, OF KENTUCKY.

EXCELLENCE of character, in the view of the world, is principally estimated from the honorable nature, or religious importance of profession, harmonizing with practice. If an individual's employment be of a public character, or in any way open to the inspection of mankind, it is expected by all, that his deportment and walk through life, shall be in conformity thereto, and if he deviates in the least, either really or apparently, or the least semblance of inconsistency should be manifested in his actions, the human heart is ready to condemn and censure, and no measured abuse is heaped upon him. A knowledge of the fact that all our actions in this world are subject to the approval or disapproval of our fellow beings, engenders in us a natural disposition to imitate the examples set us by others, whose conduct has met with general approbation. We are excited by a spirit of emulation to do right and shun wrong, always acting according to the dictates of a religious conscience, or by a spirit of a worldly ambitious character; that is, a disposition to do acts which may bring upon us praise and respect from others. This latter ambition seldom participates with the former, as its only aim is to be held up by others as superior in some respect; and often goes contrary to the dictates of a pure conscience, merely to gain popularity and esteem. The old saying, that "it is a long lane that has no turn," often proves true, for no man can pass through this world and practice this intolerable ambition for praise, without sooner or later being detected in his evil actions. He fears a close examination of his acts, and when he is forced to make known specific facts relative to certain actions, he manifests great uneasiness, and by this manifestation of fear on his countenance many are detected. But a man who always acts according to his conscience, never fears an examination of his life, but, on the contrary, he has an ardent desire to have any of his acts closely scrutinized, when he presumes there is a suspicion against his integrity; and the mind of an honest and conscientious man is always relieved by thorough examination of his character. I would here mention a circumstance which occurred not long since in the city of Boston under my own eyes, which was to me conclusive proof of the above remark. A stranger

in the city of Boston stepped into a clothing store to purchase a cloak, and after finding one to suit his taste he presented a fifty dollar bill, which had been remitted to him a few days previous from his home in the south. The proprietor of the establishment went out with it to get it changed; during his absence he ascertained that the bill was a counterfeit, he immediately found an officer and then returned to the store. The officer informed the stranger that the money was counterfeit, and wanted to know how it came in his possession, and whether he had any more. The stranger informed him that he had not any more, and stated that he had received it as a remittance from home, and solicited the officer to make an examination of his person and papers. The officer seeing his earnestness to be examined, declined, and would make no further investigation than was voluntary on the part of the stranger. The officer then requested him to refer him to some one who knew his character. The stranger was a young man, and was not known as a business man nor as a citizen, but he was known as an Odd Fellow to some of the most respectable citizens of Boston who were members of that Order. The stranger referred the officer to some of them, who gave the young man such a good character that the officer's feelings were more mortified than the stranger's. The officer bade the stranger good morning, and remarked that "a good character never loses by being investigated;" that he had "found his character to be of the best kind," and that "no one could stand higher in honesty than he did." The proprietor of the clothing store asked the stranger's pardon, told him that he was on the grand jury of the county, and that it was his duty to do as he had done, and he then earnestly solicited the stranger to call and see him, all of which was received in kindness by the stranger, and both have been upon the most friendly terms ever since.

The above circumstance not only shows the disposition of one who acts conscientiously, but shows also the utility of Odd Fellowship. What a glorious Order? A stranger innocent and in danger is rescued by a brother of the mystic tie! To be ranked as an Odd Fellow is an honor. How we should appreciate it for its great and unbounded usefulness. A stranger in a foreign land breathes his tale of sorrow, and his necessities are relieved. While we are thus blessed, how ardent each should be to act as becomes the duty of an Odd Fellow—to be an ornament to the Order and a pillar to the institution; how we should strive to maintain the dignity of our Order, to keep its character as pure as the water which gushes from the rock. The character of the institution is judged by the character of its members. The Order stands much higher in some places than it does in others, and this difference is caused by a difference in the character of its individual members. In places where the Order is in the hands of the virtuous, there it is flourishing and highly respected, but in places where it is not in the proper hands, it languishes. Therefore we should exert ourselves to maintain a good character, so that the Order may not suffer by our misconduct, as it is painful indeed to the feelings of all faithful Odd Fellows to see any of their brethren profane and violate the rules.

Every member is solemnly enjoined to be HUMANE and BENEVOLENT. These are words, it is true, of high import and of great latitude. But in acknowledging their importance, I must beg leave to add that fidelity, justice, temperance, fortitude, prudence, brotherly love, economy, and all the graces which can adorn and beautify the human character, are also most solemnly recommended and enjoined upon the Odd Fellow; and he only who acts in accordance with the above virtues is the true Odd Fellow. To be an Odd Fellow requires action. In order to be a good member, more is demanded than merely to be initiated, or to take the degrees — and unless the principles of the institution be manifested in the world, he can not, without force, act in accordance with them in the institution. The will of the individual should actuate him to the performance of noble deeds, and not the mere operation of the law. According to Sir William Blackstone, law “is a rule of action,” and the Order requires the *will* of the member to prompt him to do good deeds, and act towards his neighbor as he would his neighbor should act to him, and if he fails to be urged on by his own conscience, and acts only by the letter of the laws, he fails in an essential point to do his duty as a member of the institution; but he who acts conscientiously and in compliance with the laws, acts the part of a faithful Odd Fellow.

The mind of man, flying from object to object, with rapidity of thought, is never seriously affected except by what, in some way, engages the understanding and interests the feelings, and through this medium lies that avenue which leads directly to the heart and fastens conviction on the conscience. In Odd Fellowship, precept and example are most happily designed to harmonize, and thereby present the most powerful motives to impress on the mind the sentiments of virtue and the precepts of wisdom with a favorable prospect of success. We all know that on this ground the Lodge-room becomes emphatically a school for improvement, where man is taught the duties of life, and indeed, all the moral precepts of our holy religion. Here the candidate is instructed in the numerous relative duties of decorum, subordination, and modesty. In the discussions which naturally arise in the Lodge, each member is compelled to pay due respect to those who may differ with him, and at the same time he is taught to pay due deference to superiors, and always obedient to the mandates of the executive and auxiliary officers. The officers according either to the *lex scripta* or *lex non scripta* — of the Order, love to manifest kindness, gentleness, affability, and all that respect which is necessary to diffuse the benign principles of peace and harmony; yea, every member, whether he be an officer or not, is strictly enjoined to practice all those virtues which can render the possessor amiable and lovely in the eyes of the world.

An unjustifiable neglect, indifference, or obstinate refusal to comply with and improve instructions of this character, betrays a heart wholly inclined to malevolent designs, or a judgment fatally misguided. Means are furnished for an individual to form an excellent and an estimable character, not only to be shown in the Lodge-room, but in the world; yea! the Order demands each member to practice the virtues both in and out of the Lodge, and for any member to fail to

comply with the requisitions of the institution, violates his vows, and he proves himself to be a man without honor, or void of that self-respect which should exist in, and be exhibited by, every creature.— There are no oaths in our order, it is true; but there are implied vows or obligations which each member has to fulfil, and these obligations are to discharge faithfully *all* the lessons which are taught by the Order—remissness in this respect is reprehensible. It is hoped, therefore, that all will try and remember to be faithful that they may be pillars and ornaments to the Order, and useful members of society.

Every member is obligated to be punctual at his own Lodge-meetings—this is indispensable—yet he loses not his privileges in attending other Lodges. We are as distinct as the billows, yet one as the ocean! We are as a single company, yet as one great army.— We are as one individual family, but as a great united nation.

Due respect should be paid to the laws and rules of the Order, and a disposition to infringe in the least should not be tolerated. Some members are disposed to make the Lodge-room a place for debate, and their only pleasure seems to be to create a discussion, and thereby they throw the Lodge into their own hands—taking it from those who are more able to conduct the business in a manner which will be creditable to the cause. I have seen members endeavor to embarrass the officers of the Lodge merely because they were placed in the stations which they were holding, without their approval. In our Order the majority rules, and we promise to obey the rules of the institution; therefore it is incumbent on every brother to aid the officers in the discharge of their duties, whether they were placed in their office with or without their vote. I might enumerate various ways by which the harmony of the Lodge is destroyed, but there is not room in the present article, and I shall therefore conclude.

The more prominent features of a true Odd Fellow's character are literally marked with the highest beauties. And if such are the excellencies of our institution, and such the obligations we are under as Odd Fellows, to improve all our faculties and opportunities by forming and supporting a character pure and blameless before God and man, how circumspect should we ever be found. How scrupulous to maintain the true dignity of our profession. An habitual practice of justice, equity, truth, benevolence, charity, and sobriety, should ever appear conspicuous in our lives, shed a lustre on our actions and adorn our public and private walks. The whole tenor of life should manifestly appear to be the fruit of an honest, sincere, and upright heart. Each manly feeling of the soul should swell with those emotions of gratitude and love which meet and mingle in kindred spirits.

Such a life and conduct would draw benedictions even from the adamant heart.

Louisville, October, 1844.

Original.

REVENGE.

Concluded.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

"There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search, and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."
BYRON.

PART II.

"How awful is that hour when conscience stings
The hoary wretch, who on his death-bed hears
Deep in his soul the thundering voice that rings
In one dark, damning moment, crimes of years
And screaming like a vulture in his ears
Tells one by one his thoughts and deeds of shame;
How wild the fury of his soul careers!
His swart eye flashes with intensest flame,
And like the torture's rack the wrestling of his frame."
PERCIVAL.

TWENTY years had passed away from the commencement of my story. The events I have recorded were not forgotten, but they slept in the recollection of men.

In an old, fashioned farm-house in Maine, somewhat similar to the one in which she passed her childhood, sate Lucy Ireton in the quiet of her own chamber. The window was open and the perfume of flowers wandered in upon the soft southern air. Lucy sate at the case-ment looking out upon the broad and varied landscape that lay outspread before her. The forest stretched away in the distance, the cultivated fields were near, and winding along in a sinuous course flowed a broad river while hills rose around on every side, and bounded the horizon. Lucy Ireton retained much of the beauty of her childhood, her hair had deepened in its hue to a golden brown, but the large violet eyes were unchanged, and were still veiled by long shadowy lashes. There was a delicate color in her transparent cheek, that sometimes deepened in hue, and always varied with her varying emotions; and a chastened, subdued expression shed a charm over her gentle countenance. She sate for a long time at the window, apparently absorbed in thought, and holding lightly in her hand a little locket which was suspended from her neck by a ribbon, and which contained her mother's hair. There was at this moment an expression of deep melancholy in her countenance, and once or twice a sigh came sadly on the stillness of the air. At length she took up a small Bible that was her mother's and began to read one of the chapters in the beautiful gospel of the favorite disciple. She was almost immediately

interrupted however by a low moan and a querulous voice from an adjoining apartment, calling on her name. She arose and went quickly to the room, and speaking in a low, gentle tone, asked the invalid if he would have some drink, for he seemed feverish.

"Yes, I might die before you would come near me," was his angry reply, as with trembling hand he grasped the proffered draught.

Lucy did not reply, but gently smoothed the pillow and arranged the couch of her suffering father. Accustomed as she was to his harshness, yet she still felt keenly that all her efforts were in vain to arouse kindly feeling. With a sense of her own wrongs, however, blended a deep pity for the evil nature of her parent, and she returned gentle replies to his harsh language.

Mr. Ireton had been ill for a long time, and his disease was evidently drawing near a crisis. His eyes were dark, hollow, and ghastly, excepting when they beamed with the unnatural light of the fever whose flush crimsoned his swarthy cheek. Lucy had been a patient watcher by his lone couch, for it may be easily known such a man had few friends. And, indeed, he could not bear her out of his sight, harsh as he was to her, and wearisome were her vigils and ministrations though performed so uncomplainingly. During the later years of their residence in Maine, violent bursts of temper, had not been so much indulged in as fierce moods of irritability, and gloomy fits of abstraction, alternated with wild and frantic mirth more fearful than either, and rendering his house a most unhappy home for one so gentle in her nature as Lucy Ireton.

The heat of the day apparently oppressed him greatly. He was very restless and uneasy, and would often start wildly from his couch with outspread hands and a face expressive of horror. Lucy gave him a composing draught left by his physician, and after a while he sunk in a disturbed sleep. Drawing a low chair near the bed-side, Lucy sate down quietly, and lightly waved a fan over the burning cheek and brow, whose dark and frowning lines were in such deep contrast with her own subdued and mild expression. As the hours passed away and the deepening twilight gathered round her, she seemed a white robed seraph, weeping for the fallen sinner. Alas! the tears of repentance only can wash away the stain of sin. The sleeper's dreams were evidently troubled, for a deep groan would occasionally escape him, and twice he murmured indistinctly names that Lucy had not heard for years.

He awoke with a sudden start, and his eyes glared wildly around the room, as if he were hardly conscious where he was. At length he spoke in a low husky tone, and asked Lucy if the doctor had been to see him.

"No, he has not, father, but I will send Hannah for him if you wish."

"Send for him? No;" was his wayward reply. "What can he do, to lift the curse from off my brow? The curse of Cain, the curse of Cain is upon me. I am marked, I am branded, my doom is forever! Forever!" he continued wildly. "There is no forever." It is a cunning lie, a miserable cheat of priest-craft. A trick, ha! ha! to cheat the coward of his revenge. There is no hereafter—a rod to fright

en children with! The grave is our end. — and *his* was an early one," continued he with a low shudder, and his eyes fixed on vacancy, yet with a strained, fearful gaze, as if some object was visible to him alone.

"It is there! there! How ghastly he is! his eyes were dark like his mother's, how dull they are. Day and night, day and night, those terrible eyes!" and Ireton clasped his hands tightly over his own glazed and aching orbs as if to exclude the sense of vision. Great drops stood like rain upon his brow; Lucy would have wiped away the moisture, but seizing her hand he flung her from him with a curse, and burst into wild and incoherent raving which alarmed and distressed her beyond endurance and brought into the room an attendant, an old servant who had been long in the family.

"They are there, they have come for me!" shrieked Ireton half throwing himself from his couch, "'Tis false! I did not do it. Blood! blood! It cries from the ground, it is a witness. Ha! ha!" and a frightful laugh ran through that gloomy chamber whose light revealed the terrified forms of the trembling women, and the set teeth, clenched hands, and glaring eyes of the miserable sufferer.

To Lucy's inexpressible joy a step was heard ascending the stairs, and the doctor entered the room. "Thank God you have come!" exclaimed Lucy fervently grasping his extended hand, and then instantly turning to the bed-side, where her father was gazing at the doctor as if his presence had already become a relief.

The doctor kindly and gently soothed the alarmed Lucy and her attendant, and saying that the paroxysm was over, and would not soon be likely to return, he advised, and almost commanded Lucy to take some rest, for her frame seemed incapable of bearing so much as it was her lot to undergo. He promised he would himself stay a part of the night, and besought her so earnestly to regard her own health, that at length Lucy complied, and retired, though not to sleep. Prayerful vigils were kept by her till the hour of midnight.

"The guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather feels an irresistible impulse to be true to itself. The secret that the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him, and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. It must be confessed, it will be confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession." — WEBSTER.

The clock told the solemn hour of midnight, and wrapt in a mantle of dark clouds, the moon slowly descended the horizon. Her saint rays fell on many a fair dwelling where happy hearts were steeped in soft slumber, — on the midnight revel, — on the watcher by the couch of death, and the student at his midnight toil. In a still and quiet room at the old parsonage, with his books and his papers around him, his shaded lamp on the study table, sate Allan Fabyan deeply engaged in his literary occupations. His countenance was partly revealed by the light of the lamp, and its mild, benevolent, and intelligent

expression was pleasant to behold. His hair was thin upon his expanded brow, but hardly from age, for he had not seen but thirty summers, yet ten of them had been passed in the ministry.

As his pen rapidly traversed the paper, his fine eye was animated by a beautiful and benignant expression in harmony with the thoughts that emanated from his soul.

Suddenly on the silence broke the sound of hurrying feet, and a loud knock at the door caused him to start hastily from his seat. He arose and went speedily to the impatient comer, who continued to knock violently. He opened the door and before he could speak was addressed in a hurried and terrified tone by a woman who stood without, and who exclaimed, "for the love of the Lord, Mr. Fabyan, come over directly, for master is in a terrible way, and Miss Lucy is almost out of her senses. He calls for you, and says he will not die till he has told you something that is an awful weight upon his soul, I fear."

"I will come in one moment, Hannah," returned Mr. Fabyan, and without disturbing the slumbers of his old housekeeper, he hastily took his hat, turned the key of the outer door, put it in his pocket, and hastened after Hannah, who was already on her return.

They soon reached the house, and proceeded directly to the chamber of death. Lucy was there, pale, agitated and distressed, and the doctor sate at a little distance from the bed-side. The moment Mr. Fabyan entered, Ireton bade all the rest leave the room, and as Lucy lingered, he became so irritated that Allan gently told her she had better go, and that he would call her if necessary. Accordingly Lucy retired to another room, and with the doctor and Hannah awaited that summons which they knew must come soon.

Mr. Fabyan sate down by the bedside of the patient, and gently spoke to him of his approaching end, but was peremptorily interrupted by Ireton, who exclaimed abruptly, "I know it. I shall die, but hell is not yet ready for me. The fiends wait till the long concealed guilt is told, and *you* must hear it. Midnight! 't is a fitting time," continued he in a voice of exhaustion. "Give me some wine, for by heaven! the tale must be told."

Fabyan poured out a small quantity of the wine that stood near, according to the physician's directions, for Ireton's strength was failing fast; and giving it to the patient, besought him to make his confession, and seek that pardon the Almighty alone can give for sin.

"There is no pardon for me," said the wretched man; "I have lived in defiance of God, and now he mocks at me. I defied him when a child; I followed the guidance of evil passions, of a wilful temper, of a dark revenge. I have sowed the wind, and why should I not reap the whirlwind? Once, once in my life, I might have been saved. — When about twenty I loved one beautiful as an angel. With all the fierce energy of a passionate nature, I threw myself at her feet, and besought her to be mine. I kissed the very ground on which her feet had trod; I worshipped her with mad idolatry. The violence of my passion terrified her; she shrunk from me in fear. What wonder? — she was an angel, I was a demon; but yet had she loved me, it would have changed my whole being. I could have been gentle, I could

have subdued for her every sinful feeling. She could have saved me." The miserable man buried his face in the pillow, and shuddered deeply. He went on. "She told me she loved another. I sprang from the ground, and a deep curse fell from my guilty lips. She trembled, turned pale, and would have fallen, but the arm of her lover sustained her, and with the fires of vengeance searing my heart and my brain, I fled from his righteous anger. Time passed on, and Mary was wedded — and I too. I married a gentle, fair girl, like Lucy. She was rich, and I wanted her wealth. I knew I had wronged her, and so I hated her. Enough: she died of a broken heart. It was I that killed her. I hated even her innocent child because it looked like her, and was a constant reproof for my guilt. More and more strong became the dominion of evil passions over me. They hunted me like fiends. My rival, my hated rival, meantime, was happy. He had his fair wife, his beautiful boy, his proud and stately mansion; and for all this I hated him. But I concealed my hate that I might have revenge. He had crossed my path in love, he had crossed it again in ambition, and again he prevented me in a wicked plan that was to give me wealth, and I vowed revenge, fatal, deadly revenge. He came to my house one evening, and told me that he had discovered the base wrong I sought to do some orphan children whose property was in my care; but he promised not to betray me if I would abandon the design, and place the children in his charge. I smothered the volcano that was burning in my breast, for I dared not act in opposition to him. I humbled myself even to express gratitude for his forbearance; but could he have seen my heart, he would have recoiled with horror. He left me, and the guilty fires that burned in my soul, burst into a fiercer flame for their forced suspension. That night I knew no rest. The morning came, and I was abroad early."

Ireton signed for the wine. Fabyan gave it to him, and attempted to show him the enormity of his guilt, but Ireton waved his hand impatiently, and went on.

"I was out early, and another was abroad as soon. 'T was the son of my enemy. Oh God! what exultation was mine! for there flashed into my mind a safe, a sure, a speedy vengeance. I followed him. I kept concealed from his sight. He was a noble boy. He loved the mountain heights, the crags, the wild and lonely places. Every body loved, but I hated him with a double hate. Hark!" he exclaimed, pausing as a heavy thunder peal shook the house. "'Tis the thunder! so it was that morning. The storm came upon us on the Craig, but I heeded it not. What was the wrath of the tempest to me? In my own soul there raged a wilder tempest than ever sent its thunders to shake, or its lightnings to blast a guilty world. He looked on the storm with a fearless eye, but it was because he was innocent and brave. At length the lightning struck a tall tree near us, and the rain poured in torrents. There was a cave at no great distance and he retired to its shelter. I crept in after him unobserved, and there, there, the deep damning guilt dyed my soul that can never be washed out."

"There is hope for the greatest sinner," said Allan Fabyan gently. "You have sinned most deeply, but oh! suffer yourself to be led to repentance, to prayer."

"Repentance is too late. Remorse is all that is left for me, and well do I know its torments. I have but little more to say. The deadly blow was struck, and the son of my enemy lay pale and ghastly before his murderer. A fiendish joy was in my heart as I thought of his agony. I looked around for means of concealment, for it was no part of my purpose to have the child's body found. That would have been but half a vengeance, and besides might have exposed me to suspicion. An enormous stone lay in an inner cave, where, perhaps, no one but myself had ever been, and I only by accident. With giant strength I rolled it from its bed, and scooping the hollow out with a flat stone, I soon made the place deep enough to hold the pale evidence of my crime. I covered him with earth and pressed it down. I laid a large flat stone on the spot, and rolling the mass of rock to the entrance, I only left room for my egress into the outer cavern. 'T was a wild inaccessible place known to but few, and no one was likely to perceive any change in the position of the stone. When I emerged from the cave the storm was rolling away, but the thunder still muttered in the distance. I stole cautiously home in a circuitous direction, and was observed by no one.

"Carroll was soon missed. His mother idolized him, and his father sought in every direction for his son. Oh! my vengeance was full, complete. The hand that wounded him had struck in the dark, but the wound was not less sure.

"The whole village went out to look for the boy, and I went with the rest. My zeal was very great to discover traces of him; and Charles Le Baron thanked me. Ha! ha! it was pleasant to have mine enemy's thanks."

Allan Fabyan shuddered deeply at the fearful smile of the guilty man, and almost shrunk in terror, as the lightning flashing through the apartment, lent an unutterable horror to his convulsed features.

"Once only I trembled, for they came to the cave which one of them proposed to look into. I entered first and waved the torch around, telling them he could not be there. He *was* there, and that moment I saw him as plainly as I see you. I mastered myself by a superhuman effort and was calm. No suspicion was roused, and our search went on. The mystery of his disappearance was the theme of wonder for months. Mary Le Baron could not survive the loss of her son. Her life was bound up in his, and she drooped day by day. Her husband felt a new agony; that, too, was my doing. But when Mary died, my retribution commenced. I fled from my native town, but I could not flee from memory. I sold all my property, and, on pretence of benefiting myself, removed to this place. The hand of God has followed me; it is on me now. His messengers of vengeance await me. I come! I come!" he shrieked wildly, "My task is over. I can no more delay."

"Unhappy man!" said Allan, deeply affected; "May God have mercy on your soul."

Ireton did not answer him; but flinging himself back in the bed, with glaring eyes he looked as if he would repulse some invisible power. His hands were clenched till the nails were pressed into the

flesh, and Allan knew that no human aid or counsel could avail him. He called the physician, and Lucy came also.

"Do not come in, Lucy; it will only distress you, and you can do no good," said Fabyan gently.

"It is my father," answered she, "and I cannot leave him."

With a great effort to control her feelings, she staid by that fearful death-bed, and the spasms grew fainter and more faint, till insensibility ensued, and the morning dawned on the house of death.

———"But love is indestructible;
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest,
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there."

SOUTHEY.

It was the first care of Allan Fabyan after the death of Ireton, to send an account of his confession to Charles Le Baron, who was still living in his once happy home. He besought him, however, in making the affair public, to suppress the name of the criminal on account of his child; and Charles faithfully observed the request. The cave was immediately examined, and all things found as Ireton had described them. The bones of the unfortunate Carroll were interred beside those of his beloved mother, and many of the old people recalled the circumstances of his disappearance, and shook their heads as they whispered among themselves, "Who was the murderer?" and marvelled that after twenty years, when no other means had discovered the dread secret, the tortured soul had been driven to the confession of its own guilt.

In a few days after the interment of his son's remains, Charles Le Baron calmly fell asleep; so gently, so calmly, that it were as if he had become weary, and laid down to a quiet rest. The silver hair was not disturbed on his high, placid brow; the sad smile he had worn for years had alone changed, and the serene countenance bore an expression of heavenly hope and joy.

Lucy Ireton was greatly overcome by her father's death and by the disclosure of his guilt. She had asked Allan Fabyan to relieve her mind by telling her the worst, and in the gentlest and kindest manner he had unfolded to her, her father's wickedness. She wept long and bitterly, and when able to converse more freely, she showed him a withered rose-bud, which she had preserved, ever since the morning of Carroll's death, when he parted from her in the lane — sad memento of a fatal morning when the hopes that clustered around him were stricken and withered in the bud.

Many days after her father's death, one mild autumnal day, Lucy had wandered away from the house, and was seated on a fallen tree

in a pleasant piece of woods at a little distance from home, where she was in the habit of going to hold commune with her own thoughts. — The sweet scent of the pines filled the air with fragrance, the squirrels played merrily around her, the sound of a murmuring brook soothed her sad soul, and contemplating the deep shadows of the trees, and the long broad rays of golden light that lay between, she felt that there was one source of happiness left to her, that

“No tears dim the sweet look that Nature wears.”

The soft breeze played with the shadowy tresses that lay cloudlike on her fair brow, and rustling the leaves prevented her from hearing footsteps that approached her softly. Allan Fabyan paused a moment to gaze on the unstudied grace and loveliness displayed in her form and attitude, and to mark the shade of pensiveness on her fair countenance. The sudden breaking of a dry branch on which he laid his hand accidentally, startled Lucy, and she looked up. A joyous light beamed in her eyes, and a deep glow suffused her cheeks, which was almost instantly succeeded by a deadly paleness. She was about to rise but Fabyan prevented her, and took a seat at her side.

“I called at the house,” said he, “but you were not there. They told me they did not know where you were, but my recollection of these woods led me here, where I have happily found you. Every thing is very lovely here, and I do not wonder it is a favorite retreat of yours.”

“It is a beautiful place, and I have long been accustomed to come here,” said Lucy sadly, “and when I am weary of the unhappiness my life has been so fruitful of, I come here to dispel it in the smile of God’s lovely creation. If I gather a flower there is no spirit crushed when I break its tender stem, but among human flowers there is many a crushed spirit.”

“Sorrow is often an ingredient in the cup that man must drink,” answered Fabyan mildly, “but yet it is a Father’s hand from which we receive it. We should drink calmly in full faith that the bitter potion is a remedy for ills of which we may even be unconscious. — You have had much to suffer in your life, Lucy,” continued he, taking her passive hand in his, “but,” and his voice took a deeper tone of tenderness, “you have allowed me to hope that I may diffuse some happiness over the future. You do not repent that you gave me this hope, Lucy?”

Lucy trembled violently, and for a few moments could not reply. — At length in a tremulous tone which she strove in vain to render firm, she said, “I did have a happy dream, but I am awake now to the stern reality. It is but one drop more in the cup of sorrow. Allan Fabyan must not wed the daughter of a criminal. I release you from promises made under less mournful auspices, but believe me, Allan, ’t is for your own sake I say forget Lucy Ireton, or rather remember her only as a friend.”

Allan started from his seat. “God forbid,” said he, “that I should be guilty of such base dishonor! God forbid that I should visit a father’s sins on the head of his innocent child! Lucy, I should be

worthy your scorn could I do this. My love is no transient flame, no selfish pastime. When I gave you my heart I gave it with a full conviction that I bestowed it worthily. You are now, if possible, more worthy. Oh, Lucy, how could you suppose me so base, so heartless, as to be willing to leave you now."

Lucy's tears fell fast and unheeded. "God knows, Allan, that it is for your good I speak. I am not worthy of you; my life has been such as to leave me wanting in many qualifications your wife should possess. Those I might acquire, but indeed, indeed, you will see I am right, and forget me."

"And shall you forget me Lucy?"

Lucy looked up with an expression of sad surprise. "Never, Allan, never can I forget you;" and then blushing at her own earnestness, as Allan's large, mild eyes rested on her countenance, she continued, "You have been too kind to me to permit me to forget you."

"Then, dear Lucy, it shall be my happiness to keep alive through life every pleasant remembrance. Of joy and of sorrow we will partake together, while we dwell here,—together sow that harvest the full fruition of whose joys we shall reap in heaven."

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

[We select the following piece from the "Drama of Exile and other Poems, by Elizabeth B. Barrett," which we consider as among the most remarkable productions of the day. They are full of peculiarities, and full of unquestionable genius. There are many passages in them most beautiful and sublime—many passages, which to say the least, are hazardous experiments and in which the writer totters and *almost* slips from the height to which she carries us; and there are some passages that are very obscure—but take them all in all, they are noble poems, as the following will show. —ED.]

To ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers, —
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows:
 The young birds are chirping in the nest;
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly!—
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free.
 Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
 Why their tears are falling so? —
 The old man may weep for his to-morrow

Which is lost in Long Ago —
The old tree is leafless in the forest —
The old year is ending in the frost —
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest —
The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosom of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland ?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy —
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary —
Our grave-rest is very far to seek!
Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold, —
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old!

"True," say the young children, "it may happen
That we die before our time!
Little Alice died last year — the grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her —
Was no room for any work in the close clay:
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, "Get up, little Alice! it is day."
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries! —
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes, —
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime!
"It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time!"
Alas, the wretched children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have!
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city —
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do —
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty —
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap —
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping —
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark underground —
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning, —
Their wind comes in our faces, —
Till our hearts turn, — our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places —
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling —
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall —
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling —
All are turning, all the day, and we with all! —
And all the day the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning,)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth —
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals —
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels! —
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
As if Fate in each were stark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
That they look to Him and pray —
So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.

They answer, " Who is God that he should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word !
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door :
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more ?
" Two words, indeed, of praying we remember :
And at midnight's hour of harm, —
" Our father," looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.*
We know no other words, except " Our Father,"
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
" Our Father !" If he heard us, He would surely
(For they call him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
" Come and rest with me, my child."

" But, no !" say the children, weeping faster,
" He is speechless as a stone ;
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to !" say the children, — " Up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find !
Do not mock us ; grief has left us unbelieving, —
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what you teach ?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving —
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you ;
They are weary ere they run ;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun :
They know the grief of men, but not the wisdom ;
Are bitter with despairing but not calm —
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom, —
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm, —
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievably
No dear remembrance keep, —
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly :

* A fact rendered pathetically historical by Mr. Horne's Report of his commission. The name of the poet of "Orion" and "Cosmo de' Medici" has, however, a change of associations, and comes in time to remind me (with other instances) that we have some brave poetic heat still in our literature — though open to the reproach, on certain points, of being somewhat gelled in our humanity.

Let them weep ! let them weep !
 They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their look is dread to see,
 For you think you see their angels in their places,
 With eyes meant for Deity ; —
 "How long," they say, "how long," O cruel nation,
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart ;
 Our blood splashes upwards, O our tyrants,
 And your purple shows your path ;
 But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
 Than the strong man in his wrath !"

Original.

TO OUR VISITING COMMITTEES.

BY BRO. W. E. P. HASKELL.

FORTH on your work of Love,
 That angels will approve,
 Nor fail, nor falter in each noble deed !
 Go, give the hungry bread,
 Go, visit the sick bed,
 Sustain the dying head,
 Relieve the widow's need.

Does't see yon Orphan's tear?
 Go, quell each childish fear,
 Protect, instruct, and guide a brother's child.
 Go, where'er duty calls—
 Whether to fashions halls,
 Or poverty's cold walls :
 To each, be reconciled.

Ye have a work to do —
 A calling to pursue —
 A prize to win, for Friendship, Truth and Love.
 Then fear not prison's gloom,
 Or pestilential doom,
 Or dark and dreary tomb —
 The prize is found ABOVE.

READINGS FROM OLD ENGLISH AUTHORS.

We propose to devote, from time to time, a nook of our magazine to selections from old English writers. We presume that this will be acceptable to our readers, for to many it will afford new, if not original matter; and to all, we believe, it will be found interesting and profitable. It is a kind of reading that is very agreeable to us, and we think that there are many who sympathize with us. As matters of mere curiosity, the turns of thought, the modes of expression, and the orthography, are worthy of our attention. But beside this, there is so much that is truly rich and solid, so much that is witty and sensible and healthful, in these old writers, that they do not merely illustrate the history of English literature and language, but are calculated to offset much that is trashy, second-handed and immoral in the productions of the present day. Not that there was nothing shallow and vile in the literature of the past, but we have the privilege of selecting the sterling gold from the dross; and that much that is sterling and golden glitters in the field of old English literature, no one can doubt.

We present in this number, extracts from a work entitled "*CHARACTERS, OR WITTY DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PROPERTIES OF SUNDRY PERSONS,*" by Sir Thomas Overbury. The copy which we have, was published in 1638. The fate of Overbury is well known to the reader of English history. Privy to an intrigue in the court of James I., between the Earl of Rochester, and the beautiful but infamous Countess of Essex; although he displayed no very rigid morality, his advice in some respects was too free and too much opposed to the wishes of Rochester, who communicated his opposition to his par amour. To her vengeance, by a process of court intrigue, Overbury fell a victim. He was committed to the tower and poisoned by piece meal. But to the extracts. The first is the character of

A NOBLE SPIRIT.

A Noble Spirit hath surveied and fortified his disposition, and converts all occurrents into experience, between which experience and his reason, there is marriage, the issue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and seeth the end before he shot. Men are the instruments of Art, and there is no man without his use: occasion incites him, none enticeth him: and he mooves by affection, not for affection; he loves glory, scornes shame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one consideration. He cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath travelled over them; and his eye mounted upon his understanding, seeth them as things underneath. He covers not his body with delicacies, nor excuseth these delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, since it is not able to defend its own imbecility to shew or suffer. He licenceth not his

weaknesse, to weare Fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of Nature. He is the Steeresman of his owne destiny. Truth is the Goddess, and he takes paines to get her, not to looke like her. He knowes the condition of the world, that he must act one thing like another, and then another. To these he carries his desires, and not his desires him; and stickes not fast by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents, of all things, to have but one center or period, without all distraction, he hasteth thither and ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not contemne fortune, but not confesse her. He is no Gamester of the world (which onely complaine and praise her) but being only sensible of the honesty of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement of scum. Unto the society of men he is a *sun*, whose clearenesse directs their steps in a regular motion: when he is more particular, he is the wise man's friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feeles age more by the strength of his soule, than the weaknes of his body; thus feeles he no paine, but esteemes all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters, and helpe him out of prison.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD WIFE.

A good wife is a mans best moveable, a scien incorporate with the stocke, bringing sweet fruit; one that to her husband is more than a friend, lesse than trouble; an equall with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles she shares alike, nothing pleaseth her that doth not him. She is relative in all; and he without her, but halfe himself.—She is his absent hands, eyes, eares, and mouth; his present and absent All. She frames her nature unto his howsoever; the *hiacinth* follows not the *sun* more willingly. Stubbornnesse and obstinacy are hearbs that grow not in her garden. She leaves tattling to the Gossips of the Town, and is more seene than heard. Her household is her charge; her care to that makes her seldom *non resident*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigall. By his discretion she hath chil Iren, not wantons; a husband without her, is a misery in mans apparel: none but she hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staffe and a chaire. To conclude, she is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A MELANCHOLY MAN.

A Melancholy Man is a strayer from the drove; one that Nature made a sociable, because shee made him man, and a crazed disposition hath altered. Impleasing to all, as all to him; straggling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame wakeing, there's his pleasure. His imaginatió is never idle, it keeps his mind in a continual motion, as the poise the clock; he winds up his thoughts often, and as often unwinds them; *Penelopes* web thrives faster. He'se seldom be found without the shade of some grove, in whose bottome a river dwels. He carries a cloud in his face, never faire weather; his

outside is framed to his inside, in that hee keeps a *Decorum*, both unseemely. Speake to him; he heares with his eyes, cares follow his mind, and that's not at leysure. He thinkes businesse, but never does any; he is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and fashions his thoughts, as if he meant them to some purpose; but they prove unprofitable as a peece of wrought timber to no use. His Spirits and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humor black and colde; variety of foolish apparitions people his head; they suffer him not to breathe, according to the necessities of nature; which makes him sup a draught of as much air at once, as would serve at thrice. He denies nature her due in sleep, and nothing pleaseth him long, but that which pleaseth his own fantasies; they are the consuming evils, and evill consumptions that consume him alive. Lastly he is a man onely in shew, but comes short of the better part; a whole reasonable soule, which is mans chiefe preeminence, and sole marke from creatures sensible.

A TINKER IN SIR THOMAS OVERBURY'S TIME.

A Tinker is a moveable; for he hath no abiding place; by his motion hee gathers heat, thence his cholerick nature. He seemes to bee very devout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, thereon making necessity a vertue. His house is as antient as *Tubal Cains*, and so is a runnagate by antiquity; yet he proves himself a Gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a Philosopher, for he beares all his substance about him. — From his Art was Musick first invented, and therefore is he alwaies furnisht with a song; to which his hammer keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder for the Kettle-drum. Note, that where the best Ale is, there stands his musicke most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foule sunne-burnt Queane, that since the terrible Statute recanted Gypsisme, and is turned Pedleresse. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage. His conversation is unreproucheable; for he is ever mending. Hee observes truly the Statutes, and therefore he can rather steale than begge, in which he is unremoveably constant in spite of whip, or imprisonment; and so strong enemy to idlenesse, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want worke, and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally antient custome, conversing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If he visit Cities or Townes, tis but to deale upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which with Canting proves him a *Linguist*. He is entertain'd in every place, but enters no further than the doore, to avoid suspition. Some will take him to be a Coward; but beleieve it, he is a Lad of mettle, his valour is three or foure yards long, fastened to a pike in the end for flying off. He is provident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.

Here is a fine description of

A NOBLE AND RETIRED HOUSE-KEEPER.

A Noble and retired House-keeper is one whose bounty is limited by *Reason*, and not *ostentation* : and to make it last, he deales it discreetly, as wee sow the *furrow*, not by the sacke, but by the handfull. His word and his meaning never shake hands and part, but always goe together. He can survay good, and love it, and loves to do it himselfe, for it own sake, and not for thanks. He knowes there is no such misery as to out-live good name, not such folly as to put it in practice. His mind is so secure, that *thunder* rockes asleepe, which breakes other mens slumbers, *Nobility* lightens in his eyes ; and in his face and gesture is painted, *the god of Hospitality*. His great houses beare in their front more durance, than state ; unlesse this adde the greater state to them, that they promise to out-last much of our new phantasticall building. Hie *heart* never growes old, no more than his *Memory*, whether at his booke or on horsebacke ; hee passeth his time in such noble exercise, a man cannot say, any time is lost by him ; nor hath he onely *yeares*, to approve he hath lived till he be old, but *Vertues*. His thoughts have a high *Ayme*, though their dwelling bee in the *Vale of an humble heart*, whence as by an *Engine* (that raises water to fall that it may rise the higher) he is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* serves not for all Seas, but this doth ; for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and found all her *quicke-sands*. He hath this hand over *Fortune*, that her injuries, how violent or sudden soever, they do not daunt him ; for whether his time call him to live or die, he can doe both nobly ; if to fall, his descent is brest to brest with vertue ; and even then, like the *sunne* neere his Set, hee shewes unto the world his *clearest countenance*.

A VERTUOUS WIDOW.

A vertuous Widow is the Palme-tree, that thrives not after the supplanting of her husband. For her childrens sake she first maries, for she married that she might have children, and for their sakes she maries no more. She is like the purest Gold, only employed for Princes Medals, shee never receives but one mans impression ; the large joynture moves her not, titles of honour cannot sway her. To change her name, were (she thinkes) to commit a sinne should make her ashamed of her husbands calling. She thinks she hath travel'd all the world in one man ; the rest of her time therefore she directs to heaven. Her maine superstition is, she thinks her husbands ghost would walk, should she not performe his will ; she would doe it were there no Prerogative Court. She gives much to pious uses, without any hope to merit by them ; and as one Diamond fashions another, so is she wrought into workes of Charity, with the dust or ashes of her husband. She lives to see her selfe full of time ; being so necessary for earth, God cals her not to heaven, till shee be very aged ; and even then, though her natural strength fail her, she stands like an antient

Pyramid; which the lesse it grows to mans eie, the neerer it reaches to heaven. This latter Chastity of hers, is more grave and reverend, than that ere shee was married; for in it, is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor jealousie. She ought to be a mirrour for our yongest Dames to dresse themselves by, when shee is fullest of wrinkles. No calamity can now come neere her; for in suffering the losse of her husband, she accounts all the rest trifles. She hath laid his dead body in the worthiest monument that can be. She hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, She is a Relique, that without any superstition in the world, though she will not be kist, yet may be reverenc't.

"We hardly know," says a writer in the *Retrospective Review*, "of any passage in English prose, — and that is saying no little, — which inspires the mind of the reader with so many pleasing recollections, and which spreads so calm and purifying a delight over the spirit, as it broods over the idea of the innocent girl whose image Sir Thomas has here bodied forth: 'It will scent all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock.' " It is the description of "A fair and happy Milk-Maid." He says —

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILK-MAID

Is a Countrey Wench, that is so farre from making her selfe beautiful by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face-Physicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *Dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her selfe) is farre better than out-sides of *Tisew*: for though she be not arrayed in the spoile of the *Silke-Worme*, shee is deckt in *innocency*, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed spoile both her *complexion* and *conditions*; Nature hath taught her, too *immoderate sleepe is rust to the Soule*: she rises therefore with *Chaunticleare* her dames Cock, and at night makes the *Lamb* her *Corsew* in milking a Cow, and straining the Teats through her fingers, it seemes that so sweet a Milk-presse makes the Milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came *Almond Clove* or *Aromaticke Oyntment* of her Palme to taint it. The golden ears of corne fall and kisse her feet when shee reapes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which sents all the yeare long of *June*, like a new made Haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pitty: and when winters evenings fall early (sitting at her mery wheele) she sings a defiance to the giddy *wheele of Fortune*. — She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems *ignorance* will not suffer her to doe ill, being her mind is to doe well. Shee bestowes her yeares wages at next faire, and in chusing her garments, counts no bravery in the world, like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hive* are all her *Physick* and *Chyrurgery*, and she lives the longer for that. — She dares goe alone, and unfold sheepe in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she meanes none: yet to say truth, she is never

alone, for she is still accompanied with old *songs, honest thoughts, and prayers*, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauced with insuing idle cogitations. Lastly her dreames are so chaste, that shee dare tell them: only a Fridaies dream is all her *superstition*: that she conceales for feare of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the *Spring-time*, to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding-sheet.

We will close our extracts for the present, having something more to quote from the same volume.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORM—JOHN B. GOUGH.

One of the most extraordinary movements of the present day, is that in behalf of Temperance. It is extraordinary, both in what it has accomplished and in what it proposes to do. It has already broken a habit that a few years ago bound the whole community as with links of iron. Our nation was reproached as a nation of drunkards—we fear too justly. Not that all, not that one third of us were actual inebriates. But the *customs*, the *means* that induce drunkenness were in active circulation among us. They encircled our hearths and our social meetings—they beset us in our daily walks, they crowned the birthday ceremony, the marriage service, the social festival, the public and private celebration. They sparkled on every side-board—they were offered to every guest—they were deemed tokens of hospitality as essential as the chair, the bed, or the seat at table. Men partook of the cup of wine, or the glass of brandy, as an innocent and cheerful beverage, unconscious that they were using poison—that they were meddling with fire-brands, arrows and death—the pregnant source of misery and crime. When the drunkard reeled by them in his furious delirium or his inane folly, they pitied and condemned him, as they do now, but did not perceive how much their own social habits were involved with his case—how many influences ran down from them to him. The father mixed his morning-draught before he sat down to the breakfast-table, and gave “the heel-tap” to his son. By and by that boy grew up a bloated, miserable drunkard. The father wondered at his lot, sighed over it not only as afflictive but as *mysterious*—not discovering the solution that lay in “the heel-tap.” So we were all interlaced and bound down by this dreadful evil, like men walking in a city of the pestilence, though we were not all smitten or

diseased, we were steeped in the misasmatic air, and breathed in and breathed out something of the universal leprosy. But, in time, there came the inspiration of a movement that has broken up that old state of things. Crime, misery, untimely and violent death, men had all along attributed to *intemperance* as one great cause, but now they began to perceive that intemperance was the direct consequence of this universal habit of "treating" and "celebrating," of "heel-taps" and "morning drams" and "night caps," of "drinking a little to take off the chill," of "drinking a little to keep off the heat," of small doses because "they were dry," and a somewhat larger dose because "they were wet." In these temporary uses, so slight and apparently so innoxious, they produced the springs, the small beginnings of the dreadful abuse — the example in imitation of which the drunkard fell, the feeders of the appetite that by and by becomes enormous, unquenchable, crying "give! give!" even to the sacrifice of wealth, health, reputation, individual and domestic happiness, religion, morality, intellect, life. And then took place a noble re-action. Man resolved to put by at once and forever, that which to them might have been comparatively harmless, but which to hundreds and thousands was death. They resolved to remove the offence which they had put in the way, and over which their brothers had stumbled. "We will totally abstain," said they, "from all that can intoxicate; not merely because it may be injurious to us, but because we know it to be injurious to our fellows." With this philanthropic resolution commenced the true Temperance Reformation. Something had been done before in the way of *moderating* the use of intoxicating liquors. Men resolved that they would drink less, that they would use the beverage less frequently and more carefully. But still drunkenness continued in the land. Under the eyes of these moderate drinkers, in the light that shone through their decent mixtures and there small wine glasses, men reeled, with pale-faces and blood-shot eyes, in legions, to the grave. Then men resolved that they would use no distilled drink — that they would reserve for their use a gay cup of wine, now and then. But the pestilence continued. "Wine was a mocker." In wine were drowned the brightest promises — wine slew the fairest hopes. The young, the wealthy, the talented, asked nothing but wine — it was their old beverage — consecrated to Bacchus from the first ages of the world — more charming, more delusive, than any other temptation to drunkenness. It reeled through the music and the song of its votaries. It heightened the glow of voluptuousness. The poet bathed in it his laurels and his heated eyes. The strong man wrestled with it and it threw him in his armor. So, as long as old, mellow, time-honored wine was left to them, men could talk eloquently of temperance, their tongues sharpened and made more glib by the juice of the grape. They pitied the poor, unfortunate man who drank vile gin and strong rum, and got drunk. They hiccuped over him with a most generous philanthropy. But it would not do. Drunkenness raged on. Out from the ranks of the wine-drinkers day after day, reeled hundreds into the ranks of the inebriate. High hope, bright genius, large fortune, young vigor, domestic bliss, spiritual good, these were the victims and the wrecks which wine made. And, more-

over, it was seen that the poor man caught the example of drinking rather than that of selecting the quality of his drink, which, in fact, he was unable to do. The rich man, the gay man drank something that he liked best, and the poor man, the weary, aching-hearted man, drank something that *he* liked best. And his arguments were somewhat troublesome to the wine-drinking temperance men. When they came to him, and urged him to put by his rum, or his gin, he replied by asking them why they did not put by their wine — he showed them plainly that in both cases it was *appetite*, and for him to give up his rum or gin would be a sacrifice of appetite — and they felt that for them to give up their wine would be a sacrifice of appetite. And, moreover, he told them, and they knew very well, that men got drunk on wine as well as on rum, and so far as the real evil was concerned, it lay coiled in a flask of Hock, or Madeira, as well as in the jug of cider-brandy. The serpent's neck wore a beautiful scarlet, and his scales glistened brighter through the beaded foam, but it was the serpent, after all, and he moved himself aright in either, for either was his native element.

And then come a cry for "TOTAL ABSTENANCE!" — a cry, of — "Dash down the wine-cup and the brandy-flask! Dash down, one and all, the draughts of intoxication." And it was done; in hundreds and thousands of instances it was done, and then, we say, the true temperance reformation commenced. Men went with unstained lips and untrembling hands to plead with and to raise up the drunkard. The poor inebriate looked up, he only saw a firm resolution and an honest sympathy, but no winking at his use of ardent spirits, no example that he could catch at, and so ease conscience and feed appetite. And he felt, then, that temperance was a substantial thing, that men were in earnest about it, that they were really concerned for him — and he was led to pause, to consider, to reform. And old customs were broken up — old forms were discontinued. And now, look around, and see the result! We do not pretend that drunkenness is completely stopped, alas! nothing like it. In steamboats, in hotels, on tables of the rich, in hovels of the poor, in gilded saloons, in dingy bar-rooms, the practice, the traffic, and the consequences go on. But much, much has been accomplished. The habit of drinking intoxicating liquors is not so common as it was. It is practiced more secretly, as a thing to be ashamed of. The decanters stand not in rows of glittering and many-colored temptation, but are stowed away under counters, and shut up in demure-looking closets. Men are afraid to offer the social glass to their fellow-men unless they know them well. And the idea that it is harmless to drink has become very weak. Conscience troubles men about it. They gulp it down uneasily. Men who sell it roll upon their pillows, and the traffic is fast becoming odious. And men are coming out and taking a noble stand for temperance. And hundreds and thousands are rising from the mire and the kennel, throwing off their rags, wiping the film from their eyes, and with trembling hands signing the pledge, and holding it to their hearts with straining but firm grasp. And religion, and reason, and eloquence, and song, are enlisted upon the side of temperance. And thousands are rallying under its white ban-

ner, and pledging eternal war against the vice and the traffic. And a strong cordon of influences is drawn around the young the coming generations, to keep them from the wo and ruin of the past. The cold water armies are a promise of what the future shall be — and young men, and women, and a great host who were never infected themselves, are taking the blessed measure of *prevention*. And amid it all, desolate homes have been made happy, and cold hearths have been re-kindled. Women, almost broken-hearted, have looked up with lighted tears, and clasped the hands of their redeemed husbands with blessings on the temperance cause — and little children are comfiorable and happy that were lately starving and shivering and beaten — and men, clothed and in their right minds, go out to their duties, who lately lay in the gutter, or reeled home in brutal fury, to curse and to destroy.

All this makes us rejoice in the temperance cause — makes us feel that whatever remains to be done, it has already accomplished much, and in what it has accomplished it is entitled to be ranked as one of the most extraordinary, if not *the* most extraordinary achievement of the age.

Prominent among those who have acted in this movement — in some respects the most prominent — is the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article. We do not wish to make any man, especially a young man, the subject of too much notice, above all things of fulsome panegyric. Yet there is that in the position and the circumstances of Mr. Gough, that demands our attention. He is the offspring of the Temperance movement. A man made by circumstances. It is true, we cannot tell what destiny would have been his in the world, had the Temperance Reform never existed. We cannot tell what movings of God, what thoughts of repentance would have visited the prodigal among the husks and the swine, had no kind voice said — “Sign the Pledge — be a Temperance man!” But so far as we can see, this Temperance reform has not only been the means of his individual salvation from the bondage of inebriety, but has made for him a pathway of mighty operation and of incalculable influence for the good of his fellow-men. He is identified with the Temperance cause. As a reformed drunkard, he relates those experiences which thrill us with a force beyond any that lives in mere lip-eloquence. As one engaged in picking up every illustration that can bear upon the Temperance work, he relates those incidents which startle, and freeze, and melt us — which melt us so quickly to tears — which shake us with irresistible laughter.

And truly Mr. Gough has risen up and come out among us with a strange power, and, speaking without clap-trap and without flattery, is a wonderful man. He tells us that he has had but very little education — and yet every word is chosen with a nice propriety, and dropped into his fast-flowing sentences with a true adjustment, that in all ordinary circumstances, would argue a long familiarity with the best authors and a critical study of words with all their shades of meaning, and all their comprehensiveness when exactly used. He speaks with apparent simplicity, the outgushing of a natural stream flowing through the very core of his heart, and welling up in senti-

ment and breaking into words without an effort; and yet we have sometimes questioned whether all this was not the *ars celare artem* — the art of concealing art — the elaborate imitation of nature's simplicity; so completely calculated is it to take by storm every feeling of the soul, to hit the precise point with all the Rhetor's skill, to move to tears where tears should be started, to excite laughter where ridicule performs its just function, and to stop precisely where he should stop. At any rate, he is the Dickens of the Temperance cause, he selects his incidents with the same felicity — he paints the same kind of incidents — he has almost if not quite equal powers of delineating the pathetic and the ludicrous. And Dickens, we take it, writes with consummate art, or with most wonderful simplicity; and so we say of the speaking of Mr. Gough. At any rate, he produces the desired effect. He convinces his audience. He carries them away with him in a sweep of passion — in a burst of laughter. Hundreds, thousands, have signed the pledge under the influence of his addresses. His success, we believe, has been unsurpassed in the history of the Temperance movement.

We do not, by any means, attribute to Mr. Gough, the whole work of which he is the agent. Other men have labored, and he has entered into their labors. The harvest which he reaps has sprung up from much seed, sown with tears, and prayers, and weary toil and conflict, long ago, by men who have grown grey in the temperance cause, whose personal influence may not be so immediate, but to the discerning eye is none the less perceptible. But Mr. Gough has been one of the most direct agents of this work — and we believe we are not unjust to other and noble co-laborers, when we say the most successful one. Apart from the natural gifts of Mr. Gough, something, nay, a great deal is owing to his own deep and painful experience — to the incidents which fall under his notice, and are by him treasured up — to the time and sole devotion which he is able to give to this one work — and something, perhaps, to the unexpectedness of his advent, to the wonder and admiration with which men hear and feel such eloquence and power and sensibility from a reformed inebriate, young, and without the advantages of position or education. But under all, there is a substratum of living and fiery genius — long hidden, almost quenched with inebriety, but breaking out, at length, in this great channel which has been opened for its usefulness.

We have written more here concerning Mr. Gough, than we ever did before in our lives, concerning a contemporary and an acquaintance. But he belongs to the main subject of this article. He stands very prominent in the temperance movement. He is a grand illustration of its power and its triumph. If it had achieved nothing more than the redemption of this young man, we should rejoice in it, and say "onward!" in great hope and confidence. What a chain of results reaches out from this one consequence! We claim Mr. Gough as a witness, a monument of the blessedness of the temperance movement — of its practicability — as an instance of the efficacy of moral power — of the influence of kindness in reaching the hearts of the abandoned, the crushed, the dissipated, and rousing them up through hope to

confidence, through confidence to reformation, through reformation to action, through action to incalculable power and influence.

We have been so long upon this branch of our subject — the *work that the Temperance movement has already accomplished*, that we must postpone until another opportunity, our consideration of *what it has yet to do*, in which we shall endeavor to present some of the arguments that belong to the cause; whereas here we have chiefly been historical in our remarks. We trust that our readers are interested in this. If not, we are, and deem remark upon it in these pages, perfectly in accordance with the spirit of Friendship, Love and Truth, and with the plan which we laid out in our salutatory. *Odd Fellowship* and *Temperance* should go hand in hand. We have always been glad that nothing but cold water enters our Lodge-rooms — let nothing more harmful than cold water enter the lips of Odd Fellows!

THE PREJUDICES OF ODD FELLOWS.

THIS may seem a strange title, yet is it not somewhat deserved? — We allude by it, to the veneration which some of our brethren seem to attach to mere *words* and *forms* — as though they were sacred, or possessed some peculiarity in which is enveloped the life of the institution. Now, we think that Odd-Fellowship is a *spirit*, a *sentiment*, a *set of principles*, capable of changing forms and yet remaining the same essential thing. Its pretensions to antiquity, we have said long ago, we do not believe in, for we have no proof of it, and even though it were two thousand years old, we see in this no reason why we should retain a mere form, when a substitute will do far better. *Friendship*, *Love*, and *Truth*, are pillars that will stand not because of their antiquity, but because of their intrinsic excellence and authority; and they will certainly exhibit more symmetry, and their beauty will become more apparent, in a fabric adapted to them, than in one that is unshapely, cumbrous, patched with an old stone here, and a new one there, part Gothic, part Doric, part Ionic, and part non-descript. If Odd-Fellowship stands the scrutiny of the age, if it is unshaken by the attacks of its assailants, it will do so and be so upon its own merits, upon the merits of its real character and objects, and not upon its forms and ceremonies, its regalia and Lodge equipments. If these are clumsy, ragged, faded, patched, they only deform its fair proportions. Why then cling to them as if they retained some sanctity, some moral life in their folds? *These* are not Odd-Fellowship. We cannot become very enthusiastic about them, as we can about Friendship, Love and Truth. When we urge the claims of the Order upon the public, we do not rest these claims upon its ceremonies and forms—but upon its spirit, its principles. If, then, revision — reformation, in the work and the forms of the Order, is demanded by the character of its members and by the age, let them be made — radically and cheerfully made. We know there is one argument that may be urged by some of the conservatives, that may have

some weight with others, but we confess we can see but little in it. It may be said — "If you commence the work of innovation, where will you stop? — there is fear lest in removing a single stone from the building you shake down the whole fabric." So, according to this, we must never reform the evils of any institution, lest the institution itself should fall. We have no fears of this. We do not believe, in the first place, that the *good* in any institution *can* fall; and we do not believe, in the next place, that any one is disposed to remove or to injure the good. This is an old conservative argument that has prevailed in all ages, and been applied to all attempts at reform, and if it had been acted upon it would have kept the world five thousand years back as to progress. Let us not sit in the glimmer of the dark ages, for fear that the new fabric will have too many loop-holes for the light. Let us distinguish the *form* from the *spirit* — the principle from its accompaniments. — And when we resist any innovation let us look to it and see whether we resist it from *reason* or from *prejudice*.

N. B. Those who are opposed to revising the work of the Order, will understand the above.

PROFANENESS.

THIS is a vice which, apart from its opposition to the law of God and its irreverence towards Him, which are certainly by far the most important considerations that attach to it — is a habit utterly useless. It does not accomplish any good. It makes no man's speech any more polished. It imparts no finish to gentlemanly breeding. Some may think that it gives a certain projectile force and rough energy to a sentence, but surely there are strong words enough in our good old Saxon to nerve our speech, without profaning the Name of our Maker or uttering curses against our brother. We cannot discover that men who write the strongest — whose sentences burn to the very core of the heart — find it necessary to mingle oaths and maledictions in their writings, in order to make them strong and thrilling. Why is it any more necessary to do so in speech? The truth is, an oath is often the hasty resort of passion — impotent passion — that snatches huge words when it has nothing else to oppose to calm reason and to truth. Or it is the fuel upon which anger feeds, that had better not be fed at all. Or it is the point of an anecdote or jest, that, because it has such a point, had better not be related. But there is no need of profaneness in any language of decision, vigor, or wit. It is merely an interlarded form of speech that has no connection with the chain of conversation. It is no evidence of talent or gentility. It is contrary to good breeding. The true gentleman will never use profane language when he knows that it will shock any one present. Shall he be less mindful of his God? He will not use it in his parlor, before ladies, or in a select company. If improper under such circumstances, is it not improper everywhere? Let not our good breeding be a habit so loose that we can put it on in

one place and throw it off in another. We mean by good breeding here not a constrained, artificial gentility, but a kind and manly conduct that is dictated by the heart and is therefore a native politeness. This we should preserve in all places, for why should we be less well-bred in one place than in another? We may dwell upon this subject more at length, at some other opportunity. But let the reader reflect upon the hints now given.

ODD FELLOW'S LIBRARY.

THE good work has been commenced — we trust in earnest, we hope the subject will be agitated until a good Library shall be established upon a permanent basis, and with provisions for a gradual increase. One word of advice. Let the Committee for the selection of books be carefully chosen. Let it not be hampered by too close instructions, and let the books be well-chosen. If they cost a little more than poorer books, it should be remembered that a Library is not valuable for its *quantity*, but for its *quality*. Better five hundred good works, than five thousand ill-chosen ones. We give the following proceedings.

ENCAMPMENT HALL, BOSTON, }
Tuesday Evening, Oct. 22, 1844. }

At a meeting of the Committees appointed by the several Lodges in this city, on this evening, for the purpose of considering the expediency of establishing an Odd Fellow's Library, the following Lodges were represented, viz. Massachusetts, Siloam, Suffolk, Tremont, Franklin, Pacifick, Montezuma, Shawmut, and Bethesda.

Bro. Raymond Cole, of Siloam Lodge, was called to the Chair, and Bro. N. M. George of Massachusetts Lodge, was chosen Secretary of the meeting.

The following Resolution was adopted —

Resolved. That it is the sense of this Committee that a Library established by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the city of Boston, for the use of the members of said Institution, would conduce to the benefit of the Order."

On motion — Voted, that a sub-committee, be appointed from this Committee, to mature some plan for the establishment of a Library and submit the same to a future meeting, said meeting to be called by said sub-committee.

Said sub-committee was composed of the following named Brothers; Thacher Beal, of Siloam Lodge, Chandler Robbins, of Pacifick Lodge, and N. M. George, of Massachusetts Lodge.

* This Lodge has since passed a vote to establish a Library for the use of the Lodges from contributions among its members. As highly as we approve the good intention, which undoubtedly prompted to this course, we regret they had not waited until a report was made from the sub-committee above alluded to.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We publish the following correspondence with pleasure. The compliment paid to Bro. SAVORY, for his superior workmanship is just and well-merited. Bro. S. ranks among our first artists, and we are happy to perceive that wherever known, his talents are appreciated.]

Portland, (Me.) September 2d, 1844.

BRO. THOMAS C. SAVORY,— Dear Sir :

THE members of Eastern Star Encampment in this city, have commissioned us to express to you their admiration of the splendid Banner painted by you, which appeared so beautifully conspicuous in the procession at the late celebration in this place. It was not without feelings of pride, that they learn their Encampment was the subject of flattering notice for its appropriate and handsome appearance on that occasion, for which they are well aware they owe much to the Banner displayed in their ranks.

Entertaining such feelings, they desire us to acknowledge their obligations to you for the elegant, faithful and prompt execution of that work; and individual members of said Encampment have contributed the sum of twenty-five dollars in addition to the stipulated price of the Banner,* which we enclose, and would thank you to accept the same as a slight testimony of their regard for one who so essentially contributed to the arrangements of that occasion.

With assurances of the pleasure it affords us in communicating their wishes, we remain

Yours, in Friendship, Love and Truth,

T. C. HERSEY,
WINSLOW H. PURRINTON,
SOLOMON T. CORSER.

R E P L Y .

Boston, September 8th, 1844.

DEAR SIRs AND BROTHER PATRIARCHS :

Yours of the 2d instant, with the enclosed one hundred dollars, came to hand by the politeness of Messrs. Child & Co., of the Eastern Express, for which I made acknowledgment in a business manner. — But to acknowledge the very flattering compliment tendered me at your hands in behalf of the Eastern Star Encampment, I assure you I

* The stipulated cost of the Banner was seventy-five dollars. It received, in connection with Montezuma Lodge Banner, the only premium awarded for Banner painting at the late Mechanic's Fair held in Boston.

feel somewhat at a loss. However, believing the compliment to have emanated from the good spirit of Odd Fellowship, and a desire on your part to act according to the "golden rule," I can only say in reply, that I thank you kindly; and in accepting the remuneration, over and above the stipulated cost, I shall ever cherish the most lively emotions of gratitude for your brotherly kindness and liberality. And in conclusion, I would most respectfully add, that so far as my professional services have been called in question, that I hope by strict application to business, and a constant desire to give satisfaction, to merit a continuance of that favor so liberally bestowed upon me heretofore.

Respectfully yours,

In Friendship, Love and Truth,

THOMAS C. SAVORY.

To Bro. T. C. HERSEY,

" WINSLOW H. PURRINTON,

" SOLOMON T. CORSER,

} Committee of Correspondence
Eastern Star Encampment.

J. E. MURDOCH.

WE are glad to perceive that this accomplished elocutionist is now giving a course of readings of Shakspeare interspersed with remarks. This is a good movement and one that should be well patronized. There are a great many in our community who are opposed to the Theatre, but surely they are few who are not friends of the legitimate drama. Such may gratify their taste now without violating their conscience. There is much brought out by a good reader that a dull hearer never discovers in the text, and that may be passed over by the student. Besides, this effort of Mr. Murdoch's goes towards the cultivation of a good taste in our community both for literature and for elocution. We know of no one among us so well calculated for such an enterprise. Mr. Murdoch has been long with us and is deservedly popular in his private and in his professional character.

☞ **WANTED.** — If any of our agents or subscribers have on hand No. 2 of the present volume of the Symbol, which they have no use for, they would confer a great favor on us by sending the same to our office at their earliest convenience. We can complete a number of volumes if we had No. 2, but are unable to do so now. ☞ We hope our agents will give their attention to this notice.

☞ **Credit.** — In many of our exchanges articles are copied from the Symbol without due credit being given. We pride ourselves upon having a list of excellent writers, and consequently publishing an excellent magazine; and it seems no more than just that we should have the credit of such articles as our cotemporaries may please to copy into their respective publications. The editor of the Pawtucket Chronicle will probably understand in what instance allusion is made at the present time. See Chronicle the story by Prof. Ingraham.

G. L. OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE quarterly session of this body was held at Covenant Hall in this city on the 7th instant. About thirty Past Grands presented their Certificates and were duly instructed in the G. L. Degree. Our magazine having been made up previous to the time of meeting, we are unable to speak of any business that was done. In our next number we shall notice such part of the proceedings as we think may be of interest.

New Volume.—IN order to commence the next volume of the *Symbol* in January, we shall publish two numbers in November and two in December. By doing this our subscribers will receive their whole complement of numbers for the year. — We do so, as we think it much better to begin a volume with the year than in March, at which time our present volume will expire in the regular course of publication. — Subscribers, therefore, holding receipts for the year ending March, 1845, will of course understand that the time for which they have paid, ends with No. 12 of the present volume.

November.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

We have received a splendid copy of this Annual for 1845, and undertake to say that in appearance it is equalled by few if any of its American compeers. We are not able to speak of its literary character for the present year, not having read it. But we presume that in this respect it will be found worthy of its beautiful appearance. The plates far exceed those of any former volume. The frontispiece is from an original picture by T. B. READ, entitled "EXCELSIOR," the subject being taken from Longfellow's glorious poem. It is worthy of the painter, who is a fine artist, and as our readers know, a good writer. All the engravings, except the vignette, are in mezzotint, and these with the elegant typography and splendid binding, and — we are assured — excellent contents, render the *Rose of Sharon* fit to be purchased and cherished as one of the most beautiful flowers of the season. Miss EDGARTON, the Editor, says she has endeavored to adopt the motto of the frontispiece — "EXCELSIOR." We doubt it not, and trust that she will ascend higher also in fame, and Mr. Tompkins, the publisher, in patronage. For his unwearied and enterprising efforts in improving the work from year to year, he deserves and receives our thanks. Who buys? Call at No. 30 Cornhill.

MARRIED.

In Charlestown, Sunday evening, September 29th, by Rev. Bro. E. H. Chapin, Bro. Isaac C. Cushing of Bunker Hill Lodge, to Miss Lucy A. Kelly, all of Charlestown.

[Accompanying the above notice the printer received a prime lot of cake — one of the best evidences to ensure a state of connubial felicity. We never knew an instance where the printer was remembered, as in this case, that the couple did not ever after live a life of happiness. Heaven grant it may always be so.]

In South Reading, on the 20th ult., by Rev. Bro. J. H. Willis, Bro. Jacob Townsend, Jr., P. G. of Souhegan Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Caryl, all of South Reading.

[We made a slight mistake in our last number in acknowledging a favor in connection with the marriage of Bro. Davis and Miss Low. If we had said *sister* Low and husband, instead, it would have done very well.]

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

- GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—Hez'h Prince, G C P. Newell A Thompson, G H P. Tho's Barr, G S W. Nath'l Y Culbertson, G J W. Caleb C Hayden, G Scribe. Raymond Cole, G Treasurer, MASSASOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Wm Ellison, CP; A P Cleverly, HP; L M Smith, SW; J R Mullen, JW; Edwin Adams, Scribe; Nath'l S Prince, Treas'r.
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 A C L Arnold, Chaplain.
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 ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—Ell Brown, NG; David A Cleaveland, VG; Sam'l R Williams, Sec'y; Nelson C Northrup, Treas.
 HOPE, No. 4.—Nathan Porter, NG; Jonathan M Wheeler, VG; Nathaniel A Eddy, Sec'ry.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Grand Encampment, semi-annually, Boston, on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.
 MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1, Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.
 Mount Washington Encampment, No. 6, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays.
 Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.
 Menotomy Encampment, No. 3, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Monomink Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.
 Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.
 Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Winthrop Hall, Monday.
 Shawmut, No. 37, do. do. Tuesday.

Montezuma, No. 33, do do Wednesday.
 Pacific, 42, do do Thursday.
 Franklin, 23, do do Friday.
 Tremont No. 15, Encampment Hall, Wednesday.
 Ancient Landmark, 32, do do Monday.
 Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tuesday.
 Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.
 Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.
 Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.
 Boston, 25, do do Friday.
 Union Degree, 1, do Saturday.
 New England, 4, East Cambridge, Friday.
 Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.
 Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.
 Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
 Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts.,
 Monday.
 Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.
 Merrimac, 7, Lowell, Monday.
 Mechanics', 11, " Friday.
 Oberlin, 23, " Tuesday.
 Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
 Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
 Warren Deg. Lodge, do. " semi-monthly, 2d & 4th Fridays.
 Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
 Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.
 Fidelity, 21, Andover, Bank Hall, Thursday.
 Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
 Mystic, 51, " " " " Monday.
 Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
 Hampden, 27, Springfield, Thursday.
 Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.
 Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.
 Hobah, 53, " " " " Friday.
 Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.
 Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday.
 Maverick Degree, do do do do do Thursday.
 Hope, 34, Methuen, Eagle Hall, Wednesday.
 Prospect, 35, Waltham, Thursday.
 Souhegan, 38, South Reading, Monday.
 Quasacacquen, 39, Newburyport, Friendship Hall, Thursday.
 Bay State, 40, Lynn, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.
 Acushnet, 41, New Bedford, Wednesday.
 Quinsigamond, 43, Worcester, Monday.
 King Philip Lodge, 44, Taunton, Tuesday.
 Framingham, 45, Framingham.
 Tisquantum, 46, Milford.
 Macedonian, 47, Bedford.
 Norfolk, 48, Dorchester.

Maine.

Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
 Eastern Star Encampment, 2, Portland, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Sagamore Encampment, 2, Augusta, 1st and 3d Thursdays of each month.
 Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland, quarterly.
 Union Degree, 1, do. Union st., Tuesday.
 Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, do. " " Thursday.
 Ligonis, 5, do. " " Saturday.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.
 Sabbatis, 6, Augusta.
 Cushnoc, 14, " "
 Penobscot, 7, Bangor, Wednesday.
 Kenduskeag, 12, " Monday.
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Ntahnis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath, Monday.
 Pejepscot, 13, Brunswick, Thursday.
 Cnshnoc, 14, Augusta.
 Passagassawakeag, 15, Belfast, Wednesdays.
 Hobomok, 16, Bath.
 Orono, 18, Orons, Odd Fellow's Hall, Mill st., Saturday.
 Harrison, 20, Harrison, Friday.

Rhode Island.

Narraganset Encampment, 1, Providence, 25 Market st, 2d and 4th Fird
Grand Lodge, " quarterly.
Friendly Union, 1, Providence, 25 Market st. Thursday.
Eagle, 2, do., cor. Broad and Pawtuxet sts. Wednesday
Hope, 4, do., " " " " Monday.
Roger Williams, 3, North Main street, Tuesday.


Connecticut.

Grand Encampment, New Haven, semi-annually.
Grand Lodge, New Haven, semi-annually; 2d Wednes July and Jan'y.
Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
Oriental Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich, 1st and 3d Fridays.
Unity Encampment, No. 4, New London, 2d and 4th Fridays.
Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.
Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
Grand Lodge, New Haven, quarterly.
Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, Wednesday.
Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.
Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.
Ousatonic, 6, Derby, Monday.
Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.
Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Saturday.
Thames, 9, New London, Monday.
Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk, "
Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.
Central, 12, Middletown, Tuesday.
Charity, 13, Lower Mystic.

New Hampshire.

Grand Lodge, Concord, semi annually.
Nashoonon Encampment, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, every other Friday.
Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tuesday.
Hillsboro, 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall, Tuesday.
Wecohamet, 3, Dover, Thursday,
Washington, 4, Great Falls, Friday.
White Mountain, 5, Concord, Athenaeum Hall, Friday.
Piscataqua, 6, Portsmouth, Monday.

Errata.—In the statement made in our last number, relative to the progress of the Order in the United States, for the last five years, it was stated there had been 31,236, initiations, and that the whole number of members at the present time, was 127,850. It will be seen there is an error in adding up the number of initiations. It should have been 40,236. And in comparing the number of initiates each year with the aggregate number, it will be perceived there is a difference of nearly 10,000. If the statement as regards the number of initiates each year be correct, the whole number at the present time would amount to 137,610. It may be well perhaps to say that the statement was made on the authority of the "Official" Magazine.

 *To Agents.*—Agents holding monies on our account, are earnestly requested to forward the same without delay. We hope this will be sufficient notice.

LAWS OF THE ORDER.

To prevent mistake and correct the misapprehension that exist on the subject of visitation and deposit of cards, we publish the only laws on the subject now in force.

"No individual claiming to visit or deposit his card in a Lodge of these United States, shall be so admitted unless he present a regular card, signed by the N. G. and attested by the Secretary, under the seal of the Lodge, and the name of the individual holding said card be endorsed thereon in his own proper hand writing. — Provided, nevertheless, a Brother may always visit if introduced by a Grand Representative, or other elective officer of the Grand Lodge under whose jurisdiction he wishes to visit." — [Journal Sept. Session, 1843, page 100.]

He shall have the A. T. P. W., and be able to work his way. — [Proclamation of G. Sire Hopkins and Ancient Usage, Nov. 1843.]

Other test may be required, in cases of distrust, doubt or suspicion only. — [Ancient Usage.]

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND SIRE.

These important officers are respectfully referred to the following order: —

"That in addition to the duties now imposed on them, it shall be their duty to examine all reports from Subordinate Lodges and Encampments under their jurisdiction, and to have them correct, as far as practicable, before they are forwarded to the Cor. Sec'y." — [Journal Sept. Session, 1843, page 210.]

These reports must embody the following information:

The Name and No. — Where held — Time of Meeting — Initiations and Names — Admitted by Card and Names — Withdrawn by Card and Names — Reinstated and Names — Suspended, Name and Cause — Expelled, Name and Cause — Deaths — No. of Degrees conferred — No. of Contributing Members, designating their rank — Amount of Receipts — 10 per centum due G. L. U. S. — Names of Officers elected and installed — Signature of Officers and Seal of the Lodge.

These reports must be made quarterly by Lodges, and may be made semi-annually by Encampments, and must as to terms conform to the following law: —

"Annual reports from the 1st July to June the 30, inclusive; semi-annual reports from July 1st to Dec. 30th inclusive; quarterly reports to be made up for the corresponding periods, commencing respectively on the 1st days of July, October, January, and April, each year."

To enable Lodges and Encampments to comply with this law. It is further provided.

"That in all cases where the longest part of their terms (seven weeks or more) under their present regulations, shall have expired, they are authorised to make one short term, so as to end the quarter at one of the above specified dates — and where less than seven weeks of a quarter shall have expired, they are directed to extend the term, so as to require the officers for the time being to serve for such additional number of nights as will enable the Lodge to make up its returns in compliance with the intent of the law." — [Journal Sept. Session, 1842, page 74.]

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

MASSACHUSETTS. — T. R. B. Edmands, Charlestown; A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell; Duncan Macfarlane, W. Cambridge; John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge; Rev. Wm. Tozer, Malden; Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village; E. H. Smith, Woburn; Albert W. Bryant, East Lexington; Wm. Monroe, Chelsea; Adrian Low, Salem; R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport; J. M. Southwick & Co., Roxbury; A. Langley, Stoneham; Charles F. Wilson, Worcester, 69 Main st.; H. T. Crofoot, Newburyport; F. S. Monroe, Taunton.

MAINE. — David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland; George Prince, Thomaston; John E. Brown, Bath; Wm. P. Nutin, Gardiner; Moses Quinby, 2d, Sacarappa; B. Plummer, Jr., D. B. Roberts, Bangor; N. Gunnison, Hallowell; E P Butler, Orono; A Jordan, Belfast.

RHODE ISLAND. — J. W. Root, 41 Market st., Providence; C. C. Shute, No. 53 Westminster st., Providence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. — Wm. Walker, Jr., Concord.

CONNECTICUT. — Safford & Park, Norwich; Charles Ball, New Haven; Orrin F. Smith, New London.

NEW YORK. — James Pratt, Ithaca.

PENNSYLVANIA. — G. G. Stambach, Philadelphia, No. 400 North Second street.

KENTUCKY. — D. P. Watson, P. M., Nicholasville.

GENERAL AGENT. — J. G. Morse.

JOS. B. FROST, of this city, is authorised to act as our Agent.

DAVID ROBINSON, Jr., Portland, General Agent for Maine.

TRAVELLING AGENTS. — H B Odiorne, Homer J Doucet, S. Thornton.

TREASURER'S BLANK BONDS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE,

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Original.

SOCIAL CLASSIFICATION OF THE COMMUNITY.

—
BY WILSON FLAGG.
—

OF THE YEOMANRY.

IN England the term Yeoman is applied to the freeholders who have land of their own. The Yeomanry are the highest class among the plebeians, next in order to the Gentry. It is said to be derived from a Saxon word *genian*, which signifies any-body. The Yeomen of England are adjudged capable of certain offices, as constables, church wardens, jurymen; and can vote in elections to parliament, and serve in the army. In ancient times the infantry was composed chiefly of them, and they frequently constituted the body guard of kings, and gave rise to the institution called Yeomen of the Guard. It is said that in many cases the law ranks the Yeomen who occupy land above artificers, tradesmen, &c. This distinction probably is founded on the greater amount of property which the land owners are likely to possess. The term Yeomanry is in America as well as in England usually applied to freeholders, or rather to the farmers of the country. But as the divisions of society in America are entirely different from those of England, it is well to alter the signification of all those terms which may be conveniently applied to certain classes of our people, so as to embrace all who are similar in rank and station. I would beg leave therefore, to comprehend under the head of Yeomanry all the independent workingmen of American society — viz. Farmers, Mechanics, and Artificers of all descriptions, and tradesmen. I class these men

all together, because their habits of life are such as to lead them to associate together, and to become assimilated in their manners and character.

As a class, the Yeomanry must afford the noblest specimen of humanity, since they are the only class that is not degenerate, either in body or mind. The Gentry and Clerisy are necessarily, as a class, effeminate in person, and the former both in person and intellect. The populace, or the lower classes are degenerate in intellect, though robust and athletic in their frames. The Clerisy, as a class, have strong intellects, with weak and degenerate frames. The Yeomanry, on the other hand, are the class in whom no species of degeneracy has yet commenced. Their minds and their persons are both vigorous and healthy, and they fall short of the Clerisy only in cultivation, and of the Gentry only in external polish; but are inferior to neither class in strength of mind and general intelligence, and are superior to both in the vigor of their frames or in personal strength and hardihood. Hence the greatest men of the nation are mostly the children of the Yeomanry; for though the children of the Clerisy may inherit an equal degree of intellect, they are generally deficient in that energy, which is communicated to the offspring only by parents who are possessed of great bodily vigor. If not the *children*, great men are the grand children of laboring men, for I believe fact will bear me out in the assertion that degeneracy is always completed in the third generation of those who are *not* inured to laborious habits.

It is a necessary circumstance in the order of nature, that that class who attain the greatest amount of knowledge must be to a certain extent effeminate and degenerate in their physical strength. There are individual exceptions it is true; but these are generally more apparent than real. But the highest degree of intelligence may be attained without this physical degeneracy, since erudition is not necessary to intelligence, but often a check to the free development of the mental powers, while a general knowledge of science is promotive of the greatest strength of mind. Men who are occupied with labor for a greater part of their time, may in a community like this, pick up a great deal of knowledge; and if their toil is not severe, may devote sufficient time to conversation and reflection, to acquire a very high degree of intelligence and mental vigor. A considerable portion of the yeomanry of this country are of this description; and hence, though exceeded by the Clerisy in knowledge, they are hardly inferior to them in general intelligence. The *populace*, on the other hand, who are not only the slaves of toil, so as to have no leisure to read, observe or reflect, but have no foundation in the rudiments of learning, must remain ignorant, weak and degenerate in intellect, and have but little capacity for anything but manual labor. The children of such people are seldom endowed with talent.

Perhaps, therefore, the true method of defining in general terms the prominent characteristics of the different classes may be the following. The Gentry possess the highest degree of refinement, but are ordinary in intellect and degenerate in person. The Clerisy possess the highest degree of learning and intelligence, but are ordinary in manners and

degenerate in person. The Yeomanry possess the highest degree of physical strength and common sense, but are ordinary in their mental acquisitions and manners, but have no degeneracy at all. The populace possess a high degree of physical strength, but are degenerate in their minds, uncivilized in their manners and corrupt in their morals.

The Yeomanry are the class, who being somewhat independent in their circumstances, so as not to be made the slaves of toil, and having had a good early school education, which serves as the groundwork for the building up of a good fund of knowledge by reading and observation, are able to spare time enough from their hours of labor to cultivate their minds to a considerable extent. The farmer and mechanic may in some respects have an advantage over the professional man, and more particularly over the merchant, in the exercise of reflection and observation. The merchant while he is occupied in his business is actively exercising his mind upon his business, and is necessarily abstracted from all other mental occupations. It is more or less so with the lawyer. The mechanic and the farmer, on the other hand, may during their hours of moderate toil, keep their minds constantly employed upon some foreign subject, and may even be holding conversation in the midst of labor upon some curious topic. This is remarkably the case with shoemakers, who being confined together in clubs in their workshops, spend the greater part of their time in conversing together upon some useful subject, of morals, science or politics, that happens to interest their minds. Merchants cannot do this, except during their hours of leisure, neither can professional men, more especially lawyers. Hence, it may be easily explained, why mechanics, though as a class inferior to the merchants in many very obvious accomplishments, are their superiors in many less obvious acquisitions, and in certain kinds of intelligence. Farmers are not generally so well informed as mechanics, for the very obvious reason that they do more solitary labor, or do not work so much in clubs or parties, and exercise their minds less by conversational debates. They likewise see less of the world than the mechanic; but their employment is favorable to meditation, and hence an intelligent farmer who has acquired a habit of reading, may acquire, by meditating during his hours of toil upon the subjects of his books, a very high degree of intellectual culture. It is evident from all that I have advanced, that the Yeomanry in general enjoy opportunities of keeping themselves on a level with the Clerisy in point of general intelligence, though they cannot attain their learning, while at the same time their habits of labor preserve them from physical degeneracy.

The Yeomanry like the Gentry and the Clerisy, comprehends a great variety of professions and characters, but all these have a common resemblance in very many respects. No class of people, however, can have that perfect resemblance to one another which prevails among all the individuals of the same caste in China or Hindoostan, where, by the laws of the country, every individual is obliged to follow the pursuit of his parents, and to remain forever in the same caste. In this country there is a constant amalgamation of people of the different classes, which must lead to assimilation. One generation is of the

very populace ; the second or the children of this generation becomes elevated among the Gentry, by the wealth which fell upon their parents ; the third generation, in consequence of vice, and loss of fortune sinks down into the ranks of the populace again, below the Yeomanry whom their parents had overleaped. Where there is loss of property without any vices, this third generation settles among the Yeomanry, and frequently affords finer specimens of humanity than their parents who were of the Gentry or even the Clerisy. This constant amalgamation of classes is a great blessing to a republican country. It causes the different classes to be akin to one another, and destroys those prejudices of caste or rank which exist in old countries. It softens the pride of the more fortunate, and prevents the members of the Yeomanry from feeling that obsequiousness to rank and gentility, which the same class exhibits in European countries.

In politics, the Yeomanry form what may properly be called the Democracy of the land ; the Populace, what have been termed the mobocracy. But the people are very far from arranging themselves, on elections, according to their natural position. Nothing is more common than to see quite an intelligent citizen, so blinded by his prejudice and party spirit, and by his partial acquaintance with political economy, as to vote on the side which is diametrically opposite to his personal interest, besides being injurious to the commonwealth. In regard to these matters, however, I am convinced that our Yeomanry, as a class are sufficiently intelligent to correct their errors ; though it is more than can be expected of any class, that they should know with certainty the result of all the political measures which they support. The populace are the class who must necessarily be *led*, and who with the exception of some very obvious political acts, must cast their votes, as it were, blindfolded, on all occasions. The object of every patriot ought therefore to be to elevate the populace into the rank of the Yeomanry, or independent laborers, by the diffusion of the advantages of common school education. It seems to me, likewise, that the larger the proportion of the Yeomanry, in comparison with any of the other classes, whether Gentry, Clerisy or Populace, the more prosperous the nation. Luxury will prevail just in proportion to the numbers of the Gentry, who must always be balanced by a proportional number of the Populace. It is wealth that supports luxury and fashion ; and wealth cannot exist in one class without proportional poverty in another ; since for every one who lives in idleness and luxury, several individuals must thereby be made the slaves of toil ; which is followed by ignorance and recklessness. A large class of the Gentry, therefore, presupposes a still larger class of the mere populace, or the slaves of toil.

The same remarks will apply, though in a less degree, to the Clerisy. The Clerisy, as a class, live without productive labor, and differ from the Gentry only in the fact that they are to a certain extent necessary to society, while the Gentry are superfluous. In this country and in every other, there is one division of the Clerisy which is not sufficiently large ; I mean the teachers of youth. Upon this class of men, of course, depends in a great measure the elevation of the populace into the ranks of the Yeomanry. The greater the number of teachers in

any country, therefore, the greater will be the number of the Yeomanry, or the middle classes. Men who are well educated, will not condescend to be slaves and menials, though they may be proud to be independent laborers. Hence, by educating the lower classes, we prevent the multiplication of the ranks of the Gentry and of the Populace, and increase the number of the Yeomanry.

OF THE POPULACE.

In a democratic community, where the principles of equal rights and universal education are fully carried out, there would be but a small class of the populace, were it not for foreign emigration. Otherwise, this class would comprehend those few who by some accident had not obtained those educational advantages which were offered to others; those who were too stupid to profit by such advantages; or lastly of those who in consequence of irresolute habits of vice and intemperance, had destroyed their capacity for every thing but menial labor. But in those States, in this republic, in which the people have received the best advantages, education has still been very far from universal. A large number, though but a small proportion of our native population, cannot read or write, and have received no more moral education than is contained in the generally received opinions which assign punishment as the penalty of disobedience to laws. Hence, even if there were no foreign paupers in our land, there would still be a rabble sufficiently large to appear of some consequence in the census. When to this body is added the multitude of foreign laborers who are constantly emigrating to our shores, they will be found to constitute a full third of our whole population.

It is this class of society in which human nature is physically tried to the utmost, and thereby, in a certain sense, regenerated. We can explain our meaning thus. If a certain family remain, for many generations, unexposed to hardships or trials of any kind, and marry into families equally unexposed to such circumstances they will gradually degenerate, both in body and mind. That physical vigor which is acquired by a constant habit of resisting injurious influences, declines in such families, until it is so far destroyed as to leave insufficient to sustain life. We can find but few such instances of degeneracy in this country; they are numerous in foreign monarchies and aristocracies. Now the lower ranks of society seem to be a sort of *purgatorial* state, in which the physical vigor of degenerated families is restored, by a renewed exposure to hardships, such as cold, heat, hunger and intense physical exertion. Here all the powers of physical endurance are tasked to the utmost. The weak perish, and the strong become parents of still stronger children, who after a few generations, work their way up into the higher classes, only after as many generations to degenerate and drop down again.

It may perhaps be thought, that if the physical vigor of a family is cherished by struggles in the lower ranks of society, that the intellectual vigor is cherished by struggles in the higher ranks. But it is not

so. Both the minds and bodies of the children of wealthy and independent families are *trained*. By training, the mental and corporeal faculties, acquire educating skill—not vigor. Vigor is produced by opposition. Refinement and delicacy of taste are produced by training, and perhaps by luxury and idleness. A Napoleon, or a Shakspeare, would be more likely to spring from a family, several removes from the lower classes, which had not, at least for several generations been wealthy or luxurious, and whose progenitors had been obliged to make the severest mental struggles to sustain themselves in the position which they wished to occupy. The individuals themselves likewise must be obliged to make similar struggles in their youth. By such struggles with opposition, the faculties are strained to their utmost, and after a few generations, provided marriage takes place with those who are obliged to make similar struggles, genius suddenly springs up in the bosom of such families to reform, to delight, to instruct, to conquer, and in all cases to astonish the world. Think not, therefore, ye parents who are living in comparative ease, especially if your own parents on both sides lived in similar circumstances, that your children can ever be great men. While they are children they may be very precocious, may prattle delightfully and perform wonders for children. Luxury and education prematurely ripen their faculties. Your poor neighbors, however, who are straining every nerve to accomplish their day's labor, and every faculty to devise the means of turning all their little to the best account, they or such as they, are the parents of genius and of all extraordinary talent. Exception to this principle will be found in all cases to be more apparent than real. People in wealthy circumstances are sometimes so placed or constituted, as to subject themselves or be subjected to similar struggles against opposition. Such families may give birth to genius.

OUR PRINCIPLES.

I HAVE already enumerated the principles of our Order, and I presume that none will deny, that if men were to act in accordance with that feeling of universal love and benevolence which they inculcate, the world would present a far different scene. Envy, base and loathsome as it is, would cease its eternal efforts to drag down honest merit to its own degraded level—slander, to hurl its envenomed and malignant shaft—avarice, to wrong the unwary and grind the poor,—and even hatred and revenge, to nerve the murderer's arm. Peace, harmony and concord would assert their empire, and the thorny path of life be converted into flowering fields of happiness and ease.—*Odd Fellow*.

FRIENDSHIP.—True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

THE WINTER NIGHT:
OR THE YOUNG SEAMAN AND RICH MERCHANT.

BY BRO. J. H. INGRAHAM.

Author of "The Quadroon," "Lafitte," "The Odd Fellow," "Dancing Feather," &c.

A WINTRY wind laden with snow was sweeping through the streets of the city. It was just after nightfall, and the street lamps flickering in the blast gave indistinct light to the few passengers that business, or pleasure, or necessity kept abroad. In a narrow lane, dark and deserted, with ranges of poor tenements on either side of it, there stood a wretched abode from which glimmered a faint light. The house was very old, dilapidated, and ready to fall. Its crazy shutters creaked in the wind, and its loose boards flapped, and the rusty nails and hinges that scarcely held them, shrieked sharply in the whistling air. The snow was driving and piling itself in heaps in every door-way and window-sill, and angle. There was a street lamp at the farther extremity of the lane, but it gave no light down the alley. Therefore the faint glimmer seen through the crusted panes of the old tenement, was more apparent to those who might be observing it. But there was now no soul stirring in the lane. The cold had imprisoned every one in his own house.

Suddenly the silence of the alley is broken by a quick tread. A man approaches from the entrance and advances with that rapid walk which the cold renders imperative. As he came near where the gleam from the lamp in the low window fell upon him, it could be seen that he was a young sailor, not more perhaps than twenty-four years of age. He wore a blue jacket, somewhat old and worn, duck trowsers and a coarse straw tarpaulin. He paused a moment before the window and glanced in; but the dust and cob-webs which encrusted the panes rendered it impossible for him to see into the room. He then passed by the window and turning into a narrow passage came to the door which gave admission into the dwelling. A drift of snow had blocked it half way up to the lower panel. He knocked, and after a moment's delay the door was opened by a young girl about eighteen years of age. The lamp she held cast sufficient light upon her features to show that they were very pale and yet strikingly beautiful in their outline.

"William!" she exclaimed, smiling sadly yet tenderly, while she fixed upon his face her large blue eyes with an expression of anxious curiosity and inquiry.

He made no reply; but entering the front room from the window of which the lamp had glimmered out upon the lane, he approached a wretched bed which lay in one corner upon the floor. He knelt down beside it and bending over, gazed an instant into the face of an

female invalid who was stretched upon it. He took her hand and watched her countenance with painful interest.

"She sleeps, Louisa," he said softly. "How long has she slept?"

"An hour. After you left she became calm and so full of hope that you would succeed, that she fell asleep."

"She will wake to disappointment. I have *not* succeeded," he said, rising and crossing the room with a quick, nervous step.

"Nothing?" hesitatingly asked his sister.

"Nothing! I have tried my last resource."

"God lives!" answered the young girl impressively; and lifting her eyes to Heaven with a beautiful expression of holy faith, she inspired him also with hope.

"I know it, Louisa. I know we ought not to fear. But my faith is not a religious one like thine. I look more to action and to means for relief."

"God will aid us by blessing these. Only in this way do I look for help. Who have you seen?"

"I saw the captain again, I last sailed with. I told him that I had a sick mother, and that her life depended on the most careful nursing; that I had spent all my wages in providing for her, and that you had left your place of work to watch by her, and that we had both expended not only our earnings, but had sold, piece by piece, every thing we could spare. I showed him my clothes and told him they were all I had for this cold night."

"And would he not do any thing for you, William?"

"Do? No!" answered the young man almost fiercely. "He told me if I would ship with him (for well he knows, cruel a captain as he is, that I did my duty well as a seaman the last voyage,) he would advance me one month! I told him I could not ship; that my mother was perhaps on a dying bed and that I could not leave her. That I could not ship even for a year's advance and leave my mother to my sister, who, if she should die, would be left alone and unprotected in her grief."

Louisa placed her hand in his, and drawing his cheek towards her, kissed him with strong and affectionate gratitude. He returned her embrace and said,

"No, sister, I cannot leave my poor mother! I cannot leave you to share all the care of her. Let what will come, we must remain together and watch over her. It is true we want food, medicine, not to mention warm clothing. We have not a dollar — not a cent! You have not another gown to spare. I can only sell the jacket I have on. Yet it must go, for mother must have her medicine, for it is the only thing that relieves her."

"What a pity it is so expensive. Won't the apothecary trust you, William?"

"No. I already owe him half a dollar for the cough drops."

"Mother *must* have the medicine," said Louisa earnestly.

"She must," echoed her brother firmly. "She must have it if I beg. If there was only some generous old tar in port I knew, that had money, I could get it. But I can't find a sailor in Boston I know,

Louisa," he suddenly said with emphasis fixing his eyes upon her face.

"William?"

"There are a great many rich men in Boston. Men, all men, even the rich have human hearts and human sympathies. Do you know what I have been thinking of?"

"Yes. You would go and see some one, and telling him the need of our dear mother, ask him for relief."

"Only as a loan, till I can ship and repay him. I will not beg it—I will not ask it as alms, Louisa," said the high spirited young man, his fine countenance lighted up with the virtuous pride of native independence. "*Perhaps*, Louisa, I *may* succeed—I may borrow a *few* dollars. I can but try. Hear that thick breathing of mother's! That is what we must have the medicine to relieve, or she will ——"

He did not end the sentence; but his eyes met tearfully those of his sister, and their mutual interchange of sorrowing looks expressed that which he dared not express in words.

"What rich person do you know, brother?" asked his sister after a moment's silence.

"I have thought of the owner of the ship I sailed in. It is Mr. Clifford. He seems a kind man. I have seen him in his store on the wharf. I know where he lives. I will go to his house. I think he will do something for me, till a change in mother will enable us both to go to work again, you to your needle, I to my ship."

Mr. John Clifford, a rich shipping merchant, was seated in his comfortable and richly furnished parlor. The storm howled without, and the fine icy snow would rattle upon the window blinds and penetrating between the slats strike the glass. The sense of protection from the storm made the rich merchant feel cheerful and happy. He sat in a stuffed velvet arm-chair before a glowing grate. Upon his knee was seated a rosy cheeked little girl of six years, playing with his whiskers, winding them about her tiny finger and trying to make them curl. This was the youngest of several children and the pet of the indulgent father and mother. As the merchant yielded his gray whiskers to her playful fingers, he looked down into her blooming face and smiled with love and pride.

Suddenly a ring was heard at the street door. In a moment after a well-bred serving-man entered the parlor and said,

"A sailor has called and wishes to spake with your honor; but I told him yer honor wouldn't be after likin' to be deesturbed dis could night. But he says its business o' importance and must needs have a word wid your worship."

"A sailor? some message from one of my captains. Well, I will see him in here. Ask him in."

William entered the warm and handsome parlor, with his tarpaulin beneath his arm. Seeing the merchant, he bowed respectfully. Mr. Clifford looked at him closely and then said,

"Well, my lad what do you wish?"

"Mr. Clifford," said William with embarrassment, but as he thought of his mother he grew bolder, "you, perhaps don't recollect me. I was a hand on board your ship, the Marcellus, last voyage. I have often

seen you, sir, on the wharf, sir; and I thought you seemed to be such a kind man, and spoke so pleasantly, you'd maybe, do me a favor!"

"Well, what is it?" asked the merchant. "What can I do for you?"

"Sir, it is three months since I got back from my last voyage. I found my mother sick, very sick sir, with expensive medicines to take and the doctor to see very often, sir. So I staid by her and spent my last dollar for her, sir; and then my sister who was apprenticed to a dress maker, came home altogether to help me nurse her, and she gave up her little wages too, sir. But still money was needed and then we parted with all our spare clothing, and now to-night, sir, we are without money or any thing to raise it with, and my mother without the only medicine that alleviates her sufferings! Sir, I do not come to you begging. I come to you to ask you if you will be so kind as to advance me a little loan of ten dollars till I ship and pay you back with my first month's advance."

"This is a strange story, young man, said the merchant coldly. "Why don't you ship now and get the money?"

"I can't leave my mother sir! I thought a few days would decide whether she gets well or dies, sir; and then in either case I can go to sea. I cannot leave her, sir, so long as she lives and is so ill."

"How do I know what you tell is true? I don't remember you. You may be an impostor. Come to my counting-room to-morrow and let me have proof that you are telling me the truth."

"Tomorrow may be too late, sir! I did not tell you sir, that my sister and I both need food. We have eaten nothing since yesterday."

"Papa, let me get down, said the little girl; and springing to the floor she ran to the side-board and bringing from it a silver basket filled with iced cake, she said, "Here, poor man! Here is something to eat! It is nice! Take it and carry it all home to your sister."

William smiled and blessed the sweet child, but did not offer to take a piece. "Anne, take the basket back, child!" Said the merchant. "He may be an imposter; but if you want food, you shall have it from the kitchen. I can give you no money! I only pay money to those who can be of service to me! That is my principle in business young man!"

"Perhaps, sir I may not be too humble to be of service to you."

"Your service, I shall scarcely need, I think young man," he said ironically.

"It is true, you are rich, and I am poor, very poor, Mr. Clifford.— But the time may come if you do me this kindness, that I may be able to return it."

"Scarcely probable," answered the merchant with the cold, proud smile of a man who is conscious of the power that lies in wealth. — "Come to me tomorrow and show me that you are deserving and *perhaps* I may do something for you. I don't promise. Good night!"

William left him with mingled anger grief, and quitted the house with his feelings too deeply insulted for him to ask for that food which had been so haughtily offered to him.

The next morning appeared in the city papers the following paragraph.

" Noble Conduct. — A young sailor displayed to singular advantage the proverbial courage and daring of his class, at the fire last night. While the house of Mr. Clifford, was wrapped in flames, and all communication with it apparently cut off by the burning stables and buildings by which it was surrounded, the screams of a child were heard proceeding from the upper story of the house. The crowd seemed paralyzed with horror, as the difficulties of approaching presented themselves, and the piteous shrieks of the child rang louder and louder upon the ear. The cries of the child was not heard in vain ; they rang an alarm in the heart of the young sailor, and every generous emotion was awakened — springing forward, the noble fellow dashed through the flames, mounted the burning stair-case, and in a few moments the loud cheers of the admiring crowd proclaimed that child and deliverer were both safe."

We make no comment upon the above, leaving the reader to form his own conclusions. There is no human being so poor or humble that the rich and powerful may not become his debtor.

Original.

A L F I O R .

A N O R T H E R N L E G E N D .

BY T. B. READ.

L

A hoary Scandinavian
 A poet of the North,
 In mystic midnight reveries
 His form is shadowed forth.
 Dark ages hang all mantle-like
 Upon his stately form,
 He cometh as the moun comes through
 The drapery of the storm.
 He chanteth low and musingly
 The ancient Runic rhyme;
 His grey eye looketh inwardly
 For there each thought sublime

Glows on the page of memory,
The register of time.
And this the tale he told to me
In midnight's wildest revery.

II.

By Greenland's shore of icy light
A barque was riding proudly,
Where waves all white as in affright
Called to each other loudly.
And loudly came from inland caves
The winds with voice of wo,
Down casting in their ocean graves
The heavy clouds of snow.
But who may tell of icy cells
Unknown to daylight glory?
Or who relate the thousand spells
Of witches wild and hoary?

III.

At Thorbiorga's (2) icy door
A voice was loud and grim:
"The wind," she cried, "it moaneth sore
Till ocean's voice is dim.
The white bear howleth on the floor,
The sea-dog answereth to the roar!
Methinks a vessel neareth shore;
Ha! shall she sink or swim?
That voice once more as twice before,
It soundeth like the call of Thor;—
His slave may speak to him."
Back fell the bar with grating jar,
As ope the thunder-gates of heaven;
When Alfior, a Vikingar,
(Yet not by chilly storm-blast driven,)
With bearing high and flaming eye
Strode on the awe-struck beldam by.
"Speak, speak!" she cried, "or, bold man dread
A fearful woman's power!
Why wouldst thou tread among the dead
At midnight awful hour!"

IV.

"I seek," he said, "the witches nine,
Far famed in marvellous story;

By those mysterious robes of thine,
And by thy locks so hoary,
And by those flashing eyes of flame
Thou art the dread prophetic dame
Who with thy deep-wrought mystic truth
Can point the fearless warrior youth
To conquest and to glory.
'Twas love that bade me seek thy cell
In midnight's awful shade,
Then hear the truthful tale I tell,
Nor scorn to lend thine aid.
Fair Ulla in her father's tower
Fierce champion's guarded well,
For many an hour I tried their power,
And fought them till they fell;—
Like dark and evil deeds they fell,
Like falsehoods at the gates of Truth.
I forced the bars of iron cast,
And daringly the portals flung;
I sought the maiden long and well,
And gained the secret bower at last,
Where shadows of the twilight hung
Like giants grim and solemn;
And as a sunbeam from the west
The maiden's figure gently prest
An armour-covered column:—
The while her lovely heaving breast
Swelled half commotion half at rest;
With blushes well attesting sooth,
And timid voice that rose and fell;
She could not choose but sigh and tell
She loved the valorous warrior youth.

V.

But now as 't were a vagrant steed,
She reined her late forgotten pride,
With heart half struggling to be freed—
The tear drop in her lashes dried,
She bade me gaze around the hall
On stately suits of armour;
Ancestral relics were they all,
All fiercely bright and hugely tall;
Then sighed with half relenting tone,
“Go, brave the perils they have done,
Then shall my hand and heart be won,
And thou shalt be the charmer.”

VI.

For this I braved the wrath of Thor,
And sought the queen of mystic lore
To guide me on to war's alarms
That I might yet in loving arms
Repeat a valorous story."

VII.

With high-raised head and flaming eye
And fearful look of majesty
Out spake the beldam hoary.
"I am the last of nine," she cried,
"Behold my sister witches!
Here they have died, here, side by side,
Stand in their icy niches!
And thou, a bold young Vikingar,
Dost come a midnight visiter,
And bravely tread among the dead
To win the proud Jarl's daughter!
Who trusted Thorblorga well
He shall not leave her mystic cell
With sorrow that he sought her."

VIII.

Then looked she south, east, north and west,
And chanted charms of Runic lore,
The lays her deities loved best,
One for Odin, Freya, Thor.
Freya listened, Odin heard
And loud Thor spoke from heavenward.
Hoarsely croaked the sable bird,
Deemed prophetic, high and holy,
Loud the sea dog gave his growl,
Loud rose the white bear's howl
That made the Viking's very soul
Sink 'neath a load of melancholy.
Oh, fierce the witch's eye and look,
Her soul's bright index flashes flung
Mysterious as is a book
Imprinted in an unknown tongue.

IX.

Now far along the glittering cell
A purple light gleamed from the niches,
Sent forth from words of wondrous spell
That burned on ice-bound breasts of witches.

Young Alfior submissive bowed
Whilst spoke the sorceress aloud.

X.

“The words burn red, the words burn blue,
And shed a light of purple hue;
Bright red and blue are love and truth,
And these proclaim thy valor, youth;
And while the mingled colors burn,
Bow, daring youth, bow, list and learn!

XI.

“As eagle on his fearless wing
His talons red with banquetting;
Thus dauntless sails the ocean king
With crimson blade triumphant drawn
From morn 'till night, from eve 'till dawn.
A snowy plume is on his crest,
Across his shining iron breast
He wears a scarf of heavenly hue,
Blue as his eye but not more blue;
He conquers all for none can flee
Who meets the monarch of the sea;
He keeps a watch through day and dark
For Alfior and his gallant barque.
*Who conquers the king of northern water
Shall win for his bride the proud Jarl's daughter !*
The words burn red, the words burn blue
And shed a light of purple hue;
Bright red and blue are love and truth,
And these proclaim thy valor, youth!”

P A R T II.

I.

So softly slept the silver sea
Beneath its silver canopy;
You might have deemed the waves had striven
To emulate the arch of heaven.
So still was all you might have heard
The whisper of a falling star,
Or rustle of the wing afar

Of some lone melancholy bird
Dimly wending heavenward.
Smoothly swept the glad Vikingar
In his barque so quaintly wrought,
Sailing like a bright idea
Through the silent sea of thought.
He was standing at the prow
With searching gaze and knitted brow,
His form erect, his falchion bare
And dark plume dancing on the air.

II.

His barque sped on with motion steady;
But could it be his course was true?
For he had met three ships already,
The Vikings conquered, quelled each crew;
But never a Viking with scarf of blue.
Yes, sure it was his course was true,
For on the farthest edge of ocean
A speck came up, now large and larger
And onward moved with steady motion,
As walks a gallant bridled charger.
So proud it trod so high and free
It seemed in scorn to paw the sea,
And in disdain it seemed to dip
Into the wave, and throw up white,
(Like beard upon the proud Jarl's lip,)
The whispering wreaths of phosphor light.
A blood red flag the stranger bore,
And soon there came to view
A Viking at the bow who wore
A streaming scarf of blue.

III.

As fiercely as the birds of prey,
The sombre hawks or eagles grey,
Now standing, like two sullen kings,
Awhile apart on steady wings,
And then with one convulsive start
Strives to clutch each other's heart;
Thus sailed the vessels round, and stood
In fierce defying attitude;
But soon they wildly dashed together,
And madly grappled with each other.
An hundred meteor-flashing brands
Unsheathed and grasped by iron hands,

As when two foaming torrents meet
And combat at the mountain's feet,
Now met and for a moment clashed
With ringing sound—and thickly dashed
The fire from many a helmet's crest,
From shivered sword and iron breast.

IV.

If fierce the daring vassals fought,
More fiercely they who long had sought
To give their swords an interview,
Bold Alfior, and he who wore
The streaming scarf of blue.
A shout went up for him who wore
The streaming scarf of blue,
And then a shout for Alfior!
His falchion cleft the crest, and wide
It fell apart on either side,
Unbinding many a flaxen fold
Of hair, that, like a flood of gold,
In lengthened wavy tresses rolled.

V.

All ghastly pale reeled Alfior
As smote by gleaming bolt of Thor;
But wherefore should he quail and reel
And smite the deck with form of steel
Who conquering wins upon the water?
*Alas, the youth had fought and smote
The proud Jarl's lovely daughter!*

VI.

Then sunk fair Ulla with a shriek,
His hand she clasped, his head she prest,
And trembling, laid her pallid cheek
Upon his shining iron breast;
And while she scarcely dared to breathe,
Listening to hear the heart beneath,
Joy lit her anxious eye with flame,
For life leapt through that iron frame
E'en as a fettered pent in steed
Clanking his chains and frantic to be freed.

VII.

A thousand years have glided past,
And Norway hath her ruins vast;

But one hangs dark above the sea
 As Scandia's darkest mystery;
 Yet on the portals huge and grim
 May still be traced in carvings dim,
 In character's of Runic lore,
 "FAIR ULLA AND BRAVE ALFIOR."

NOTES TO ALFIOR.

NORM. 1. The story of Alfior was partly suggested by a tale related in the Volsunga Saga, of "Alfhilda, daughter of Sigurd, King of the Ostrogoths, who was chaste, brave and fair, but always veiled from curiosity, and living in a secluded bower, guarded by two champions of prodigious strength and valor. These the suitor for her hand was required to vanquish, or forfeit his own life if he failed in the enterprise. Alf, a young sea king, encountered and slew them both; but the lady herself, not disposed to surrender tamely, put to sea with her female companions, all clothed in male attire, and completely armed for war. A fleet of Vikings chose the intrepid princess for their leader, and with these she continued to rove the Baltic, until the fame of her exploits reached the ears of her lover, who pursued the squadron into the gulf of Finland. The lady gave battle, and though her vessel was boarded by Alf, in person, she made a most determined resistance, until her helmet, being cloven asunder, disclosed to the astonished youth, the fair face and lovely locks of his coy mistress, who being thus overcome, no longer refused him the hand he had so magnanimously won."—[DEFFING, HIST. DES NORM.]

NORM. 2. In the Saga of Erick Randa the following description of Thorbiorga may be found. "There lived in Greenland a woman named Thorbiorga, who was a prophetess, and called the little Vola (or fatal sister,) the only one of nine sisters who survived. Her dress on public occasions, was unique and picturesque, and peculiarly appropriate to the person of a scandinavian soothsayer. During the winter she frequented the festivities of her country people, to tell fortunes, and to give warning of the future events that impended. At such times she wore a sky blue tunic, having the front ornamented with gems; and wore around her throat a necklace of glass beads. Her head-gear was of black lamb skin, the lining being the fur of a white wild cat. The staff that she carried was ornamented with brass, and the ball or globe on its top was decorated with gems and pebbles. She wore a Hunland girdle, to which was attached a large pouch, in which she kept her magical instruments. Her shoes were of seal skin, dressed with the hair out side, and secured by straps, fastened with brazen clasps."

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

THE name of Odd-Fellows to the ignorant and unlearned is often considered a term of reproach, and many, very many, are disposed, without reading, without reflection, to consider them as any thing but virtuous men. To such we would say, would you but suffer yourselves to become enlightened and properly acquainted with the merits of their Order, by closely investigating the results which flow from it, you would not only appreciate the benevolence growing out of its very existence, but you would as patriots and as Christians, revere an In-

stitution based upon the purest principles of religion and philanthropy. Would you follow the Odd Fellow in his mission of love and mercy, you would weep such tears as angels shed over fallen men when redeemed from the evils brought upon them by the disobedience of our first parents. Follow him into the chamber of wo; before him lies the cold remains of one of his brethren. He is a stranger, but has no less a claim upon his generosity. He was called there by a request from his desolate and afflicted widow, who, friendless and alone, unnoticed, save by the pitying eye of Heaven, brought by extreme suffering to a state of dependence, worn out with continued watchings over the one she loved in her passage from a foreign land to our free and happy country, that released from the bonds of oppression they might share a freeman's privilege and bask in the glorious sunshine of American liberty. Young and ambitious, the husband of her fondest affection sinks under an accumulated load of anxiety and fatigue, and on reaching the long-desired haven, he sinks, and dies! Now pursue the Odd Fellow, not the man of the world,—he passes on heedless of the cry of sorrow. But the *Odd Fellow* listens to her tale of suffering, bids her not despair, gives her money to obtain what necessities she requires, attends to the burial of her husband, pays his funeral charges, procures a place for herself, and thus, like an angel of mercy, imparts joy and consolation unto her depressed spirit. Is not this sweet? Is not this God-like? Ask the Odd Fellow if it is not a pure and hallowed pleasure known only to pure and philanthropic hearts. Friendship, Love and Truth is their motto. Virtues immortal in their duration, fertilize every portion of our land where their Order is embraced. Ignorance and folly go together; hence many opprobrious epithets thrown out respecting Odd Fellows. Would the public read, they would know Odd Fellowship has not sprung up like a mush-room of the night. It has lived through ages immemorial, and many of the most distinguished in the world are, and have been Odd Fellows. Not only do they relieve the stranger and the widow, but the fatherless, the aged, the little child and the youthful maiden. Like the dew of Hermon, Odd Fellowship has scattered its holy effects in reviving hopes, in dissipating grief, in lighting up smiles in the very aspect of wo. It is a blessed truth, a fact which cannot be denied, that notwithstanding prejudice and error, its institutions are gaining ground. Cast your eyes east, west, north, and south; what meets your view? Temples dedicated to Odd Fellowship, with the banners of their holy calling inscribed in flaming capitals FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH, waving over them. The mountains, the valleys, the rivers and the seas, echo with their songs of amelioration. Odd Fellowship is a blessed cause, and the time is not far distant when many freemen will extend the hand of friendship, and rejoice to become united to a Society which shall rank high, stand firm, and endure, when the strong pillars of earth shall tremble, and these heavens, under the blast of their Almighty Founder shall pass away. Happy then the Odd Fellow who has given a cup of cold water to a suffering brother. Happy, thrice happy that soul, who in the sweet consciousness of doing good, shall stand unmoved amid the wreck of a dissolving world. *Such is Odd Fellow-*

ship! Know, oh world, their Institution is based upon the eternal laws of Truth. Throw to the winds your grovelling views of their glorious cause, and come and drink freely at a fountain pure, and exhilarating and holy. Come and realize an excitement produced by doing good, which is undefineable in its nature, and lasting as it is overflowing. — *Ark.*

MYSTERY.

SOMEHOW there is a charm in mystery after all. Every body dislikes mystery, every body steps back before it, and yet somehow there is a charm in it. And there is a pleasure in being mysterious. So good old Friar Bacon thought, when he wrote the "*Opus Majus*"; and he stoutly endured ten years' imprisonment, rather than lose the reputation of a conjurer among the silly Franciscan monks of his own Order. It is the charm of mystery that has sustained the most terrible superstitions of the world; that reared the temple of the Druids in the Gallic forests, and erected the altars of the Helvetian monks. The natural fondness of man for mystery is clearly seen in the old fact that no new forms of religion have risen up to make much progress in the world without the mystic charm. This principle interprets religious history, and presages futurity. It shows us in the popular feelings and traditions of one age, a reflection from the preceding; and from the prevailing habits and speculations now, it enables us to foresee what is coming. For this principle that has travelled down to us afar off, from the beginning of sixty centuries that are past, stands up in the earth a full giant now, clad in cob-webs of the ages through which it has come; and I see not but it may travel on sixty centuries more, nor lose much of its brawny sinew and iron flesh. Nor am I disposed to quarrel much with her dusty tread, seeing that she is so common a favorite with the poor ages of the world. "*Vive la Mystere!*" What would men's heads or hearts look like if they were stripped naked as truth? And what would become of the sweet privilege of speculating and building glorious theories on the past, if the shadows of mystery were lifted off. Who hewed out the temple in the caverns of Elephanta? Who built the great wall of China? Who carved the great eagle in the Corinthian palace at Balbec? Who lifted the masses at Stonehenge? Who embalmed the Egyptian mummies? What produced the French Revolution? Did Napoleon Bonaparte really kiss Madame La Comtesse de Genlis, or did he not? Who was the first man that invented sleep to receive the blessing of Sancho Panza? Who invented toasted cheese? Verily here is a region shadowy with the wings of mystery; and but for these *shadows*, what would become of the popular lectures before Lyceums and Young Men's Associations? Alas! our professors would have no themes for speculation, nor could

scholastic dullness dogmatize where wisdom doubts, if mystery sheltered nor their brood. There is no amend for the loss of this in professional literature — no *quid pro quo*, alas! — *Gavel*.

WORK OF THE ORDER.

THIS phrase is we are satisfied not generally understood among our brethren. By some it is meant to signify the usage, practice, general discipline, charges and lectures of Odd Fellowship — by others it is distinguished from what is termed the *language* of the Order, and is understood to embrace all the laws, usages, forms, ceremonies, emblems, devices and general ordinances concerning office and officers and their obligations and duties — the *language* of the Order according to this class of constructionists being the unwritten and unspoken means of inter-communication peculiar to Odd Fellowship. We profess to know no such distinction between the work and language of the Order, nor do we believe any definition can be given of the term "work of the Order," short of one which will comprehend within its terms the entire system of Odd Fellowship in all its details, whether written or unwritten, be it usage, law, form or ceremony. Regarding therefore in this enlarged sense the subject which been referred for revision to a committee of the G. Lodge of the United States, we propose to offer some suggestions touching this question. In the first place, the form of government of State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments should in *principle* be the same throughout the jurisdiction. The laws, commonly termed "General Laws," which regulate the Lodges in the different States should be strictly uniform, except so far as relates to their monetary concerns, which of right belong exclusively to themselves — there should be one uniform code of general law emanating from the highest department of the Order, so that the manner of application and admission, the duties of brethren, their responsibilities to their Lodge, their privileges, their rights, suspension and its proper cause, expulsion and its proper cause, should be every where the same, designated by prescribed rules which should differ in no essential in any of the States or Districts — thus and thus only can we hope for harmony, unity in our system — otherwise each jurisdiction may differ in the grade of offence, the forms of trial, the rights of the accused, the degrees of punishment and its duty to other jurisdictions in affording them proper protection against imposition. It may be said that these matters belong to the States, that they are tenacious of their own particular codes and forms of General Laws, and would resist such legislation as an encroachment upon their vested rights. It is too late now-a-days to set up such an argument, the Grand Lodge of the United States have over and again decided against the doctrine of vested rights in State Grand Lodges, when the interest of the Order is brought into conflict with any institution of Odd Fellowship, and has ever maintained

her supreme authority in all respects to control its work and general character. We do not however believe that to any extent such a feeling would obtain — on the contrary the desire for uniformity in the Order, in all that tends to constitute it one and the same throughout the globe, we believe to be universal — besides, if we are right in our conceptions of the meaning of the term *work of the Order*, the power to enact a code of General Laws is not only inherent in the Grand Lodge of the United States, but forms a part of its organic law. It is true that in the discussions on the question of reform in the work, reference has generally been had to the charges and lectures, and no allusion has been made to that subject in the comprehensive sense in which we understand it; and it may be, that some of the Representatives who voted for the appointment of the committee at the late session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, acted under the impression that the labors of that body were to be confined simply to a revision of this branch of the work; nevertheless we believe the power designed to be confided to that committee was general and plenary, embracing a thorough examination of the whole system of Odd Fellowship, in order to its improvement, if practicable, in any of its features.

There never has been a more propitious season to make such a revision not only in obedience to the wish so clearly expressed at home, but especially in view of our relations with foreign countries — the position of Odd Fellowship in this jurisdiction now, is one of isolation — it stands disconnected with England and all other countries and no conventional obstacles can interpose to any modification of the general system. We commend this to the committee as a perfectly legitimate subject for their consideration, and we trust that they may agree with us upon the utility and practicability of adopting a code of General Laws for the government of the Order at large. In the second place, as a part of the work of the Order, *ancient usage* has constituted to a considerable extent its discipline and practice. This feature of the work has been held as a sort of consecrated tradition, to be preserved and transmitted unaltered, with pious regard and affection. It is allowed to possess the full authority of written law, and in truth is not unfrequently held to be beyond the reach of legislation. Whatever difference of opinion there may be, as to the propriety of abrogating clearly defined and well ascertained usage, there cannot for a moment be a doubt as to the power on this subject — upon this point however we have nothing to offer, we wish to direct the attention of the committee to the vagueness, the ambiguity, the uncertainty of what is called ancient usage. Now it does appear to us that ordinances unwritten, and in no way tangible except in so far as the faint and doubting recollection of brethren may present them, believed by some to possess inherently the supremacy of organic law, and by all admitted to have operated through a series of years past, with overruling and controlling force, should at least be plain, intelligible and perfectly free from ambiguity. But what is the fact in relation to ancient usage? We venture the opinion that there is no one thing under the sun more vague than this law called ancient usage. We need only in support of this declaration refer to the statute book of the Grand Lodge of the United States for

the last few years, which will be found almost literally covered over by reports and resolutions from the able committee on the Work of the Order, defining and reducing to written law questions arising out of difference of opinion upon the usages of the Order. In Maryland that good, old, venerated and long cherished usage, known as the salutation given to the Grand Master, upon his entrance into a Lodge, "*The honors of the Order*," has been generally preserved, while in New York and other jurisdictions, it has been consigned to the tomb of the capulets. In Virginia by a recent decision of the Grand Lodge the usage in relation to the proper recipients of the T. P. W. has been made to yield to a law regulating the subject for that particular jurisdiction only, and in view of the impropriety of local legislation upon subjects general in their nature, the Grand Lodge of the United States at the late session found it necessary to embody this ancient usage into the form of a written law. So also as regards visitation and the manner of conducting examinations on such occasions. These matters and many others which might be enumerated, have formed a part of the discipline of the Order as derived from usage, and from the difficulty of preserving any thing like uniformity in the practice in all parts of the jurisdiction, are from time to time becoming the subjects of special legislation.

Is it not the part of wisdom now, we ask, that we are about to enter upon a revision of the general system of work, to correct this evil and to reduce to a code all usages of Odd Fellowship? In addition let it be recollected that the founders of the Institution who alone can be reliable authority on the subject of usage, will have been all gathered to the Fathers in a little while, and be no longer here to instruct and enlighten that posterity in Odd Fellowship which is destined to exist from generation to generation, under the guardianship of Him who has already vouchsafed to it such signal evidences of his care and protection. We are sure the propriety and necessity of this suggestion will be apparent.

We pass to consider the work of the Order as ordinarily understood. All will concede we believe that the initiation charges and lectures, however in some respects obnoxious to serious objection, possess, taken as a whole, much intrinsic excellence, and if it be not rash in us to loosen our tongue upon a subject which has long had a place in our mind, we would say of it, if original in the elements, our ancestors in the Order have manifested much wisdom in the structure. Let the advocates of reform in the work not misjudge us from this remark, nor hastily associate us with Ephraim — although of the old school we are not wedded to the idol. We know that much of the detail of the work was engrafted upon the system by men of humble minds and limited education, that there is error as a consequence and much misapplication of maxims, analogy and example derived from historic sources as well sacred as profane, yet we cannot shut our eyes to the many beautiful truths which it illustrates and exemplifies, to the choice gems which sparkle like brilliants despite their inapt and strange association, to be found diffused throughout the work, and to the elevated counsels and admonitions with which it abounds concerning man's duty to his Creator and to his brother. We know of no system which

has yet been devised by the human mind, which presents so broad a platform for the harmonious and united energies of universal man in the great cause of benefaction to the human race, which rising above all its minor, subordinate and collateral agencies of good, it is the chief and peculiar office of Odd Fellowship to promote. Constituted upon certain abstract general truths, which are equally axioms among all the nations of whatever tongue or creed, its comprehensive and tolerant principles present an attractive nucleus, which gathers within its orbit by its gentle influences, Jew and Gentile and every nature however antagonist, stilling in its ministering, all elements of discord, and directing in singular harmony their united energies in extending the dominion of man's brotherhood to man. Under its broad folds the divided families of the earth may reunite, without violence to social, moral, national, religious or political creeds, linked hand in hand, with hearts full of love for their kind, however they may be tossed upon the tumultuous sea of self or party, without its happy sphere. This is the great first principle of the work of Odd Fellowship — a precious heritage which its projectors have transmitted to us. It is written in the fundamental work of the Order that every free white male citizen of of lawful age, of good moral character who acknowledges a great Supreme Architect, the Creator and preserver of the Universe, is admissible within the family of Odd Fellows. For this well devised and wisely considered principle, we are indebted, profoundly indebted, to the discriminating and well judging foresight of our ancestors in the Order. The sacred, unchanged, and unchangeable fixedness of this element of our work, is in point of fact the secure, solid and steadfast corner stone of the structure, the secret of its strength, the mystery of its rule, and dominion, and power over enlightened man, while it is the stumbling block to the bigot and the fanatic. Let it not be turned to the right nor to the left, move it not in the slightest degree from its deep imbedment, for just as certainly as the day succeeds the night, if this principle be disturbed, will the great superstructure totter from its very base and fall into irreclaimable ruin. Does any brother ask an illustration of this truth? let him seek it in the universal proclivity of man to fasten down as with chains, bolts and bars the mind of his fellow to his own peculiar sect, morals or party.

This most excellent groundwork of Odd-Fellowship is coeval with the existence of the Order, and to our mind is pre-eminently creditable to those who devised the system — as it is now, and has been from the inception of the institution may it stand unchanged. It may be dangerous to interfere with this fixed principle even in the employment of other language to define its meaning. We might go on did our space allow us, and designate other equally valuable and distinguishing parts of our work which as they are founded in good morals and sound philosophy are worthy the principles of the Order, but we have already extended our remarks beyond our usual limits, and must close this article by the reiteration of the opinion heretofore expressed, that the work of the Order taken as a whole possesses much intrinsic excellence. There are forms, ceremonies, lectures, charges, and language, which require essential modification, and perhaps entire aboli-

tion. A distinguished brother has expressed our idea of what should be the character of the work in a letter, which now lies before us. — "Let it," he remarks, "be intelligible, chaste, beautiful, abounding in morality and philanthropy, interspersed with forcible and perspicuous illustrations — introduce whatever will elucidate the great principles and truths which we desire to hold up for the guidance of man in all his intercourse with his brother — not overlooking admonition concerning his duty to God, to his family and himself. Let the different parts have a visible connexion, let it be a uniform, progressive work, proceeding step by step, throwing light upon the path of the novitiate as he pursues his onward journey." We cordially respond to these sentiments, and while the fountains of truthful history lie open to us, let us draw freely from their refreshing waters; let the riches of classic lore be availed of, the elegance of literature, the counsel of pure philosophy, the eloquence and sublimity of nature — go to the oracles, beautify, elevate, exalt the forms, ceremonies and language as eminently as you please, but preserve the great principles of Odd Fellowship from all manner of assault. — *Covenant*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF REFORM.

THE most potent word of the present day — the word that is most significant in its meaning, and extensive in its influence — is REFORM. Often abused, often misapprehended, the delirium of the monomaniac, the mock-word of the ignorant and the heartless; yet, in some sense, every mouth utters it, and every soul is thrilled by it. It is spoken fearfully by the timid *Conservative*, who crouches in the shadows of the Past, or arrogantly assumes that all goodness is enshrined at the altar where *he* worships. It blisters the lips of the narrow *Fanatic* who, vaunting boisterously of freedom, is the slave of a deformed idea. It is discussed by indolent, good-natured men, who philosophize in easy chairs, and, sitting at their tables of abundance, fervently hope that no one starves. And it gushes up from free, strong souls, whose feet upon the mountains bring messages of joy, who have wrought in the night-time with Faith and Prayer, and who, looking forth upon earth's wide millions, bid them take courage and rejoice — for yonder kindles the rising day.

But now, let us consider seriously, what is the Idea that lurks under this word *Reform*. Is it a legitimate Idea — an Idea founded in the nature of things? And, again, what is Reform? Is it a principle which as Philanthropists and Christians, we can adopt, and strive, and hope for? The discussion of these questions, will furnish what we have to say at this time, upon THE PHILOSOPHY OF REFORM.

And the first thing that I shall advance, is the fact that Reform, if not an innate, is at least an indwelling principle in the soul of every man. There lies there a presentiment, often dim and unheeded, it

may be, yet a presentiment of *something better*, an idea of a *greater good* to be obtained, which renders him dissatisfied with his *present* state, and urges him to seek another. I have used a word here which I wish to convey a precise meaning. *Presentiment*; — not a hope only, not a mere wish, not a phantasy; but a revelation of what lies beyond us, given in glimpses sufficient to show us that *something is there*. We may not say that the soul first reaches out after that — this might be a self-created delusion; but *that* first reaches out to the soul, and so it is a *prophecy* — a shadow, it may be, yet a shadow of *things to come*, a shadow that falls from actual and external objects. And, I say, this seems to be, universally, an indwelling principle in the human soul. Your primitive man, who seeks to clothe his nakedness, though it be in the undressed skin of the wild beast that he has just torn from his lair, or to build him a shelter, though it is only a bark hut, — he acts upon this idea of Reform. It seems a wide interval between such a condition and our refinement and civilization, yet every stage of that interval has been passed through *gradually*. But why should man take the *first* step, without this idea of something better, this presentiment of a practical good? And when the first step was taken, why would men take the *second*, and the *third*, and so on, without a repetition of the idea? And how would men keep progressing, if this idea were not in constant action, ever urging them forward! If human progress is a truth, that progress is according to a *law*, as much as the march of the waters, or the evolution of geological changes is according to a law. And this law is found in the idea of *improvement* — in other words, in the principle of Reform. If as a race of beings we are made to progress, how can we do so unless we alter *existing* institutions, and seize upon *new* and *better*! If every custom, or opinion, is suffered to remain precisely where it is now, we shall be stationary; or, rather, we retrograde, we shall grow worse — for the spring of health is *action*, and our life becomes tainted and stagnant if we do not *move*.

Moreover: this principle of Reform accounts to me for many of the evils that lie around us. The vegetable world is limited in its development, and soon arrives at perfection. But in the world of *mind* it is not so. No perfect uninspired man has yet appeared on the face of the earth. No perfect state of society has yet existed, save in the dreams of Plato and Sir Thomas More. And what we have received has been all conflict, uncertainty, darkness mingled with light, the evolution of a better state of things only after a painful struggle — and then, perhaps, a retrograde movement, or a stationary period, which has discouraged men who trusted in the good and the true, and given occasion for others to say — “there is no such thing as human progress.” But this has all been wisely ordered. The tree has grown up at once to a perfect tree, because beyond its own mere *being* there was no ulterior object to secure. But for man there *is* an ulterior object to secure, beyond his mere existence. He is not only to *be* but to *know* — not only to obey laws, but to become “a law unto himself,” and he can only do this by *experience* and by *labor*. So he must have something to undergo, he must have something to overcome. If that

which he needs comes directly to his hand, he makes no effort to get it, and therefore no strength is developed in him. If there is no obstacle to overcome, no danger to brave, then there will be no self-confidence, which depends upon our consciousness of possessing powers, with which we cannot become acquainted until something occurs to call them into exercise. So it is well that man is not *made* perfect, but that he should *grow* to perfection. He finds the good, by passing through the evil, and appreciates it. The weak sinews become strong by their conflict with difficulties. Hope is born in the long night of watching and tears. Faith visits us in defeat and disappointment, amid the consciousness of earthly frailty, and the crumbling tombstones of mortality.

But you perceive that the key which explains all these hieroglyphics of evil, is the principle of Reform. If the world of mind, if man and society, grew up in each age as they did in the preceding ages, exhibiting the invariable sameness and the limited development of the trees of the forest, then our individual and social evils would be inexplicable. We might well ask — "why was not the moral world created perfect after its kind, as the vegetable world is created perfect after its kind?" But now, the enigma is solved. There is given to man a principle of Reform. He is made to *learn*, to *know*, and to *progress*. He is not merely to *be*, like the zoophyte and the oyster, of which we can say that they have sense, and that is all; but he is to *do*, to *create*, to *enjoy*. Poor earth-worm as he now seems, he is to become a unit in God's world, as distinct and as complete as a star. From this defiled organism, writhing with pain, marred by passion, heel-trampled and neck-yoked, are to be developed — by labor, by battle, by prayer, — an ever-growing *Intelligence*, and a quenchless *Love*, that shall *mean* something and *possess* something in the boundless universe of the Deity, when the trees may no longer grow, nor the rivers run, nor the stars shine, because they shall have fulfilled *their* mission and passed away.

This principle of Reform, then, is a legitimate principle, because it is that which urges men to contend with existing evils, which evils appear to exist, as one great object at least, for the purpose of creating energy and virtue — for the purpose of exciting ideas and establishing principles, which, if not all immediately practical and useful, are necessary to the development of the perfect man. Accordingly, we find whenever Reforms are agitated, that great questions are always raised, discussion is held upon the most vital interests of humanity, the distinction between right and wrong is clearly brought out, men throw themselves back upon *principles*, they abandon temporal institutions for eternal ideas, they go behind the formal letter to the living spirit. All of which is by no means unaccompanied with evil. We shall have vagaries enough. Optimism and Ultraism; theories spun with hairs; schemes of primeval innocence that provide not even a fig-leaf; speculations that *look* gorgeous and symmetrical, but that shall vanish when we seek to touch them "*un-miraculously enough*," as Carlyle would say, because they are made out of cloud-land, and glitter with the prismatic colors of fancy. Yet all this goes to establish what I have said; — that there is a legitimate function for the principle of

Reform, which is the great idea that urges us to contend with existing evils, and to seek a good that as yet lies beyond us; and these very evils exist in order that the good may be suggested. And when men are roused by them to action, they will, naturally, discuss the right and the wrong of things, and very naturally go too far, and entertain crude notions; and, by the law of reaction, pass from one extreme to the other. It is a natural consequence that the opposition, the ultraism, and the indifference, to which I alluded in the commencement as being rife in our age, should now prevail. Owing, as I think, to the diffusion of knowledge, to a better perception of Christianity, and to the quick communion of thought that abounds, the present age is what it is — peculiarly an age of Reform. And as it is now, it has always been in the world's history. Wherever Reform has been agitated, there always have been those who have set themselves against it as the fruitful germ of all evil — those who have perverted it, and carried it into the worst excesses — and those who have stood lazily by, and *wished* it well, without moving one pampered limb to aid the work. But ours, I say, is *peculiarly* an age of Reform — an age of far-reaching, intense effort. Never so have the great cause of humanity been pleaded — never so have men looked below the formal, the time-serving, the vestments of things, to central and primary ideas. Never with such bold and confident hands have men laid hold of existing institutions; and though, with the *true* that will stand amid all the shaking, I believe that much that is *false* must yet stand for some time also, still I think that glorious and beneficial results will grow out of this mighty agitation. And I am not afraid because of the *evils* that accompany these things, for I know that they naturally appear; they are the concomitants of every period of Reform. I know that ultraism and passion, and sensuality and selfishness, are mixed up in all this commotion. I know it is likely if some proposed Reforms were realized in their present shape, we should have a Pandemonium, instead of an Eden. I know that mere abstractionists, as they saw in dreams, will reap shadows. I know that it is idle to suppose that every man who broaches something novel has therefore got something good, or that every little clamorous *clique* is formidable, and based upon some important idea. But I say, once more, these are the attendants of every Reformation, and with all their fermentation and all their shams, they prove that a great *reality* is working at the bottom; — they could not be, did not that reality exist. Of all the great Reforms of our day, I know hardly of one, that, freed from the imperfections of individual judgment, and reduced to its fundamental idea, is not based on righteousness and truth.

Thus we see the legitimacy of Reform. It is not a *sin*, like anarchy — it is not a *delusion*, like fanaticism. It belongs to the nature of things. It is likely to urge its claims and to agitate society, so long as evil and imperfections exist. The only difficulty is to define Reform — to ascertain its true limits, its legitimate work. The veriest Conservative in the world may say — "Well, I believe in Reform;" but the movement that is taken place never happens to be the Reform that he believes in. The wildest schemer answers that he

goes "for nothing but Reform;" although he brandishes his torch over a magazine that at the first explosion will blow up him and thousands more, and shatter, perhaps, the whole framework of society.

We are led, then, at this point, to discuss our second question—*What is Reform!* I answer to this, that Reform comprises both the ideas of *purification* and of *advancement*. Purification implies a restoration to a normal condition, or a remodeling of what we already have—but not the addition of any thing new. In order to purify, we may have to go back, instead of forward—back to a primitive state of things, and instead of increasing our possessions may have to reduce their number. But this alone does not include the whole principle of Reform, since there must be not only an abolition of what is wrong, but *advancement*—advancement in what is right, and true, and good. We must ever acknowledge the stern necessity of circumstances. These constantly bind our attention to *present* wants and *future* requirements, and are ever placing man and society in new positions. We may avail ourselves of experience, but we cannot go back into the Past to act. This earth will carry us and ours along with it, as it moves in its enormous orbit. And we are carried forward as much in *time* as in *space*. We leave the old landmarks of history, and come into the new fields of experiment—into a sphere that calls for new action. It may be true, then, that in some instances we must go back, but we go back only for *principles*; we must look around us, and look forward, for the application of those principles. We do well to strip off encumbrances, our corruptions and absurdities, and get back to the naked truth, since that always remains the same—but, when we arrive at that truth, we shall find that it needs to be applied to new circumstances. We may find the self-same truth our fathers used—a truth that we have forgotten, or have never known; but we cannot act upon that truth just as our fathers did. The primitive state of man may have been a state much more innocent than that in which we are now living; but if we reform our present condition, strip it of its vices and perversions, we cannot live in all things just as the men in the primitive state lived. Purification, then, inasmuch as it implies only an abolition of existing evils, or a restoration to primitive truth, does not comprehend the whole principle of Reform.

Another idea, then, comes in here—the idea of advancement, growth, progress. We must purify but we must also *increase*, we must abolish but we must *build up*, we must repent of wrong but we must also *grow in righteousness*. We know not all truth yet. Our fathers did not know all truth. The top of their Babel was not half so high as one of God's own mountains, and we can scarcely see beyond Sirius, or, at best, some dim nebulae that hang upon the threshold of the firmament. New manifestations burst upon us almost every day. In the hallowed light of memory lies the truth of the *past*, but our eyes look into that gleaming vista that opens through the horizon before us, and we hear the voice of Prophecy saying—"Forward! Forward! much is yet to be revealed." And if we would have a true Reform, I say, we must seize the *new* truths as they come

and apply them, as much as we would preserve the *old* truths and apply them. Man and society need not only to be purified, they need to progress; and that is the true Reform, which, purging them from mighty and hoary evils, impels them forward with glorious developments.

We see, then, that in every true Reform, there is a *conservative* and a *radical* element — a *restorative* and a *progressive* principle. Of course, then, the strict Conservative and the strict Radical are both wrong — he who would cling to everything, and he who would uproot everything.

My objection to the strict CONSERVATIVE is, not that he holds back in the tide of Reform, but that he holds on to all things just as they are — and not merely to the *good* that is in all things. He loves existing institutions because they happen to exist, and for no other reason. He loves old customs because they *are* old, and he is very comfortable under them. Too often when we come to analyze his conservatism, the whole reason of it is found in sheer, downright *selfishness*. He hates to be disturbed. If the movement prevails he must move too, and he dislikes the exertion and the sacrifice. He has got a snug corner of the world, and ample means to live, and surely, he thinks, the world is well enough as it is. It is natural that *he* should think so. But the poor bondman, who labors in blood and tears, thinks that the world is *not* well enough as it is, and it is evident that there must be some other criteria than the convenience of one man, or of one class of men.

Or, if the Conservative is not selfish, he is an alarmist, and as much deluded as the veriest fanatic. He exercises no discrimination. Every plan that is proposed to alter existing institutions, to him looks heretical and dangerous, because he will not set himself to work candidly to investigate the matter, but sees through his prejudices, and acts from his old habits of thinking. At the mere motion of the word *Reform*, vague ideas of unsettlement and confusion rush upon him; he sees all things in chaos — nothing but licentiousness and destruction, blood and flame; and, honestly scared, no doubt, he vociferates from the very depths of his lungs — “Great is Diana of the Ephesians!” This, you perceive, is all clamor and assumption. There is no idea either of *purification*, or of *advancement*. All things must remain as they are, for they are as good as they can be. And, moreover, there is evidently but little knowledge of, and therefore no confidence in, the Truth. The strict Conservative says that Truth is in danger. It is the idlest fear in the world. It plainly indicates no intimacy with the Truth. He who has communed with great principles, knows that they are everlasting, and that nothing can shake them from their orbits. He may deplore the licentiousness that stalks abroad in the name of Liberty. He may wonder at the delusion that runs through the multitude like a contagious disease. He may mourn over the licentiousness and the sin that must take place ere the world shall secure the right and the good — at the bitter draught that men must drink ere they find the pearl of experience that lies at the bottom. But he has no fear for the truth. They who are alarmed, lest the

world should be turned upside down, have but little reverence, and little faith. They fear man, more than they trust Omnipotence. The world turned upside down! Why, the world is hung upon a balance. Man cannot move it. With all his engines, with all his subtle inventions, he cannot move it a hair's breadth. And this, because it depends not upon mechanical forces, not upon the law of gravity — but because God hung it there!

My objection, then, to the strict Conservative is, that he allows no movement, either forward by way of *advancement*, nor backward by way of *purification*; but wants all things to remain as they are, which nature will not permit, since by her laws all things *move* in some way, either in growth, or decline. And I object to the Conservative, because with all his fears for Goodness and Truth, he evidently knows but little of either, else he would exercise more discrimination, and while clinging to the *good* would let the *bad* go, and thus be a Reformer — and, also, he would be willing to trust truth in every encounter, knowing it to be eternal and omnipotent. I object to the Conservative, because he has no faith in progress — he too often acts from a selfish motive — he consults not his *reason*, but his *fears*.

The Conservative sometimes employs ingenious arguments to defend his position. But I deem them fallacious. He says, that he is willing to grant that society is somewhat out of joint, but, he asks — “how do I know that you will better these things? Your experiments,” he says, “may be dangerous. It is a fearful thing to tamper with the existing order. Your medicine may prove but a quack nostrum, and that which you give to cure may only aggravate the disease.” To this I answer, that we must act in such cases as we do in other matters. Because we sometimes fail, we do not therefore hesitate to make other experiments. Everything good and great is wrought in such trials — it is a law of our being. In this matter of Reform we must trust reason and common sense. We must believe our eyes and hands and intellects. We may be assured of the correctness of a principle, of the truth and right of a plan, if we will. We can tell whether the bridge that shall cross the stream is safe or not. If it is made of straw it evidently is not — if made of wood, or stone, or iron, it probably is. The old quibble raised by Hume, as to how we know whether an article presented to us is what it appears to be, is more ingenious than sound; if we halted upon it we should soon stop the machinery of practical life. Although we may be often cheated by the false and the vile, we intuitively know the true and the right — for the true and the right will be recognized and found to be the same the wide world over. Experience furnishes us with many criteria, and reason will supply many more. We must not be rash; we must not adopt everything as it comes, but compare, reflect, examine — and fear not the result. And is it not better even to move at a *risk*, than not to move at all? This Conservative argument was as valid countless ages back, as it is now. And if men had heeded it, the race would be now where it was countless ages ago. But they did not heed it. They took a step forward — a step at a time, to be sure — but still a step forward, even though it was in the untried path of experiment. I do not like the legitimate bearings

of this argument. It will do as well for the Grand Turk as for the professed Republican — it will serve the high Tories of England, as well as any Conservative in this country. Enough, that reason decides after calm reflection. Enough, that all that intuitively recognizes the Good and the True, appeals in our bosoms. Enough, if we have these, to venture forward, even hazarding by experiment the issue which, at the worst, can produce evils scarcely more aggravated than those which already exist.

"But," says the Conservative, "I have no faith in this doctrine of *Human Progress*. It is a chimera; to speak more coarsely but pointedly, it is a humbug. The race, to be sure, seems to advance at some points — but at other points it has retrograded; and I do not know, after the account is figured up, and the balance struck, but that it is best to let all things remain pretty much as they are." Now let us clearly understand what is meant by *Human Progress*. It must be distinctly separated from the doctrine of *Human Perfectibility*. That men in this world will ever be, in all respects, perfect, is one doctrine — and that men will pass from lower degrees of excellence up to higher, and *maintain their advantage*, is another doctrine. This last is the doctrine of *Human Progress*. That our age holds an amount of refinement and civilization that preceding ages did not have, seems evident. We may not see minutely how this operation of human progress goes on — we may not be able to trace the transfusion of the good and the true through every particle and member. But we see the *grand result*. So the great ocean comes on imperceptibly. Men build their huts at the foot of some huge mountain, and till the green fields that spread out before them — thinking nothing so permanent. But, by and by, *other* men come that way, and the green fields are all gone. The summer fruit has long since been gathered. Where the husbandman found his wealth, the fisher draws his support — where the sickles rustled in the bending corn, the ships of war go sheeting by — and the old mountain has become a grey and wave-beaten crag, a landmark to the distant mariner, and a turret where the sea-bird screams.

But this was accomplished *imperceptibly*. One generation may not have witnessed the advancement of the waters — another may have passed away without noting it; but slowly they kept advancing. And by and by, all men saw it — saw the *grand result*, though they did not mark each successive operation. So with human progress. One age may scarcely perceive it, and another may die without faith in it; but we must take some distant period that is not too closely blended with our time, and compare that with the present, and the *grand result* we shall discover that there has been human progress. Still, some may say, "Yes, there has been progress, but not over the whole world — there have been salient points, but also retreating angles, and when you speak of *human* progress you must appeal to the world at large — say, has *that* advanced?" I answer, that in the world, somewhere, there has been a constant tendency to advancement. Even the dark times have been seasons of fruition — the middle ages nourished and prepared glorious elements of human reformation. If

one nation has lost the thread of advancement, another has taken it up — and so the work has gone forward; if not in the race, as a whole, at any one time, yet in the race somewhere. But the race is fundamentally the same, and what may be predicated of a portion of mankind as belonging essentially to humanity, may be predicated of the whole, and so in the advancement of a portion of the race, the whole becomes hopeful. The capacity of the race for progress has been demonstrated. Is that capacity never to be gratified? Though the period never has been that all the race were at the same time on the same level — who shall say that the time never will come? That it never can come? Who shall say, so long as the capacity exists, how quick the transfusion of what is excellent in one portion may be made through the whole? A victory over the formal Asiatic, grim and bloody as it is, may be one agent of such transfusion. A triumph of machinery may help to accomplish it. The steam-car may carry truth and light over drifted deserts and frozen mountains. The march of opinion, aided by circumstances, may penetrate to lands that never knew the commerce of Phœnicia, or the wisdom of Athens — where Alexander never ventured with his hosts, and where Cæsar turned back his eagles. This is the main point — not universal progress, but human progress — not progress everywhere, but progress somewhere. Grant but that, and all humanity becomes hopeful — grant but the capacity, and the doctrine is practicable — let the law be in operation only at one point, still it is a law, and as such is to be heeded and acted upon. Old nations may die, but new nations shall spring up. Let the principle be at work, and no one can limit the result. It may take a longer sweep of ages than have yet passed over mankind, to bring all nations to the same point of advancement; some nations, now here and now there, may always be in advance of others, yet if the others advance also, the great law will be in operation. And no people shall have lived or died in vain. Into the deepest sepulchres of the Old and the Past a new life shall be kindled, showing that they have not waited so long for nothing. Dim Meroë will shout freedom from beyond the fountains of the Nile, and the stony lips of the Sphinx shall preach the Gospel!

From Chapin's Lectures.

LODGE LECTURES.

We discover from our correspondence that some of the subordinate Lodges in our country have adopted the plan of weekly lectures on subjects of general science. This is a most admirable plan, and it would be well if Lodges generally would practice it. The meetings for lectures would have a tendency to unite more closely the culture of intellect and morals, and a joint pursuit of Odd Fellowship, and eventuate in inconceivable benefit to the members of the Order. — *Ind. Odd Fellow.*

Original.

ODD FELLOW'S LIBRARY.

I WAS pleased to notice in the last number of the *Symbol*, that the subject of establishing an Odd Fellow's Library in Boston had been brought before the several Lodges, and received with general favor. I was pleased also to learn that a committee had been appointed to draft a plan for the organization of the Library. This is an important matter, and one in which every Odd Fellow should feel deeply interested. In fact, it appears to me there can be no one subject connected with our institution, that would tend more to its advancement and usefulness; and it seems almost indispensable that the matter now under consideration should be urged forward until successfully accomplished, before we can realize the truly essential benefits of the Order. For our duty is but half done in supplying the destitute and unfortunate with that which alone gives subsistence and support to the physical system. The mind — the soul, needs food and nourishment and support, whereby it may be enabled to conceive and call more fully into exercise those faculties which are so necessary to our own good and the happiness of others. True, much may be learned from experience and observation; but that we may know the history of those who have lived in times past — may know what the mind of man is capable of doing, and when brought into full exercise what it has done, we must have recourse to books — these are the guides by which the character of those whom we would imitate, are made known.

There is a sufficient number of Odd Fellows in Boston to establish a Library that would not only reflect great honor upon themselves, but would be an ornament to the city. There are in the city proper upwards of 2200 members of the Order. In South Boston, East Boston, Roxbury, Charlestown, and Chelsea, there are 800 members. A great majority of these brethren are so intimately connected with the city, that there can be but little doubt they would readily and cheerfully contribute to the support of this object. From the aggregate number, therefore, what proportion is it reasonable to infer would become subscribers? It would not, I believe, be extravagant to say two-thirds; and as this is a reading age, and our people are noted for their love of reading, even this proportion I believe will be admitted to be small. But I will limit the number to two-thirds, and we have in the city and those including its immediate vicinity, 2000 subscribers. — Now we will suppose the fee for membership to be two dollars, to be paid in money or its equivalent in such books as may be deemed useful, and we have already the sum of FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS — an amount sufficient to establish at once a Library that would be an honor to any institution.

The remarks here made, I cannot believe, on consideration, will be deemed unjustifiable, or that the circumstances of the case will not fully warrant the opinion that the matter cannot be successfully car-

ried into operation. It should be borne in mind that in the remarks I have made, no allusion has been had to the voluntary contributions which would be made by the members. There are many who would readily, and gladly, give to the Library many volumes, so they may have the privilege of reading other valuable works. And it is not believed that these donations will be confined to members of the Order. There are very many of our citizens who look with pleasure upon such movements, and they are happy in lending their aid in carrying them forward. For one I can see no obstacle in the way, or conceive no plausible objection, in carrying the proposed plan into immediate and successful operation. There is every encouragement to urge us on in the matter. Our number is large, and the amount to be paid for membership would be so small, that few, if any, who wished that a Library may be established, but could readily find the means to become a member, and pay what trifling yearly assessment that would be necessary to defray incidental expenses.

I have not taken into the above account what would be received from new members, which as a necessary consequence would greatly add to the value and interest of the Library. To read, to learn, to acquaint ourselves on all matters that will improve and elevate the mind, is a matter of so vast importance, that it seems hardly necessary to further urge its importance. And how can we better obtain this information than from a large and well-selected Library? But in order to establish this Library, it is indispensable there should be unanimity of feeling and action among the brethren. It will require all their energy. Let no one who has the interest of our Order at heart, withhold his assistance: it is a matter of the greatest importance, and one which it is believed, if properly managed, would tend as much to benefit the brethren, and advance the principles of the Order as any thing that can be named.

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THE STAR THAT NEVER SETS.

Is there a Star that never sets,
Bright, beaming in the sky?
Is there an eye forever wet
With tears of pearly dye?

Then that 's the star of Friendship
To Brothers ever known;
It is the tear of sympathy,
To "Odds" forever shown.

There is a Star that never sets,
Found in the world of youth;
May purity adorn its light
With Friendship, Love and Truth.

Salem Observer.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE SIX MONTHS' TERM.

WE trust that our readers will excuse us for pressing this topic again upon their attention. But we are induced to do so, because we consider it important, and because our position in relation to the matter may not be clearly understood. Our argument is, briefly, this. It is absolutely necessary to the operation of the Grand Lodges, that its members should be reduced to a reasonable compass. We take it that this is the principle that lies at the foundation of our representative system, in our national and State legislatures. Our form of government is democratic — i. e., is the government of the people, in whom resides the sovereignty. But a literal democracy, — the convening of all the people to act upon legislative and executive questions, upon some vast plan, is of course utterly impracticable. Why? Because the numbers of that immense congress would impede if they did not totally prevent business, even if they could thus act together — to suppose which is, of course, an absurdity. Hence the system of Representation — an elected few to represent the will of the many. But if these representatives should themselves become so numerous as to obstruct business, of course the great reason for their election would be set aside — the very principle upon which they are instituted would be disregarded. So with our State Grand Lodges. If every member who passes the N. G.'s chair, is chosen an additional representative of his Lodge, the Grand Lodge will by-and-by become unwieldy — we may say, wholly impossible to be managed. Let us calculate a moment. We have now about fifty Lodges in our State. Each of these sends out four Past Grands a year, which swells the annual aggregate to two hundred Past Grands! In five years there will be a thousand Past Grands, at this rate alone, not calculating those already attached to the Grand Lodge, nor those who will come from additional subordinate Lodges, which without exaggeration, we may expect will make the number *two thousand*! — Now, every one must perceive that this immense body of men can never transact legislative business. From the nature of things, then, a *reform* must come — there is no *if* nor *may* in the case. It is true, it may be said, that it is wholly unlikely that one-half, or one-fourth of these members will ever convene at one time, even if they are elected. We reply to this, that they *may* come — some important meeting — some interesting and disputed measure, may summon them together, and then where will you put them? What can they do? But again, it may be said, that not one-half, or one-quarter of these will be elected

as Representatives by their Lodges. How do we know this? Is it so now with our Lodges? Who shall be the favorites? Where will the choice stop? Who shall be left out? At least there must be reform in regard to the number sent as representatives.

But are our readers aware that the last objection turns upon a disputed point—even this—*What is the character of the Grand Lodge?* Is it a Representative body, or is it a body of men holding seats and votes by right of their office as Past Grands? No small number in our own State, and in the United States hold to the latter position. If they are right—and if their rule shall be adopted, then every brother who passes the Noble Grand's chair, is, *ex-officio* a member of the Grand Lodge, and has not to wait for the elective sanction of his Lodge.—And, therefore, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, every year enter our State Lodge. Surely, then, upon this position, our objection against short terms bears with all its force.

But we do not believe that the Past Grands are or should be *ex-officio* members of the Grand Lodge. They should be allowed to enter and to visit the Grand Lodge, but none but representatives chosen by their subordinate Lodges should have a voice or a vote there! This may strike against the opinions of many, but we cannot help it. We have no favor for the government of an oligarchy anywhere. We have no objection to a kind of *advisory council* or *senate*, composed of experienced Past Grands; but those who make laws for the subordinate Lodges should represent the will of a majority of those Lodges. But were there not this fundamental objection to the notion that P. G.'s should be members *ex-officio* of the Grand Lodge, this objection, as we hold, on broad and vital principles—we would urge as conclusive against the measure, the argument dwelt upon above, that in a little while the numbers would become too cumbersome to do business.

But as we are no advocates of the *ex-officio* membership, we will not insist upon it as an argument now. We return to the supposition that Representatives chosen by their subordinates only are members of the Grand Lodge, and we say that even thus our Grand Lodge will soon become unwieldy, if our terms are not longer than three months. Brethren, we must correct this, and with it correct another evil—that of too frequent meetings of the subordinate Lodges. Extend your terms from three to six months, and let the subordinates meet only once a fortnight. We should not care if they were extended to one year, and the Lodges should meet once a month. An Executive Committee, for purposes of relief and visiting, could accomplish all that might be necessary to be done in the interim.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND POLITICS.

THERE is a *negative* and a *positive* view to be taken of the topic which we have indicated at the head of this article. The *negative* we will set forth first. We say, then, that Odd Fellowship exerts no im-

proper influence upon our elections — has no interference with the politics of our country. For our part we are not able to discern the evil which it might even be *supposed* to work in this respect. What political conspiracy is there that could be concocted in secret, which might not be done openly, in our country of free-thought, free-discussion, majority-rule and ballot-box? Do we wish any form of government changed? Is not *that* a topic for open agitation, for free action? What need of secresy to accomplish it? Do we wish certain rights to be extended, certain wrongs to be restricted? Cannot we call public meetings and talk about that? What need of secresy, then, to bring about the proposed end? Or, if some suspicious friend will have it so — are we plotting to extend something wrong, or to impose something right? How shall it be done — how can it be done, in this republican land, without the will of the majority? And if we have not confidence in the majority, then our objection lies against the whole manner of our government and not against Odd Fellowship merely.

Let, those, then who may imagine that Odd Fellows, in the secret of their Lodge-rooms are plotting against the government or the present social form of things, or hatching up some other political monstrosity, let them use a little common-sense, a little sound reflection, and ask how in a free republican land secresy for such purposes should be necessary, and in the next place how they can be rendered available.

But Odd Fellowship, has no connection with politics. Disputes upon the subject are forbidden in every Lodge. There are men of all parties there, who in political opinion would be as likely to coalesce and ferment together, as oil and water. Bold, active, vigilant partisans are there who in the caucus and at the ballot-box are opposed as to every important political measure, and it is all a mistake to suppose any political conspiracy between them. Odd Fellowship has no interference with politics. It teaches us as subjects of state, to be orderly, submissive, patriotic. It endeavors to strengthen those principles that are for the conservation and advancement of every good government, and it does not breathe a hint against any real or supposed evils.

But there is one result relative to politics accomplished by Odd Fellowship, and this leads us to exhibit the *positive* view to which we alluded. It is calculated to soften political asperities, to hold men together by bonds of esteem and love, who are separated widely in political opinion. This is done not by any compromise, or frittering away of political differences, because where "political disputes are not suffered," there is no opportunity for such compromise or sacrifice. But it is done by bringing men together under the inculcation of principles of Friendship, Love, and Truth. It is done by throwing across the storm of political excitement the rainbow truths of human-brotherhood. Those who once a week come from the caucus or the procession, of their respective political parties, to commune with each other as friends and brothers, to talk of love and charity, to relieve distress and to watch together by the sick, can hardly cherish those harsh, bitter feelings that are so apt to grow in the bosoms of men engaged in a

political warfare like that which has just agitated our country. And wherefore are these harsh, bitter feelings? Do they not issue from misunderstanding, from misrepresentation, from selfishness, from lack of the sentiment of human brotherhood? These causes, we maintain, Odd Fellowship is calculated to remove; and while each brother goes out to strain every nerve for tariff or anti-tariff, for Clay or Polk — to contest openly, manfully, for what he believes to be right and necessary, all meet in the Lodge-room, in kindness and peace, and over the surging tide of political warfare that wars and dashes against its walls, peals out the song of their united voices —

“Peace, Love and Harmony,
Friendship and Unity.”

Have not the effects of Odd Fellowship, in the respect now alluded to, been felt in the course of the tremendous excitement under which men's hearts and nerves are quivering even yet?

MASSACHUSETTS GRAND LODGE.

THE Quarterly Session of this body was held in this city, on Thursday, Nov. 7th. *Thirty-six* representatives were admitted (read our article on the six months' term) — the Grand Secretary was instructed to prepare and cause to be printed and distributed among subordinate Lodges, forms of certificates for the different classes of Representatives to the G. L. — delinquent Lodges were notified to report forthwith — an amendment to the Constitution, allowing the Grand Secretary two hundred dollars per annum was adopted (a good and just measure) — the Grand Master presented his Quarterly Report, containing an abstract of the official doings of the D. D. G. Masters, and a statement of the institution by dispensation of the following Lodges. Tisquantum Lodge, No. 46, at Milford; Macedonian Lodge, No. 47, at Bedford; Norfolk Lodge, No. 48, at Dorchester; Veritas Lodge, No. 49, at Lowell; Concord Lodge, No. 50, at Concord; Mystic Lodge, No. 51, at Chelsea.

The Report was accepted and the Charters ratified. Some question about the installation of the officers of Essex Lodge, which we do not understand, produced considerable discussion, and the matter, finally, was indefinitely postponed. — It was

“Voted, That where a Lodge within the jurisdiction of a District D. D. G. Master obtains the services of the Grand Officers for the installation its officers, all extra expense incurred shall be borne by such Lodge.”

And also, “that the Subordinate Lodges be directed to specify in their returns the amount expended for relief of brothers; for the relief of families of brothers, and for other charitable purposes.”

It was moved and adopted, “That the Subordinate Lodges under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge have no right to question the

authority of a D. D. G. Master, who shall present himself to instal the officers of such Lodge."

The following Resolutions were made.

"*Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this Grand Lodge, that the Constitution of the Subordinate Lodges does not require the sending of notices of rejection in any cases except those in which the cause is specified, as 'immorality' or 'impaired health.'

"*Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this Grand Lodge, that no Subordinate Lodges can constitutionally discharge a member at his own request without a card of clearance."

Propositions were also made for the amendment of the Constitution of the subordinate Lodges and of the Grand Lodge, in certain respects. Four new Lodges were chartered — some other business was transacted, and the Lodge adjourned.

THE ORDER IN OHIO.

THE Independent Odd Fellow publishes the following extract of a letter from a distinguished brother in Ohio, showing the condition of the Order in that State:

"Our beloved Order is flourishing very rapidly in Ohio; we have now thirty-two Lodges in operation, and two more charters granted for Newark and Springfield. Friendship, Love and Truth is deeply rooted in Ohio, and ere long we will have as many flourishing Lodges as any State of her size in the Union.

"Our State has been honored by selecting from her worthy members, a Grand Sire for the ensuing year, Brother P. G. Master Thomas Sherlock of Cincinnati; — he is an able acquisition to the Grand Sire's chair, and one in whom the Order throughout the Union, may well be proud of."

BETTING ON ELECTIONS.

THE enormous extent to which this species of gambling has been carried on throughout the States, and even in our own community, is absolutely astounding; whole fortunes have been dissipated; and it has been confidently asserted that in the State of New York alone, money to the amount of several millions has been staked and lost. What a humiliating picture is here presented! Men distempered by violent political partizanship, not content soberly to await the issue, rushing headlong into pecuniary embarrassments, and perhaps to entire destitution! And is it supposed that this propensity to "run the hazard of the die" will subside when the immediate cause which excited it has passed away? No; — cards, dice and the faro-table will complete that destruction with many which betting on elections commenced.

*

"BE TEMPERATE."

WE could wish that this brief sentence might reach the ear and find an echo in the heart of every Odd Fellow in the land. And by this we do not mean to be understood as implying a discriminating, a moderate use, as some would say, of that which destroys the body and pollutes the soul, — but its entire renouncement, as the only sure pledge of safety, of security to morals, to intellect, to physical well-being. "Be temperate," is an exhortation which cannot be too often repeated; can never be ill-timed. He who follows this admonition has a strong earnest of support in the exercise of the other virtues; he who disregards it has always accompanying him a strong incentive to evil, which in his unguarded moments may sink him into the pitfalls of vice. We would, therefore, say to every young man just entering on life, and particularly to every Odd Fellow, "be temperate;" for temperance is the great conservator of morality, the surest guarantee of future prosperity, and the only mean through which may be preserved the native dignity and purity of the human mind. Therefore, "be temperate." *

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEDICATION OF QUINSIGAMOND HALL.

ON Friday evening, 15th ult., a Hall in the town of Worcester, recently remodelled and fitted up by Quinsigamond Lodge, was dedicated in due form. The Address was delivered by Rev. Bro. E. M. P. Wells, and was listened to with evident marks of pleasure and admiration by the audience, a large number of which were ladies. The ceremonies commenced and closed with prayer by the Rev. Alonzo Hill, of Worcester, who very kindly accepted the invitation to officiate as Chaplain for the evening. The several performances by the Choir, Mr. Allen presiding at the Piano Forte, assisted by Mr. Perry as leader, were highly satisfactory and pleasing. The neat and beautiful style in which the Hall is fitted up, was much commended by those present, and reflects great credit upon the skill and taste of the upholsterers, Bros. Bacall and Woodward, at No. 284 Washington street, Boston. J. F. L.

The following Ode was sung on the occasion :

WHEN earth was formless, void and drear,
God's Spirit o'er the deep did move,
His voice commanded light t' appear,
And man to live — that voice was Love.
44*

When passion-troubled, sorrow-sealed,
 Earth's blinded children groped their way,
 Kind Heaven the word of truth revealed,
 And changed their darkness into day.

Heaven-ward we look ! high is our aim,
 And *Love* the rock on which we rest,
 Let *Friendship* keep our souls the same,
 And *Truth* illumine each Brother's breast !

God ! our Great Master ! teach us e'er
 Thy *Friendship*, *Love* and *Truth*, to trust !
 So shall we meet, without a fear,
 The hour that gives us back to dust.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Golden Rule.

We have received No. 4, of this journal, and find it as usual, highly interesting. We congratulate Bro. Phillips upon the number and ability of his contributors. The three communications in the number before us, entitled, "Benefits resulting from Libraries," "Desultory Thoughts on Genius and its Votaries," and "True Greatness," manifest in the writers a considerable acquaintance with history and general literature, and would be creditable to any periodical.

The Belle of Boston ; Or, the Rival Students of Cambridge — by Harry Hazel, author of the "Burglars, or the Mysteries of the League of Honor." Boston, F. Gleason, Publisher.

If the popularity of a work is a certain indication of its merit, "The Belle of Boston" would take the precedence of all other *nouvellettes* of the day. Two immense editions — in all 20,000 copies have been issued from the press, and although scarcely two weeks have elapsed since the publication, they are nearly all sold. As considerable inquiry has been made who "Harry Hazel" is, we would inform them that *Patriack Justin Jones*, of Bunker Hill Encampment, must answer to the appellation. We trust Bro. Jones will excuse us for bringing his name before the public. He must bear in mind that it was a "secret" out of the "Camp."

TO AGENTS.

AGENTS are requested to ascertain as near as possible the number of copies of the *Symbol* for the ensuing year, and inform us as soon as practicable, in order that we may know how large an edition to print of the first number. We hope our agents will exert themselves as much as possible to extend the circulation of our magazine. They have done well the last year, for which one and all will please accept our hearty thanks. Those who are in arrears, we would earnestly request to forward the amount due us before the close of the year. We should consider it a great favor if they would comply with this request.

We are requested to state that all communications intended for Framingham Lodge, No. 45, should be directed to Saxonville, Mass.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

- GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—Hes'h Prince, G C P. Newell A Thompson, G H P. Tho's Barr, G S W. Nath'l Y Culbertson, G J W. Caleb C Hayden, G Scribe. Raymond Cole, G Treasurer.
- MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.**—Wm Ellison, CP. A P Cleverly, HP; L M Smith, SW; J R Mullen, JW; Edwin Adams, Scribe; Nath'l S Prince, Treas'r.
- TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.**—George L Montague, CP. Edw'd W Howe, HP. Jos B Frost, SW. J H Woodward, JW. E F Follansbee, Scribe. Geo Norton, Treas.
- MENTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.**—John Vaughton, CP; Josiah H Russell, HP, Jesse P Pattee, S W; Woodman C Currier, JW; Duncan Macfarlane, Scribe; Ichabod Fessenden, Treas.
- MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT No 4**—Francie M Kittredge, CP; Job H Cole, HP; Anson Huntington, SW; Ithamar W Beard, Scribe; Solomon D Emerson, Treas.; Nathan B. Favor, JW.
- BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No 5.**—Isaac C Cushing, CP. N P Brooks, HP. Wm Caban, SW.—Justin Jones, JW. Joseph Burrill, Scribe, Ashbel Wait, Treas.
- MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.**—Brewster Reynolds, CP. Jos Newmarch, HP. Cha's D Strong, SW. Daniel Hall, JW. Cha's Sampson, Scribe. Cha's H White, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE**—Tho's F Norris, MWGM: Newell A Thompson, RWDGM: Solon Jenkins, RWGV: W E Farmerter, RWG Sec'y: Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Jno McLeish, RWG Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE.**—Newell A Thompson, DM; Ebenr Seaver, DAM; E W Bumstead, DADM; Thacher Beal, PJ; I P Clark, VG; Wm B May, Sec'y; Cha's Siders, Treas.
- MAVERICK DEGREE LODGE.**—Wm H Calrow, DM, Geo H Plummer, ADM; Wm S Howard, DADM; Sumner F. Barrett, PG; Geo W Morrill, VG; E M Cunningham, Sec'y; J Barker, Treas.
- WARREN DEGREE LODGE—Roxbury.**—A J P Whitcomb, DM; E G Scott, ADM; B F Campbell, DA DM; W J Twombly, PG; Ira Allen, VG; James Anson, Sec'y.
- MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.**—Sam'l Prince, NG; L M Smith, VG; Alfred B Ely, Rec. Sec'y; A P Cleverly, Per Sec'y, R M Baker, Treasurer. A P Cleverly, Chaplain.
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- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.**—N Y Culbertson, NG; John Wesson, VG; John B Wilson, Rec. Sec; Sam'l Rhoades, Per Sec; Thomas Greenleaf, Treas.
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- COVENANT, No. 16.**—A P Richardson, NG; R W Lord, VG; L H Bradford, Rec Sec'y; Wm Rogers Per. Sec'y; C E King, Treas.
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- HOWARD, No. 22.**—Henry Conn, NG; H B Brame, VG; J Johnson, Jr, Sec'y; J. Caldwell, Treas.
- FRANKLIN, No. 23.**—Joseph Newmarch, NG; R P Barry, VG; D C Davis, Rec Sec; Andrew M McPhail, Jr., Per Sec'y; J Martin, Treas; J McCollam, Chaplain; A B Watson, Physician.
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AGAWAM, No. 52. — Dexter Dana, NG; Samuel Davis, VG; Obed Adams, Sec'y; Jas Lang, Treas.

HOBAN LODGE, No. 53. — Charles H White, NG; Sam'l W Sloan, VG; Sam'l R. Spinney, Sec'y; Reuben Wheeler, Treas.

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 OCEAN LODGE, No. 5.—Win H Cranston, NG; Dan T Sherburne, VG; George A Knowles, Sec'y; Sam'l H Parker, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Grand Encampment, semi-annually, Boston, on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.

Mount Washington Encampment, No. 6, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.

Menotomy Encampment, No. 3, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Winthrop Hall, Monday.

Shawmut, No. 37, do. do. Tuesday.

Montezuma, No. 33, do. do. Wednesday.

Pacific, 42, do. do. Thursday.

Franklin, 23, do. do. Friday.

Tremont No. 15, Encampment Hall, Wednesday.

Ancient Landmark, 32, do. do. Monday.

Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tuesday.

Covenant, No. 18, do. do. Monday.

Siloam, No. 2, do. do. Thursday.

Oriental, No. 10, do. do. Wednesday.

Boston, 25, do. do. Friday.

Union Degree, 1, do. do. Saturday.

New England, 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

Crystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor. Chelsea and Hendley sts.,

Monday.

Howard, No. 23, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.

Merrimac, 7, Lowell, Monday.

Mechanics, 11, " Friday.

Oberlin, 28, " Tuesday.

Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.

Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.

Warren Deg. Lodge, do. " " semi-monthly, 2d & 4th Fridays.

Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.

Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.

Fidelity, 21, Andover, Bank Hall, Thursday.

Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.

Mystic, 51, " " " Monday.

Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.

Hampden, 27, Springfield, Thursday.

Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.

Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.

Hobah, 53, " " " Friday.

Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.

Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday,

Maverick Degree, do do do do do Thursday.

Hope, 34, Methuen, Eagle Hall, Wednesday.

Prospect, 35, Waltham, Thursday.

Souhegan, 38, South Reading, Monday.

Quasacuncquen, 39, Newburyport, Friendship Hall, Thursday.

Bay State, 40, Lynn, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.

Acushnet, 41, New Bedford, Wednesday.

Quinsigamond, 43, Worcester, Monday.

King Philip Lodge, 44, Taunton, Tuesday.

Framingham, 45, Saxonville, Wednesday.

Tisquantum, 46, Milford

Macedonian, 47, Bedford.

Norfolk, 48, Dorchester.

Agawam, 52, Ipswich.

Maine.

Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

Eastern Star Encampment, 2, Portland, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Sagamore Encampment, 2, Augusta, 1st and 3d Thursdays of each month.

Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland, quarterly.

Union Degree, 1, do. Union st., Tuesday.

Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, do. " " Thursday.
 Ligonis, 5, do. " " Saturday.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.
 Sabbattis, 6, Augusta.
 Cushnoc, 14, "
 Penobscot, 7, Bangor, Wednesday.
 Kenduskeag, 12, " Monday.
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Natahnis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath, Monday.
 Pejepsco, 13, Brunswick, Thursday.
 Cnshnoc, 14, Augusta.
 Passagassawakeag, 15, Belfast, Wednesdays.
 Hobomok, 16, Bath.
 Orono, 18, Orono, Odd Fellow's Hall, Mill st., Saturday.
 Harrison, 20, Harrison, Friday.

Rhode Island.

Narraganset Encampment, 1, Providence, 25 Market st, 2d and 4th Fird
 Grand Lodge, " quarterly.
 Friendly Union, 1, Providence, 25 Market st. Thursday.
 Eagle, 2, do., cor. Broad and Pawtuxet sts. Wednesday
 Hope, 4, do., " " " " Monday.
 Roger Williams, 3, North Main street, Tuesday.
 Ocean, 5, Newport.

Connecticut.

Grand Encampment, New Haven, semi-annually.
 Grand Lodge, New Haven, semi-annually; 2d Wednes July and Jan'y.
 Sasacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
 Oriental Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Unity Encampment, No. 4, New London, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
 Grand Lodge, New Haven, quarterly.
 Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, Wednesday.
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.
 Ousatonie, 6, Derby, Monday.
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Saturday.
 Thames, 9, New London, Monday.
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk, "
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.
 Central, 12, Middletown, Tuesday.
 Charity, 13, Lower Mystic.

New Hampshire.

Grand Lodge, Concord, semi annually.
 Nashoonon Encampment, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, every other Friday.
 Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tuesday.
 Hillsboro, 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall, Tuesday.
 Wecohammet, 3, Dover, Thursday.
 Washington, 4, Great Falls, Friday.
 White Mountain, 5, Concord, Athenaeum Hall, Friday.
 Piscataqua, 6, Portsmouth, Monday.

MARRIED.

In this city 17th ult., at the Second Universalist Church, by Rev. Hosea Ballou, Bro. J. Henry Shepard, of West Cambridge, to Miss Cassendana F. W. Wing, daughter of Joseph Wing, of this city.

In Newburyport, Nov. 7th, by Rev. J. F. Stearns, Bro. Enoch Pierce, of Quasacuncquen Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth W., daughter of Joseph Wilson, all of Newburyport.

DIED.

In Dedham, 23d ult., Bro. Alvan Richards, of Siloam Lodge.

On Sunday, the 24th ult., the dead body of Bro. Whitely, of Massachusetts Lodge, was found on the flats of Charles River, near West Boston Bridge. Bro. Whiteley resided in Cambridgeport, and was one of the firm of Whitely & Co., who keep a stove establishment in Water street, in this city. Bro. W. had been mysteriously absent about ten days.

In Worcester, of typhus fever, Nov. 14th, Bro. Whipple Bigelow, of Quinsigamond Lodge, aged 32. On the 16th, religious services were performed over the body of the deceased in the Methodist chapel, Thomas Street, by Rev. Mr. Jennings, from which place the funeral procession moved to the grave, attended by about one hundred members of the Lodge, where the last sad duties of respect to the remains of a departed Brother, were performed by D. D. Grand Master, James Murray. He has left a widow and three children to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband, and kind father. Peace to his ashes!

J. F. L.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

MASSACHUSETTS.—T. R. B. Edmands, Charlestown; A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell; Duncan Macfarlane, W. Cambridge; John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge; Rev. Wm. Tozer, Malden; Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village; E. H. Smith, Woburn; Albert W. Bryant, East Lexington; Wm. Monroe, Chelsea; Adrian Low, Salem; R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport; J. M. Southwick & Co., Roxbury; A. Langley, Stoneham; Charles F. Wilson, Worcester, 69 Main st.; H. T. Crofoot, Newburyport; F. S. Monroe, Taunton; John J. Brown, Andover, for Andover and Methuen.

MAINE.—David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland; George Prince, Thomaston; John E. Brown, Bath; Wm. P. Nutin, Gardiner; Moses Quinby, 2d, Sacarappa; B. Plummer, Jr., D. B. Roberts, Bangor; N. Gunnison, Hallowell; E. P. Butler, Orono; A. Jordan, Belfast.

RHODE ISLAND.—J. W. Root, 41 Market st., Providence; C. C. Shute, No. 53 Westminster st., Providence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Wm. Walker, Jr., Concord.

CONNECTICUT.—Safford & Park, Norwich; Charles Ball, New Haven; Orrin F. Smith, New London.

NEW YORK.—James Pratt, Ithaca.

PENNSYLVANIA.—G. G. Stambach, Philadelphia, No. 400 North Second street.



KENTUCKY.—D. P. Watson, P. M., Nicholasville.

GENERAL AGENT.—J. G. Morse.

JOS. B. FROST, of this city, is authorised to act as our Agent.

DAVID ROBINSON, Jr., Portland, General Agent for Maine.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.—H. B. Odiome, Homer J. Doucet, S. Thornton.

 **WANTED.**—If any of our agents or subscribers have on hand No. 2 of the present volume of the Symbol, which they have no use for, they would confer a great favor on us by sending the same to our office at their earliest convenience. We can complete a number of volumes if we had No. 2, but are unable to do so now.  We hope our agents will give their attention to this notice.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE,

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 15, 1844.

NO. XII.

Original.

A SCENE IN DEMERARA.

—
BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.
—

THE hot and sultry day was o'er,
On Demerara's plain,
There came no breeze to fan her palms,
Or wave her ripened grain.

Amid the lofty forest trees
No murmuring whisper crept,
And still beneath the moon's bright beam,
The waveless waters slept.

From Demerara's dungeon grate,
Immured her walls within,
Looked forth upon this lovely scene,
A man of wrath and sin.

A flush was on his swarthy cheek,
His eye glared angrily,
He saw no beauty on the earth,
No beauty in the sky.

Fierce passion burned within his heart,
And scorn and hate and wrath,
For many years his feet had trod
The dark and downward path.

He heard no more the still small voice,
 He never looked above,
 He never felt the smile of heaven,
 Or dreamed of heavenly love.

Sudden on Demerara's plain
 A voice of thunder broke,
 The forest trees reeled to and fro,
 Down crashed the startled rock.

A lurid light all densely bright
 O'erspread the cloudless heaven,
 The affrighted waters fled amain,
 The solid rock was riven ;

Shivered the massy bolts and bars,
 Trembled the dungeon floor,
 Shook to their base the prison walls,
 Amid the earthquake's roar.

Louder and louder, pealed the voice,
 Wilder the tumult dread,
 As if the archangel's trump had called
 The judgment of the dead.

Then shuddering fell that man of sin,
 Prostrate upon the ground,
 A mighty fear o'ercame the heart
 Where love no place had found.

An awful light upon his soul
 Peured in its scorching flood,
 And from his quivering lips burst forth
 " Now do I know a God !"

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

[The following remarks which we copy from the *New York News*, will be read with interest. The statistics were prepared by Bro. Sutton, a distinguished member of the Order. The state of the Order in New York it will be seen is in the most flourishing condition, and the amount expended during the last year for charitable purposes, must have done much for the alleviation of suffering and distress.]

" Within the last few years this Order has assumed an importance which it had not previously attained. As it has been familiarized to the world, the prejudices which it had excited have been removed, and

it has been found worthy the countenance and the patronage of our most estimable fellow citizens. Charity is its prominent object. True, it is a secret society, but that which appears to some to be its main objectionable feature may to others appear to be its chief merit. It is secret in its operations. In secret it seeks the abode of suffering humanity, and in secret it relieves the necessitous. In the year ending July 1844 the Lodges in this State secretly disbursed \$35,274 85 in the prosecution of their charitable design; besides which the sick couch has ever found an Odd Fellow to minister to the wants and to alleviate the sufferings of the afflicted. The State of New York contains about one-fourth of the members of the Order who are subject to the Grand Lodge of the United States. The report made to the Grand Lodge of the United States at its annual communication held at Baltimore in September 1843, shows that this State had then 81 subordinate Lodges, and that they produced a revenue of \$63,708 27. The number of contributing members was about 10,000, and it is worthy of remark that all the good which they achieved was accomplished by very small means. The sum of 6 1-4 cents is the contribution of each member to many Lodges; they, nevertheless, in the year we have named, relieved 2,587 of their brotherhood, 118 widowed families, and decently buried 81 members.

The sum expended for the relief of the members was \$26,250 45; the amount paid for the relief of widowed families was \$1,848 69; the amount paid for the education of orphans was \$3,037, and for burying the dead \$2,916 32, making a total of \$31,045 83. In the year ending July, 1844, (for the Annual Reports are made in the month of July in each year,) the number of contributing members had increased to 12,496 in this State, and their revenue had swollen to \$86,700 26. The number of members relieved that year was 1,912, the widowed families relieved were 128, the members buried were 108, and the total expenditure for these objects and others, including the education of orphans, was the amount stated above—\$35,274 85. All this is accomplished by voluntary contribution. But, besides, there are innumerable advantages of which the uninitiated can form no correct opinion. It must, however, be observed that the Encampments are equally zealous in the diffusion of their charity, and that the sums which they expend form no part of the amounts which we have here set forth.

"From the operations of the Odd Fellows of this State, we may turn to those of the Order in the States and Territories subject to the Grand Lodge of the United States, and it will be seen that their progression is unparalleled in the history of benevolent societies. In 1830, there were but 3,036 members acknowledging the authority of that Grand Head of the Order in America, producing a revenue of \$15,727 48. In 1840, the number had increased to 11,166, and their revenue amounted to \$59,298 79. The number of Lodges at that time was 155, the initiations in that year were 3,343, and the amount expended for its charities was \$8,044 40. In 1841, there were 199 Lodges, and an addition of 6,822 members; there were 17,854 contributing members, and a revenue of \$115,878 11, from which 1,031

members were relieved, 95 widowed families were aided, and 39 members were buried, at a cost of \$18,551 70. In 1842, the Lodges increased to 265, the initiations were 7,836, the contributing members were 24,160, and the revenue of the Lodges was \$163,719 71. In the same year the sum of \$43,435 85 was expended in the relief of 2,834 members, 160 widowed families, and 107 burials.

"In 1843, the Lodges were 352 in number, the initiations were 8,749, the contributing members were 30,043, and the revenue of the Lodges, 191,635 22. The number of members relieved was 4,457, widowed families 396, and the members buried 184, at a cost of \$66,863 17. But from July 1843, to July 1844, (the year of the Order) the increase was almost beyond belief. From 352, the Lodges in one year increased to 466, from 8,749, the initiations increased to 13,486, from 30,044, the number of contributing members had increased to 44,627, from \$191,635 22, in 1843, and \$59,298 79 in 1840, the revenue of the Lodge had increased to \$292,250 — (upwards of \$100,000 in a single year,) — and the items of expenditure for the relief of sick members, the assistance of widowed families, and the education of orphans, had increased from 66,863 17 to \$79,928 18. There are likewise many other demands on the funds of the Order, and many private subscriptions are made for benevolent purposes, which form no part of the returns of the Grand Lodge. In the latter years the Encampments — another branch of the Order — produced a revenue of \$13,750 80, making a total of \$306,000 80, raised by contributions in one year, in which brief space it will be seen the expenditure of the Order for the primary, humane and Christian purposes for which it is established, irrespective of the many other modes of affording relief and assistance, have increased over 1840, between \$70,000 and \$80,000. The Brooklyn Lodge alone, whose proceedings have suggested these remarks, local in its operations, and limited as it necessarily is, in the five years of its existence, has disbursed in charities upwards of \$3,600.

"Each Odd Fellow's Lodge has a sick committee, with whom it is a duty, to be religiously observed, not to allow a single day to elapse without a visit by one of its members to the sick chamber, and in this fact there is a powerful recommendation of the Order; but as the orphan and the widow are also the legitimate and peculiar objects of its solicitude, its merit is pleaded trumpet-tongued, and in the name of all that is sacred we wish them "God speed."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF REFORM.

From Chapin's Lectures. (Continued from page 513.)

WITH this I dismiss the Conservative and his arguments, and pass to consider the strict RADICAL, who, I say, is also wrong. He who wages war with all existing institutions, is as bad as he who holds on

to all existing institutions — perhaps worse. There is always some good to be preserved. To think otherwise, is to calumniate the past, and deny the Agency of Providence. In order to reform, it is not necessary nor practicable, to level all existing institutions to the dust at one stroke, and drive the ploughshare over them. If they do not actually think so, there are some men who speak as if they owed nothing to the Past or the Present — as if these were naught but hindrances to human progress. But if I understand progress, it is the *gradual* passage from one condition to another, each link in the chain being necessary to the consummation. If human nature grows, it must have something to grow out of, and therefore it is indebted to that something. Your Reform will not create itself, nor will it be born mature, nor can it be produced in the impalpable air. You must use what exists in order to build up what shall be. If you strike away every vestige of the past and the present, upon what will you stand for the future? No — no — you cannot get out of the world in order to move the world. You must stand upon this old firm earth *just as it is*, and try to make it *better*. The plant that shall blossom unto an immortal flowering, must assimilate to itself elements that have been winnowed in the storms and changes of the Past. The harvest of human effort, and hope, and prayer, will spring up in the furrows of by-gone revolutions, out from the embers of sin, and the ashes of martyrdom, and the soil of blood-soaked battle-fields.

To the strict Radical I object, moreover, that if he does not actually seek thus to destroy at once all existing organizations, he often does what amounts to the same thing. He attempts to introduce principles and institutions that are impracticable, because they are fitted for an entirely different state of things, for an advanced era of humanity, for a golden age, a time of perfection. But between our present state and such an elevated condition, a wide space intervenes. Every inch of ground, between this point and that, is to be trodden gradually. His Reform is impalpable, because it does not connect with what has gone before — we cannot reach it from where we stand — and if we would advance to it, we have nothing to advance upon. It is premature, and, not regarding the Past and the Present, is the same as if it rejected them. I think that many radicals are of this class. There are some, I presume, who disgrace every attempted Reform — who seek to overturn all things in order that they may gratify their revenge and their lusts. But these are vile men, who do not listen to reason. But, I say, many are of the class to which I just alluded. They are virtuous but dreamy. They speculate too much. Their philosophy may be very good, but they want common sense. Their logic is sound so long as we confine it to abstract principles, but it cannot stand the ordeal of stubborn *facts*. We may hope for the future, but we must act in the present. We cannot forestall nature, nor renovate society by steam.

Again; — your Radical is frequently a mere grumbler. His sole function, in that case, seems to be, *finding fault*. He has a shrewd wit, perhaps, and cultivates a sharp satire, which are often effectual, and sometimes amusing. It makes us laugh when he shakes some

respectable old rottenness, or when decently-clothed sin winces at his punctures. But, after all, this is an unaimable and unprofitable function. It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It requires no great power to pull down, or to pick in pieces. He who takes away without giving something instead, performs no grateful office. If you take from a poor man his ragged cloak, and give him no other clothing, he will hardly call you his benefactor. Now the true Reformer not only removes the bad—he gives us something better. He has not only “a torch for burning, but a hammer for building.” At least he will have pity for the evils that he cannot help, and while he bears them with meek humility, will ever look forward with hope and faith. The fault-finding Radical knows not the true spirit of Reform. This seeks to build up, to develope, knowing that in this way evil is best destroyed. It will not pluck the crutch from the cripple—but will seek to heal his lameness. It will not undermine the faith of childhood’s simple hymn, but will anoint his lips, and teach his faltering voice to flow in deep and sweet hosannas.

But, let me say further, the Radical often manifests a bad spirit.—He talks much of philanthropy with his lips, but his heart cherishes bitterness. He speaks of reason and kindness, but as often vociferates and declaims. He complains of persecution, but is very intolerant.—He is boastfully confident of the strength of his opinions, but frets and fumes if any one opposes him. He professes to love the race, but denounces the world, because it misunderstands or will not believe him. He is as busy, and as spiteful, as a wasp. This is not the spirit of the true Reformer. He is calm and mild, mighty against sin, hurling burning truths at every wrong, but still preserving, amid it all, a loving heart. He is fearless and unfaltering—he presses right on with his mission; but he does not court persecution, or pray for martyrdom. He is contented to let Truth bide its time, and is careful that he does not injure it by rashness and impropriety, as much as by sluggishness or denial. He will not be angry if men do not believe him at the first announcement. He is contented if he may only preach the truth, for he knows that once scattered abroad it can never die. It may not blossom until long after he is dead—but what of that? The summer rains and winter snows shall work for it; and, long after his voice is hushed, and his eye dark, his very dust shall nourish it—for it will blossom at last! Such is the *true* Reformer. You see that the rash and angry Radical differs in much from him.

I find, then, in strict Radicalism, as many objections as I do in strict Conservatism. The one holds on to all things, the other would destroy all things—the one will not move at all, the other moves too fast—the one is too complacent, the other too dissatisfied—the one denounces all who go from him, the other is angry with all who will not come to him.

But now between all this there is a *middle course*, in which a true Radicalism and a true Conservatism combine. There *is* such a thing as REFORM. We have seen that it is a legitimate principle ever working in the souls of men. The errors and woes with which we are surrounded, are not meant to abide. This reign of blood and violence, is

it destined to last for ever? These shams that appear on dusty parchment, in feudal distinctions, and legal wrongs, shall they not one day dissolve and pass away? Absolute Conservatism is false to our better nature, to our hopes and our capacities. But this true Reform works by a law of nature, and, like all nature's laws is not to be accelerated, or counterfeited. Slowly must the work go on — yet it will go on. — It is life, it is reality — dreams and speculations are not it. The Good, the Good alone, it labors to secure — the good that is in the past, the Good that is in the future. It labors to remove evil by *purification*, and by *advancement*. It holds on to the hallowed that has gone before — it reaches out to the true that is to come. The spirit of true Reform, neither too fast, nor too slow, both conservative and progressive, may be described, with a slight alteration, in the words of Goethe.

“ Like as a star
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Is it ever fulfilling
Its God-given heat.”

Thus, my friends, I have given you some crude ideas upon the **PHILOSOPHY OF REFORM**. I thought it would not be uninteresting, nor unprofitable, to analyze somewhat, that about which so much is said in our day — concerning which so many exaggerated hopes and groundless fears are entertained. Let us not be anarchists — let us not be alarmists. Let us be **REFORMERS** — that is upbuilders; neither absolute Conservatives, nor absolute Radicals, but laborers for the Good wherever we find it — having faith in Reform. Let us not suppose that our age can do everything, or that men are about to become perfect. Neither let us fear that the world will be turned upside down, nor deem that all things are best as they are. Let us have our harness on, ready when the trumpet sounds to do the best we can for the Right, the Good, and the True.

But having thus decided for the legitimacy of Reform, I must not pause without asserting the ground on which my faith in its success is founded. The great Element of Reform is not born of human wisdom; it does not draw its life from human organizations. I find it only in **CHRISTIANITY**. “Thy Kingdom come!” There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this Prayer. It is the aspiration of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of Reform. For what is the significance of this Prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate and subdue and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good from the very necessity of his being. So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth. And the human soul, living in harmony with the Divine Will, this earth would become like Heaven. This Kingdom of God upon earth is no unsubstantiality — it covers no narrow field. It is the perfection and the meaning of that which we see, however dim and distant, in all true Reforms. When it comes, the rage of war shall cease, — the inequalities of rank shall vanish, the chains of the slave

will be broken, and the feet of the oppressor will rest on the neck of his fellow no longer. And the din and the clamor that have rocked society for ages, and the woes that have heaved its heart so long will be no more. These will all pass away, and be still — like the night and the storm, when the summer-morning descends upon the mountains, the vallies, and the sea.

It is too late for Reformers to sneer at Christianity — it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress — our confidence in Reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable in man. That men have misunderstood it and perverted it, is true. But it is also true that the noblest efforts for human melioration have come out of it — have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the Just, who took your conduct from the line of Christian Philosophy — come from your tombs, and answer! Come Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and show us what Philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus. — Come Elliott, from the thick forest where the red-man listens to the Word of Life — come Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory; and show us what Christian Zeal and Christian Love can accomplish with the rudest barbarism and the fiercest hearts. Come Raikes, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor, and show us with what an eye this Faith regards the lowest and least of our race, and how diligently it labors, not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality. And ye, who are a great number — ye nameless ones — who have done good in your narrower spheres, content to forego renown on earth; and, seeking your Reward in the Record on High, come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage, the Religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak.

Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of REFORM! The Past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes. The Present is hopeful because of thee. The Future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence!

THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

It was a gloomy evening. The sun had set, angry and threatening, lighting up the horizon with lurid flame and flakes of blood-red — slowly quenched by slants of distant rain, dense and dark as segments of the old deluge. At last the whole sky was black, except the low driving grey scud, amidst which faint streaks of lightning wandered capriciously towards their appointed aim, like young fire-fiends playing on their errands.

"There will be a storm!" whispered Nature herself, as the crisp fallen leaves of autumn started up with a hollow rustle, and began dancing a wild round, with a whirlwind of dust, like some frantic orgy ushering in a revolution.

"There will be a storm!" I echoed, instinctively looking round for the nearest shelter, and making towards it at my best pace. At such times the proudest heads will bow to very low lintels; and setting dignity against a ducking, I very willingly condescended to stoop into "The Plough."

It was a small hedge alehouse, too humble for the refinement of a separate parlor. One large tap-room served for all comers gentle or simple, if gentlefolks, except from stress of weather, ever sought such a place of entertainment. Its scanty accommodations were even meaner than usual: the Plough had suffered from the hardness of the times, and exhibited the barrenness of a house recently unfurnished by the broker. The aspect of the public room was cold and cheerless. There was a mere glimmer of fire in the grate, and a single un-snuffed candle stood guttering over the neck of the stone bottle in which it was stuck, in the middle of the plain deal table. The low ceiling, blackened by smoke, hung overhead like a canopy of gloomy clouds; the walls were stained with damp, and patches of the plaster had peeled off from the naked laths. Ornament there was none, except a solitary print, gaudily daubed in body-colors, and formerly glazed, as hinted by a small triangle of glass on one corner of the black frame. The subject, "the Shipwrecked Mariner," whose corpse, jacketed in sky-blue, rolled on a still brighter strip of yellow shingle, between two grass-green wheat-sheaves with white ears—but intended for foaming billows. Above all, the customary odors were wanting; the faint smell of beer and ale, the strong scent of spirits, the fumes of tobacco; none of them agreeable to a nice sense, but decidedly missed with a feeling akin to disappointment. Rank or vapid, they belonged to the place, representing, though in an infinitely lower key, the bouquet of Burgundy, the aroma of choice liqueurs—the breath of Social Enjoyment.

Yet there was no lack of company. Ten or twelve men, some young, but the majority of the middle age, and one or two advanced in years, were seated at the sordid board. As many glasses and jugs of various patterns stood before them; but mostly empty, as was the tin tankard from which they had been replenished. Only a few of the party in the neighborhood of a brown earthenware pitcher had full cups; but of the very small ale called Adam's. Their coin and credit exhausted, they were keeping up the forms of drinking and good fellowship with plain water. From the same cause, a bundle of new clay pipes lay idle on the table, unsoiled by the Indian weed.

A glance sufficed to show that the company were of the laboring class—men with tanned, furrowed faces, and hairy freckled hands—who smelt "of the earth, earthy," and were clad in fustian and leather, in velveteen and corduroy, glossy with wear or wet, soiled by brown clay and green moss, scratched and torn by brambles, wrinkled, warped, and threadbare with age, and variously patched—garments

for need and decency, not show ; — for if, amidst the prevailing russets, drabs and olives, there was a gayer scrap of green, blue or red, it was a tribute not to vanity, but expediency — some fragment of military broadcloth or livery plush.

As I entered, the whole party turned their eyes upon me, and having satisfied themselves by a brief scrutiny that my face and person were unknown to them, thenceforward took no more notice of me than of their own shadows on the wall. I could have fancied myself invisible, they resumed their conversation with so little reserve. The topics, such as poor men discuss among themselves : — the dearth of bread, the shortness of work, the long hours of labor, the lowness of wages, the badness of the weather, the sickliness of the season, the signs of a hard winter, the general evils of want, poverty and disease ; but accompanied by such particular revelations, such minute details, and frank disclosures, as should only have come from persons talking in their sleep ! The vulgar indelicacy, methought, with which they gossiped before me of family matters — the brutal callousness with which they exposed their private affairs, the whole history and mystery of bed, board and hearth, the secrets of home ! But a little more listening and reflection converted my disgust into pity and concern. — Alas ! I had forgotten that the lives of certain classes of our species have been laid almost as bare and open as those of the beasts of the field ! The poor men had no domestic secrets — no private affairs ! All were public — matters of notoriety — friend and foe concurring in the advertisement. The law had ferretted their huts, and scheduled their three-legged tables and bottomless chairs. Statistical Grocers had taken notes, and printed them, of every hole in their coats. Political reporters had calculated their incomings and outgoings down to fractions of pence and half ounces of tea ; and had supplied the minutiae of their domestic economy for paragraphs and leading articles. Charity, arm in arm with Curiosity, and clerical Philanthropy, linked perhaps with a religious inquisitor, had taken an inventory of their defects moral and spiritual ; whilst medical visitors had inspected and recorded their physical sores, cancerous or scrofulous, their humors, and their tumors.

Society, like a policeman, had turned upon them the full blaze of its bull's eye — exploring the shadiest recesses of their privacy, till their means, food, habits, and modes of existence were as minutely familiar as those of the animalculæ exhibited in Regent Street by the solar microscope. They had no longer any decent appearances to keep up — any shabby ones to mask with a better face — any petty shifts to slur over — any household struggles to conceal. Their circumstances were known intimately, not merely to next-door neighbors, and kith and kin, but to the whole parish, the whole county, the whole country. It was one of their last few privileges to discuss in common with the Parliament, the Press, and the Public, the deplorable details of their own affairs. Their destitution was a naked Great Fact, and they talked of it like proclaimed Bankrupts, as they were, in the wide world's Gazette.

"What matters?" said a grey-headed man, in fustian, in answer to a

warning nudge and whisper from his neighbour. "If wall's has ears, they are welcome to what they can ketch — ay, and the stranger to boot — if so be he don't know all about us already — for it's all in print. What we yarn, and what we spend — what we eat, and what we drink — what we wear, and the cost on it from top to toe — where we sleep, and how many on us lie in a bed — our concerns are as common as waste land."

"And as many geese and donkies turned out on to them, I do think!" cried a young fellow in velveteens — "to hear how folk cackle and bray about our states. And then the queer remedies as is prescribed, like, for a starving man! A Bible says one — a Reading made Easy says another — a Temperance Medal says another — or may be a Hagricultural Prize. But what is he to eat, I ax? Why, says one, a Corkasian Jew — says another, a cricket-ball — says another, a May-pole — and says another, the Wenus bound for Horsetrailye."

"As if idle hands and empty pockets," said the grey-headed man, "did not make signs, of themselves, for work and wages — and a hungry belly for bread and cheese."

"That 's true, any how," said one of the water-drinkers. "I only wish a doctor could come at this minute, and listen with his *telescope* on my stomach, and he would hear it a-talking as plain as our magpie, and saying, I wants wittles."

There was a general peal of mirth at this speech, but brief and ending abruptly, as laughter does, when extorted by the odd treatment of a serious subject — a flash followed by a deeper gloom. The conversation then assumed a graver tone; each man in turn recounting the trials, privations, and visitations, of himself, his wife, and children, or his neighbor's — not mentioned with fierceness, intermingling oaths and threats, nor with bitterness — some few allusions excepted to harsh overseers or miserly masters — but as soldiers or sailors describe the hardships and sufferings they have had to encounter in their rough vocation, and evidently endured in their own persons with a manly fortitude. If the speaker's voice faltered, or his eyes moistened, it was only when he painted the sharp bones showing through the skin, the skin through the rags, of the wife of his bosom; or how the traditional Wolf, no longer to be kept from the door, had rushed in and fastened on his young ones. What a revelation it was! Fathers, with more children than shillings per week; mothers travelling literally in the straw; infants starving before the parents' eyes, with cold, and famishing for food! Human creatures, male and female, old and young, not gnawed and torn by single woes, but worried at once by Winter, Disease, and Want, as by that triple-headed dog, whelped in the Realm of Torments!

My ears tingled, and my cheeks flushed with self-reproach, remembering my fretful impatience under my own inflictions, no light ones either, till compared with the heavy complications of anguish, moral and physical, experienced by those poor men. My heart swelled with indignation, my soul sickened with disgust, to recal the sobs, sighs, tears, and hysterics — the lamentations and imprecations bestowed by pampered Selfishness on a sick bird or beast, a sore finger, a

swelled toe, a lost rubber, a missing luxury, an ill-made garment, a culinary failure! — to think of the cold looks and harsh words cast by the same eyes and lips, eloquent in self-indulgence, on nakedness, starvation, and poverty. Wealth, with his own million of money, pointing to the new half-farthings as fitting money for the million — Gluttony, gorged with dainties, washed down by iced champagne, complacently commending his humble brethren to the brook of Elisha and the salads of Nebuchadnezzar; and Fashion, in furs and velvet, comfortably beholding her squalid sisters shivering in robes de zephyr, woven by winter itself, with the warp of a north, and the woof of an east wind!

"The job up at Bosely is finished," said one of the middle-aged men. "I have enjoyed but three days' work in the last fortnight, and God above knows when I shall get another, even at a shilling a day. And nine mouths to feed, big and little; and nine backs to clothe; with the winter a-settin in; and the rent behind-hand; and never a bed to lie on, and my good woman, poor soul, ready to ———"; a choking sound and a hasty gulp of water smothered the rest of the sentence. "There must be something done for us — there must," he added, with an emphatic slap of his broad, brown, barky hand, that made the glasses jingle and the idle pipes clatter on the board. And every voice in the room echoed "there must," my own involuntarily swelling the chorus.

"Ay, there must, and that full soon," said the grey-headed man in fustian, with an upward appealing look, as if through the smoky clouds of the ceiling to God himself for confirmation of the necessity. "But come, lads, time 's up, so let 's have our chant, and then squander."

The company immediately stood up; and one of the elders, with a deep bass voice, and to a slow, sad air, began a rude song, the composition probably of some provincial poet of his own class, the rest of the party joining occasionally in a verse that served for the burden.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
 A pickaxe, or a bill!
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
 A flail, or what ye will —
 And here 's a ready hand
 To ply the needful tool,
 And skill'd enough, by lessons rough,
 In Labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
 To lop or fell the tree,
 To lay the swarth on the sultry field,
 Or plough the stubborn lea;
 The harvest stack to bind,
 The wheaten rick to thatch,
 And never fear in my pouch to find
 The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
My fancies never roam;
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the hearth of Home;
Where children huddle and crouch
Through dark long winter days,
Where starving children huddle and crouch,
To see the cheerful rays,
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To Him who sends a drought
To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The blight to blast the corn,
To Him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path,
To strike the miser's rick, and show
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will —
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
The market team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover side,
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's deer;
Break into his lordship's house,
To steal the plate so rich;
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse
To welter in a ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,
Wherever Labor calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the workhouse walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life,
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,
With labor stiff and stark,

By lawful turn, my living to earn,
 Between the light and dark ;
 My daily bread, and nightly bed,
 My bacon, and drop of beer —
 But all from the hand that holds the land,
 And none from the overseer !

No parish money, or loaf,
 No pauper badges for me,
 A son of the soil, by right of toil
 Entitled to my fee.
 No alms I ask, give me my task :
 Here are the arm, the leg,
 The strength, the sinews of a man,
 To work and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
 Though deem'd by chance of birth
 To dress so mean, to eat the lean,
 Instead of the fat of the earth ;
 To make such humble meals
 As honest labor can,
 A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
 And little thanks to man !

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
 A pickaxe, or a bill!
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
 A flail, or what you will —
 Whatever the tool to ply,
 Here is a willing drudge,
 With muscle and limb, and woe to him
 Who does their pay begrudge !

Who every weekly score
 Docks laborer's little mite,
 Bestows on the poor at the temple door,
 But robb'd them over night.
 The very shilling he hoped to save,
 As health and morals fail,
 Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
 The Spital, or the Gaol !

As the last ominous word ceased ringing, the candle-wick suddenly dropped into the neck of the stone bottle, and all was darkness and silence.

* * * * *

The vision is dispelled — the Fiction is gone — but a Fact and a Figure remain.

Some time since, a strong inward impulse moved me to paint the destitution of an overtasked class of females, who work, work, work,

for wages almost nominal. But deplorable as is their condition, in the low deep, there is, it seems, a lower still — below that gloomy gulf a darker region of human misery, — beneath that Purgatory a Hell — resounding with more doleful wailings and a sharper outcry — the voice of famishing wretches, pleading vainly for work ! work ! work ! — imploring as a blessing, what was laid upon Man as a curse — the labor that wrings sweat from the brow, and bread from the soil !

As a matter of conscience, that wail touches me not. As my works testify, I am of the working class myself, and in my humble sphere, furnish employment for many hands, including paper-makers, draughtsmen, engravers, compositors, pressmen, binders, folders, and stitchers — and critics — all receiving a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. My gains consequently are limited — not nearly so enormous as have been realized upon shirts, slops, shawls, &c. — curiously illustrating how a man or woman might be "clothed with curses as with a garment." My fortune may be expressed without a long row of those ciphers — those 0's, at once significant of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and as many ejaculations of pain and sorrow from dependent slaves. My wealth might all be hoarded, if I were miserly, in a gallipot or a tin snuff-box. My guineas, placed edge to edge, instead of extending from the Minories to Golden Square, would barely reach from home to Bread Street. My riches would hardly allow me a roll in them, even if turned into the new copper mites. But then, thank God ! no reproach clings to my coin. No tears or blood clog the meshes, no hair, plucked in desperation, is knitted with the silk of my lean purse. No consumptive sempstress can point at me her bony forefinger, and say, "*For thee, sewing in forma pauperis*, I am become this Living Skeleton !" or hold up to me her fatal needle, as one through the eye of which the scriptural camel must pass ere I may hope to enter heaven. No withered work-woman, shaking at me her dripping suicidal locks, can cry, in a piercing voice, "For thee, and for six poor pence, I embroidered eighty flowers on this veil" — literally a veil of tears. No famishing laborer, his joints racked with toil, holds out to me in the palm of his broad hard hand seven miserable shillings, and mutters, "For these, and a parish loaf, for six long days, from dawn till dusk, through hot and cold, through wet and dry, I tilled thy land !" My short sleeps are peaceful ; my dreams untroubled. No ghastly phantoms with reproachful faces, and silence more terrible than speech, haunt my quiet pillow. No victims of Slow Murder, ushered by the Avenging Fiends, beset my couch, and make awful appointments with me to meet at the Divine bar on the Day of Judgment. No deformed human creatures — men, women, children, smirched black as negroes, transfigured suddenly, as Demons of the Pit, clutch at my heels to drag me down, down, down, an unfathomable shaft, into a gaping Tartarus. And if sometimes in waking visions I see throngs of little faces, with features preternaturally sharp, and wrinkled brows, and dull, seared orbs,—grouped with pitying clusters of the young-eyed cherubim, — not for me, thank Heaven ! did those crippled children become prematurely old ; and prece.

ciously evaporate, like so much steam power, the "dew of their youth."

For me, then, that doleful cry from the Starving Unemployed has no extrinsic horror; no peculiar pang, beyond that sympathetic one which must affect the species in general. Nevertheless, amidst the dismal chorus, one complaining voice rings distinctly on my inward ear; one melancholy Figure flits prominently before my mind's eye, — vague of feature indeed, and in form with only the common outlines of humanity, — but the Eidolon of a real person, a living breathing man, with a known name. One whom I have never seen in the flesh; never spoken with; yet whose very words a still small voice is even now whispering to me, I know not whence, like the wind from a cloud.

For months past, that indistinct Figure, associated, as in a dream, with other dim images, but all mournful — stranger faces, male and female, convulsed with grief — huge hard hands, and smaller and tenderer ones, wrung in speechless anguish, and everlasting farewells — involved with obscure ocean waves, and momentary glimpses of outlandish scenery — for months past, amidst trials of my own, in the intervals of acute pain, perchance even in my delirium, and through the variegated tissue of my own interests and affairs, that sorrowful Vision has recurred to me, more or less vividly, with the intense sense of suffering, cruelty, and injustice, and the strong emotions of pity and indignation, which originated with its birth.

It may be, that some peculiar condition of the body inducing a morbid state of mind — some extreme excitability of the nerves, and through them of the moral sensibility, concurred to induce so deep an impression, to make so warm a sympathy attach itself to a mere Phantom, the representative of an obscure individual, an utter stranger. The Reader must judge: and when the case of my unknown, unconscious, invisible client shall be laid before him, will be able to say whether it required any unnatural sensitiveness of the system, any extraordinary softening of the heart or brain, to feel a strong human interest in the fate of Gifford White.

In the spring of the present year this very unfortunate and very young man was indicted, at the Huntingdon Assizes, for throwing the following letter, addressed externally and internally to the Farmers of Bluntisham, Hunts, into a strawyard:—

"We are determined to set fire to the whole of this place, if you don't set us to work, and burn you in your beds, if there is not an alteration. What do you think the young men are to do if you don't set them to work? They must do something. The fact is, we cannot go any longer. We must commit robbery, and every thing that is contrary to your wish.

"I am,
"AN ENEMY."

For this offence, admitted by his plea, the prisoner, aged eighteen, was sentenced, by a judge since deceased, to Transportation for Life!

Far be it from me to palliate Incendiarism. Least of all, when so many conflagrations have recently illuminated the horizon; and so near the time when the memory of that Arch Incendiary Guy Faux,

will be revived by effigies and bonfires. I am fully aware of the risk of even this appeal, at such a season, but, with that pleading Shade before me, dare the reddest reflections that may be cast on this paper.

Only catch a real Incendiary, bring his guilt clearly home to him, and let him suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Hang him. Or, if absolutely opposed to capital punishment, and inclined towards the philanthropy of a very French philosophy, adopt the Christianly substitute, recommended in the "Mysteries of Paris," and blind the criminal. Let fire avenge fire, and, according to the prescriptions for Prince Arthur, with irons hot burn out both his eyes. Cruel and extreme as such tortures may seem, they would scarcely expiate one of the most dastardly and atrocious of human crimes, inasmuch as the perpetrator can neither control its extent nor calculate the results.

The truth is, my faith stops far short of the popular belief in the prevalence of wilful and malignant Fire-raising — that an epidemic of that inflammatory character is so rife and raging as represented in the provinces. I am too jealous of the national character, too chary of the good name of my humble countrymen, and think too well of "a bold peasantry, our country's pride," to look on them, willingly, as a mere pack of Samson's foxes, running from farm to farm with fire-brands tied to their tails. If there be any notable increase in the number of fires, some portion of the excess may be fairly attributable to causes which have converted simple risks into Doubly Hazardous; for example the prevalence of cigar smoking, and especially the substitution for the old tinder-box of dangerous chemical contrivances, facile of ignition, and distributed by myriads throughout the country. Talismans, that like the Arabian ones, on a slight rubbing, place a Demon at the command of the possessor — spells which have subjected the Fire Spirit to the instant invocation not merely of the wicked, but of the weak and the witless, the infant and the idiot. Generally, we work and play with the element more profusely than formerly; witness the glowing flames, flakes, sparks, and cinders, that sweep across streets, over seas and rivers, and along railroads, from the chimneys, funnels, and furnaces, of the factories, and floating and flying conveyances of Pluto, Vulcan and Company. Another cause, Spontaneous Combustion, has lately been convicted of the destruction of the railway station at New Cross; and there is no reason to suppose that conflagration from carelessness, and excessive house-warnings from inebriety, are less common than of old. Children will still play with fire; servants, town and country, persist in snuffing long wicks, as well as noses, with finger and thumb; and Agricultural distress has not so annihilated the breed of Jolly Farmers, but that one, here and there, is still capable of blowing himself out, and putting his candle to bed.

In the mean time, vulgar Exaggeration ascribes every "rapid consumption" of property, not clearly traceable to accident, to a malicious design. The English public, according to Goldsmith, are prone to panics, and he instances them as arming themselves with thick gloves and stout cudgels against certain popular bugbears in the shapes of mad dogs. And a fatal thing it is, proverbially, for the canine race to get an ill name. But a panic becomes a far more tragical affair

when it arms one class of society against another ; and instead of mere brutes and curs of low degree, animals of our own species are hunted down and hung, or at best, all but banished to another world, by transportation for life. It is difficult to believe that some such local panic did not influence the very severe sentence passed on Gifford White. Indeed the existence of something of the kind seems intimated by the judge himself, along with the extraordinary dictum that a verbal burn is worse than the actual cautery. Lord Abinger said : —

“ The offence was of a most atrocious character ; and it might almost be said, that the sending of letters threatening to burn the property of the parties to whom they were addressed was worse than putting the threat into execution ; for when a man lost his property by fire, he at least knew the worst of it, but he to whom such threats were made, was made to live in a state of continual terror and alarm.”

Very true — and very harshly applied. The Farmers of Bluntsham are not of my acquaintance ; but presuming them to be not more nervous and timorous than farmers in general, might not their terror and alarm have been pacified on rather easier terms ? Would not the banishment of the culprit for seven, or at most fourteen years, have allowed time, ample time, for the yeomanly nerves to have recovered their tone ; for their affrighted hair, erect as stubble, to have subsided prone rolled grass ; nay, for the very name of Gifford White to have evaporated from their agricultural heads ? Were I a Bluntisham farmer, I could not eat with relish another rasher of bacon, or swallow with satisfaction another glass of strong ale, without protesting publicly against such a sacrifice to my supposed aspen-fits, and setting on foot a petition amongst my neighbors for a mitigation of that severe and satirical sentence which condemned a fellow parishioner to expiate my fears by fifty-two years of penance — according to the scriptural calculation of human life — in the land of the kangaroo. I could not sleep soundly, and know, that for my sake a son of the same soil had been rooted out like a common weed — severed from kith or kin ; from hearth and home, if he had one ; from his mother-country, hard step-mother though she had proved ; from a familiar land and native air, to a foreign one and a new climate, with strange faces around him, and strange stars above him, — a banished man, not for a little while, or for a long while, but forever !

But, methinks I hear a voice say, it was necessary to make an example — a proceeding always accompanied by a certain degree of hardship, if not injustice, as regards the party selected to be punished *in terrorem* ; unless the choice be made of a criminal especially deserving such a painful preference — as for robbery with personal violence : whereas there appear to be no aggravations of the offence for which Gifford White was sentenced to a murderer's atonement. On the contrary, he pleaded guilty ; a course generally admitted as an extenuation of guilt : his youth ought to have been a circumstance in his favor ; and, above all, the consideration that a threat does not necessarily involve the intent, much less the deed. All who have been led, by word or writing, to hope or fear, for good or evil, have had reason to know how far is Promise from Performance, — as far as England

from New South Wales. Expectants never die the sooner for golden prospects held out to them ; and threatened folks are long-lived, to a proverb. And why ? Because the enemy who announces his designs is the least dangerous : as the Scotch say, " his bark is waur than his bite." The truth is, menaces are about the most abundant, idle, and empty of human vaporings ; the mere puffings, blowings, gruntings, and growlings from the safety-valves and waste-pipes of high-pressure engines. The promissory notes of threateners to large amounts are ludicrously associated, instead of payment, with " no effects." Who of us has not heard a good mother, a fond mother, a doting mother, but sharp tempered, promise her own dear but troublesome offspring, her very pets, such savage inflictions, such breakings of bones and knocking off plaguy little heads, as ought, sincerely uttered, to have consigned her to the custody of the police ? There, as my uncle Toby says, she found vent. Who has never known a friend, a worthy man, but a passionate one, to indulge in such murderous threats against the life, body, and limbs of a tight boot-maker, or a loose tailor ; a blunt creditor, or a sharp critic ; as ought, if in earnest, to have placed him in handcuffs and a straight waistcoat ? But nobody mistakes these blazes of temper for the burnings of settled malignity — these harmless flashes of sheet lightning for the destructive gleam of the forked. It is quite possible, therefore, that the incendiary letter of Gifford White, though breathing Congreves and Lucifers, was purely theoretical ; albeit read by the judge as if in serious earnest, like the fulminating prospectuses of the Duc de Normandie or Captain Warner.

I confess to have searched, in vain, through the epistle for any animus of peculiar atrocity. Its address, generally to the farmers, shows it not to have been the inspiration of personal malice or private revenge. The threat is not a direct and positive one, as in resolved retaliation for some by-gone wrong ; but put hypothetically, and rather in the nature of a warning of probable consequences, dependent on future contingencies. The wish of the writer is obviously not father to the menace : on the contrary, he expostulates, and appeals, mentions most touchingly, to the reason, the justice, even the compassion, of the very parties — to be burnt in their beds. So clear a proof to me, of the absence of any serious intent, or malice prepense, that the only agitation from the fall of such a missive in my farm-yard, if I had one, would be the flutter amongst the poultry. At least theirs would be the only personal terror and alarm, — for, with other feelings, who could fail to be moved by a momentous question and declaration re-echoed by hundreds and thousands of able and willing but starving laborers. " What are we to do if you don't set us to work ? We must do something. The fact is, we cannot go on any longer !"

Can the wholesale emigration, so often proposed, be only transportation in disguise for using such language in common with Gifford White ?

To me — speaking from my heart, and recording my deliberate opinions on a material that frail as it is, will long outlast my own fabric, — there is something deeply affecting in the spectacle of a young man,

in the prime of health and vigor, offering himself, a voluntary slave, in the Labor-market without a purchaser — eagerly proffering to barter the use of his body, the day long exertion of his strength, the wear and tear of flesh and blood, bone and muscle, for the common necessities of life — earnestly craving for bread on the penal conditions prescribed by his Creator — and in vain — in vain! Well for those who enjoy each Blessing of earth that there are volunteers to work out the Curse! Well for the drones of the social hive that there are bees of so industrious a turn, willing for an infinitesimal share of the honey to undertake the labor of its fabrication!

Let these considerations avail an unfortunate man, or rather youth, perhaps an oppressed one, subject to the tyranny of some such ticket system as lately required the interference of the Home Secretary, in behalf of the laborers of another county. —

Methinks I see him, poor Phantom! an impertinent unit of a surplus population, humbly pleading for bread, and offered an acre of stones — to be cleared at five farthings a rood. Work and wages for the asking! — with the double alternative of the Union-house, or a free passage — the North-West one — to the still undiscovered coast of Bohemia! —

Is a rash youth, so wrought on, to be eternally Ex-Isled from this sweet little one of our own, for only throwing a few intemperate "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" into an anonymous letter?

Let these things plead for a fellow-creature, goaded, perhaps, by the sense of wrong, as well as the physical pangs of hunger, and driven by the neglect of all milder applications to appeal to the selfish fears of men who will neither read the signs of the times, nor heed warnings, unless written, like Belshazzar's in letters of fire!

One thing is certain. These are not times for visiting with severity the offences of the laboring poor: a class who, it is admitted by all parties, have borne the severest trials that can afflict the soul and body of man, with an exemplary fortitude, and a patience almost superhuman. A great fact at which every true Englishman should exult, as at a National Victory, as in moral heroism it is. I, for one, am proud of my poor countrymen, and naturally loth to believe that a character which so reluctantly combines with disaffection, and indulges so sparingly in outbreak, will freely absorb so vile a spirit as that of incendiarism. At any rate, before rashly adopting such a conclusion, common justice and common sense bid me look elsewhere for the causes of any unusual number of fires in the rural districts. As a mere matter of patriotism, one would rather ascribe such unfilial outrages to an alien than to a son of the soil. We have lately seen a Foreign Prince, an ally, in a time of peace, speculating with much playful *naïvete* on the best modes for squibbing our shipping and rocketing our harbors — the facility with which he could ignite the Thames and mull the Medway — sink the Cinque Ports — blow off Beachy's head, shiver Deal into splinters, and knock the two reculver steeples into one. His Highness, it is true, contemplated a bellicose state, ceremoniously proclaimed according to the usage of polite nations: but suppose some outlandish savage,

as uncivilised as unshorn, say from Terra del Fuego, animated with an insane hostility to England, and burning to test his skill in Pyrotechnics — might not such a barbarian be tempted to dispense with a formal declaration of war, and make a few experimental essays how to introduce his treacherous combustibles into our perfidious towns and hamlets? Foreign incendiaries for me, rather than native; and accident or Spontaneous Combustion before either! But if we must believe it home-made — surely, in preference to the industrious laborer, suspicion should fall on those sturdy trampers that infest the country, the foremost to crave for food and money, the last to ask for work, and one of whom might light up a dozen of parishes. If it be otherwise, if a class eminently loyal, patient, peaceable, and rational, have become such madmen throwing about fire, it is high time, methinks, with universal Artesian borings, to begin to scuttle our island for fear of its being burnt. But no — that Shadow of an Incendiary, with uplifted hands, and streaming repentant eyes, disavows with earnest gesture the foul intent; and shadow as he is, my belief acquits him, and makes me echo the imaginary sigh with which he fades again into the foggy distance between me and Port Sydney.

It is in your power, Sir James Graham! to lay the Ghost that is haunting me. But that is a trifle. By a due intercession with the earthly Fountain of Mercy, you may convert a melancholy Shadow into a happier Reality — a righted man — a much pleasanter image to mingle in our waking visions, as well as in those dreams which, as Hamlet conjectures, may soothe or disturb us in our coffins. Think, Sir, of poor Gifford White — inquire into his hard case, and give it your humane consideration, as that of a fellow-man with an immortal soul — a “possible angel” — to be met hereafter face to face.

To me, should this appeal meet with any success, it will be one of the dearest deeds of my pen. I shall not repent a wide deviation from my usual course; or begrudge the pain and trouble caused me by the providential visitings of an importunate Phantom. In any case, my own responsibility is at an end. I have relieved my heart, appeased my conscience, and absolved my soul.

Hood's Magazine.

SOCIETY. It is in the middle classes of society, that all the finest feelings, and the most amiable propensities of our nature, do principally flourish and abound. For the good opinion of our fellow-men is the strongest, though not the purest motive to virtue. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous, and the privileges of property, too arrogant and consequential to feel; the first, places us beneath the influence of opinion — the second, above it.

THERE are many that despise half the world; but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.

Original.

CHRISTMAS SHADOWS.

BY T. B. READ.

————— This old mansion was once the residence of Sir John Barclay, one of the most aristocratic men of the Continental times. The same stately elms that many years ago threw their chequered shadows on the polished threshold, now bend over the decayed dwelling as if to protect it alike from the scorching sun and gusty storms. At high noon there is a deep twilight, like the evening quietude of old age, pervading all of the halls, and you might imagine that the place were tapestried with melancholy weeds. Every door that you cautiously swing upon the creaking hinges, you almost expect will disclose some quaint old gentleman, sitting in a huge easy chair, beneath a full bottomed wig, muttering strange things to himself of by-gone days. You are disappointed to find that yonder nook by the casement is not occupied by an antiquated dame, decked in a very short waisted, black silk gown; a delicately arranged cambric handkerchief about her neck, and an extremely high turban, curiously folded on her head. But no such antiquity greets the eye, until you have passed into the long dining hall, where hang three portraits, two of which are the exact fac-similes of the old gentleman and lady just fancied. Beside these two there is another picture, representing a beautiful young shepherdess, and judging from the exquisite arrangement and naturalness of the drapery, you will pronounce this as well as the other two, to be from the pencil of that fine old master, Copley. And now, in this quaintly carved wainscotted hall, let us recall a strange scene of many years ago. It is Christmas night— all around, the snow-clad earth is as noiseless as the moonlit sky, that with her thousand unclouded stars seems conscious of the hallowed time. It is midnight—silence like a phantom guest reigns through the old mansion; and in the long hall one broad beam of moonlight is streaming far across the shining waxed floor, the fantastic carvings of the high backed chairs and other furniture arranged by the walls catch faintly on their polished surfaces the pale light. You might imagine— nay, look again! Behold what so lately you mistook for a broad beam of moonlight, to be a long white clothed table! I blush to think that the dim sight hath so deceived thee! Call you those courtly guests, the gallant youths and lovely maidens that are now being seated at that sumptuous festive board, but fantastically carved furniture? See how the bright wine sparkles in their dainty goblets; how bravely do they bow, smile and pledge! The beautiful maidens are robed in white and blue satin, spangled with silver and gold. Their

hair is smoothed back from the fine brow, and confined by fanciful combs inlaid with pearls; variously colored gems are tangled among the delicately powdered tresses; and rich diamonds glitter on the taper fingers that gracefully clasp the slender glasses. The youths are handsome and courteous. Their full, flowing ruffles fall from the neck, down the breast upon the long satin vest that harmonizes beautifully with the rich blue or red velvet coat trimmed with gold lace. — Black waiters neatly attired, with white napkins thrown across the left arm, are standing by or passing up and down, attending to the pleasure of the merry guests. At the upper end of the table sits the host, the original of the picture before mentioned, and at this end the hostess with her white neck 'kerchief and lofty turban, sits with the pretty shepherdess at her side. Copley was famous for his exact likenesses; but you never before saw any thing so perfect, even to the minutest feature; — but look again — the dusty frames hang vacant on the wall — the canvasses, with the exception of their dim backgrounds, are blank! Oh, rare device! Art at last takes life, breathes, moves and hath miraculous being! Now the merry toasts go round, one is offered to the health and happiness of the Host and Hostess, such at least may be deemed the import of the inaudible lip that proposes it. The wine is passed — the brimming goblets are raised in readiness; but wherefore stay they yet undrained? The guests have fixed their eyes on vacancy with a listless stare, and the faces, late so joyous, are now suddenly expressionless. A sepulchral footfall is descending the winding stairway, and now echoes along the entry — a hand is laid on the iron latch — the door swings on its rusty hinges, while the pale, baggard form of Sir John Barclay, totters into the hall! It would almost seem that the Host had undergone in a moment of time the changes of at least twenty years; but where is the representative of his better days? Where is the Hostess and pretty shepherdess? They have passed from the table, and see, the dusky oaken frames have received their occupants again — those quaint pictures are now hanging there as listlessly as before. Sir John is dreaming of days and nights of Christmas festivities long since gone by, never again to return; his heart like that old hall, is solemn and almost deserted, only visited by phantom recollections of the joyous past. He paces uneasily down the long hall, passing unobstructedly through the very centre of the white table, while the guests fade slowly away; the maidens melting into the blue and white tapestries, the gentlemen into the tall and fantastically carved chairs, and the black waiters into sundry other articles of furniture — while the long white table sinks gradually down to be nothing more nor less than the quiet moonshine stealing across the polished floor.

WATCHFULNESS.

WE are not now about to exhort the brotherhood to keep a more diligent watch over each other, for that duty is strictly enjoined so often in the Lodge, that it would not seem necessary that they be publicly reminded of it, and it is believed that the injunction is in many instances obeyed, although perhaps, the watch is kept, more to discover the evil, than to see and encourage the good in the brother. — But we would speak of that watchfulness which we should preserve over our ourselves. Without watchfulness the integrity of the heart is in danger of being violated. All its passions although in themselves innocent, and positively useful when confined to their appropriate objects, under the restraints of reason and religion, may, by excessive indulgence become so many sources of wretchedness to all associated with us. It is often the case, that the worst enemies we have, are those which are lurking about our own hearts. We should therefore endeavor to acquire a competent degree of self-knowledge. We should study ourselves so as to know our own weakness, and the assailable points in our moral citadel, that we can successfully guard them against the intrusion of vicious principles. As we profess a friendship and love for our brethren, we should watch over ourselves, and not allow the passion of anger to reign within us. Man is a frightful spectacle when transported with this passion. The storm which rages in his bosom is manifested in the infuriated eye, the distorted countenance, and in such excessive acts of violence, as usually describe the worst case of insanity. In fact, a man while under the dominion of this destructive passion exhibits the characteristics of the most unfortunate maniacs; the government of reason is overthrown — the harmony of his mind is destroyed, and anarchy and confusion reign within his soul.

It is necessary therefore that man should keep a rigid watchfulness over himself, and his various affections, lest he indulge this destructive and corrupting passion. It is particularly needful that he should do so, who has inherited an ardent, irritable temperament, because the provocations of life are of so frequent occurrence, arising from conflicting interests and pursuits, that unless he is particularly watchful of himself, he will assuredly fall a prey to this enemy of his peace. How much real injury is done among brethren by the indulgence of this passion? How much misery has it occasioned, and how many scalding tears of penitence has it caused to flow? It has rendered *him* who indulges it, wretched — it has aroused the same spirit in some others, while more have been filled with grief, that *he* should give loose rein to the hurtful passion. As we would live in the enjoyment of friends and friendship; — as we would be respected by our brethren, respect ourselves and be virtuous and happy, let us institute a rigid watchfulness over our ourselves, that we may successfully resist the uprising of anger.—*Covenant.*

MORAL INFLUENCES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP UPON SOCIETY.

THE spread of Odd Fellowship throughout our land, has made it one of the most important associations, not only to its members, but to the public. An extended organization, embracing every State and Territory of our Union, except one, reaching even abroad to sister republics and foreign dependencies, and numbering in this State its twelve thousand contributing members, and in other States its thousands, must necessarily be active in the dissemination of good or evil.

No merely passive qualities, or even principles, negatively good, could, by possibility, hold in communion such numbers of the active citizens of our country. It must be some positive principle, having a tangible object — and that clearly defined — which can link together in one work, men of every variety of temperament, business, creed and opinion. There is, then, a great and a growing reason why its objects, its precepts and their results, should not only be fairly placed before the public, but that the public should also examine and approve of, or condemn an organization, which, both from its extent and its peculiar economy, is calculated to render it so powerful in the diffusion of whatever it inculcates.

If its tendencies are social, moral and benevolent, as we aver, its influence for good must show itself apparent to all who look for it. If, on the contrary, it tends to evil it cannot veil itself from the public eye. The inquiry then suggests itself, If these thousand links, forming a chain encompassing the country, are really nurseries of those kind and fraternal feelings, which find their basis in love and charity, can they possibly fail of giving an influence throughout society in favor of those principles, which will work to a public good?

That such is its influence, already is proven by the fact, that other associations, adopting all of our governing economy, almost letter for letter, and embracing the beneficial arrangement exactly like ours, but making objects and qualifications for membership, other than we make, a condition of their associations, are springing into life, and fast extending amongst us. Odd Fellowship, then, is exerting an influence upon public morals, little dreamed of by the mass of speculating moralists of our day. It, like the Society of Friends, ejects such as do not conform to that standard of morality, necessary to insure the healthy condition of every society. Hence, it cannot be an association of the idle, dissolute or vicious, — as either would at once destroy the system. Each member being subjected to regular contributions, the interest of each is found in having it a society of industrious, frugal and healthy members, and their security in the investment is entirely in the moral condition of the whole. It will be seen, therefore, that it imposes a wholesome restraint upon its members; that while it proclaims love and charity as its governing motives, it spurns from its embrace those who do not act up to the requirements of those principles. It interests its every member in the inculcation of those moral restraints, not only by its precepts, but by that strongest of motives, with a large mass, the

direct appeal to the pocket interest of each. Benefits are precluded when sickness is produced by immorality; and censures, fines, and expulsion are the rewards of improper conduct. Hence, it being made the interest of every Odd Fellow to pursue and enjoin a moral life, it follows that so far as it has influence upon society, it extends it healthfully.

The benefits of Odd Fellowship are manifold, more in the prevention of want than in the relieving of it after it occurs; and much as our statistics show of cash paid for relief, etc., it presents but a drop in the stream of real relief which flows through the channels of our Order. A mutual assistance band, that gathers weekly together, cannot but extend its benefits, both in the fraternal counsels it must bring, but also in the assistance that such intimacy must naturally take with it to the business sympathies of those so meeting. Every society extends more or less its influence in that way, and Odd Fellows, perhaps, more than any other.

Thus again its restraints, thrown against any conduct that should mar a generous confidence with each other, and every inducement that a friendly intercourse can impose, is exerted upon the brothers who participate in such fellowship.

Assuming, then, that the public at large are deeply interested in the purity of Odd Fellowship, both from its present extent and its rapid increase, it is hoped that a frank and explicit exposition of its workings, shall be made on every occasion proper for it to be had, throwing aside every approach to mysticism or ambiguity, that all may know and appreciate its beneficial influences, morally as well as financially. In this there has been no mention of the usefulness of our institution in correcting the manners, and habituating the attentive members, to a chastened, social intercourse, at once refining and instructing, which every well regulated Lodge must impart, but simply a few hints, to show how it affects society generally, and to call attention to its importance as one of the great disseminators of those moral truths, which guide individuals and nations to greatness of character, industry, frugality, temperance, probity and intelligence. That it guides to such end there can be no doubt by any, if it be fairly investigated, and it matters nothing to the public what peculiar ceremonies or signs it has for its members to know each other by. It is by its fruits that it should be judged, and not by the growth of the tree.—*Golden Rule.*

S E C R E C Y .

MUCH is said against our institution, because it is presumed there are some secrets which the brotherhood will never reveal, save to those who are accounted to become members. We are free to admit that secrecy is enjoined in our Lodges, and we believe that secrecy necessary, and no sin. If we consider secrecy as an abstract principle, we can adduce a mass of evidence to prove it among the praise-

worthy virtues which men are bound to estimate and practice in their intercourse with society, to enable them to perform the duties of their several stations with credit to themselves, and advantage to humanity. It is a duty incumbent on all, of whatever class or station. The apprentice should keep his master's secrets—the agent, the secrets of his principal—the husband and wife, the secrets of the family:—the juror, the secret deliberations of the twelve,—the statesman, the secrets of his cabinet—and the sentinel, the secret pass-word by which his post is guarded.

Much as secrecy is spoken against, and much as our Order is reviled for maintaining it, certain it is, secrecy is not a novel doctrine, nor can the assertion that its practice is not necessary, be successfully maintained. If custom sanctions any thing, or furnishes evidence of the utility of any practice, then is the practice of secrecy fully sanctioned, and its utility made plain; for it has been peculiar to every nation and people. The Egyptians veiled their religion and politics under its impenetrable mask; and their goddess Isis had this inscription on her altars—"I am all that is, has been, or shall be, and no mortal can remove the veil that covers me."

Lycurgus among his constitutional laws, required that every one keep secret whatever was done or said. For this reason the Spartans were wont when they met at any feast, that the most ancient among them should show every brother the door whereat they entered, saying—"take heed that not so much as one word pass out from thence, of whatsoever shall here be acted or spoken."

Quintius Curtius says—that the Persians held it as an inviolable law to punish most grievously, him that discovered any secret. The wise king Solomon forbade drunkenness in a king, because it is an enemy to secrecy, and says—"he who discovers secrets is a traitor, and he that conceals them is a faithful brother."

The benefits of our institution are in a great measure preserved and transmitted by the secrecy we observe. Deprive it of this great lever, and it would not long live to moralize and bless. How important then that we heed the admonition—"be secret." It has been wisely said that "secrecy is the key of prudence, and the sanctuary of wisdom"—let it be observed, and Odd Fellowship will not lose its interest nor its beneficial power.

A wise man says, "whosoever discovereth secrets, loseth his credit." And who among the "faithful" will repose confidence in the man, (be he professedly saint or sinner,) who betrays the secrets of the Order he is so firmly bound to cherish. On the other hand, who will refuse to confide in him who, having promised, is faithful to his pledge, and makes his promise good?

Pliny, in his seventh book and twenty-third chapter, informs us that the faithful Anaxarchus was taken in order that his secrets might be forced from him, but rather than divulge them, he bit his tongue in the midst, between his teeth, and threw it in the tyrant's face. We may not be forced to such a biting extremity, yet we should remember that many will seek to possess themselves of our secrets unlawfully, and therefore we must guard well the different avenues thereto,

that their attempts may prove abortive. Our duty to the Order — to ourselves, and to humanity, requires that in some particulars, we should “be secret,” and we are in honor bound so to be.

If we neglect the practice of this virtue, the noble designs of our institution, like the mine having vent, will be frustrated, and of none effect ; but by the faithful practice thereof, according to the requirements of the Lodge, the best designs will be successful, and humanity will ere long approve and bless the institution of Odd Fellowship. — “*Be secret then.*”—*Covenant.*

Original.

THE LAND OF OBLIVION.

BY T. B. READ.

I.

A dusky king in dusky shadows blent
Morosely reigns in gloomy realms afar ;
Above him hangs an ebon firmament
With here and there a star.

II.

A sullen sea casts down its laden waves
Along the dull and dim receding strand,
Upheaving lengthened ridges on the graves
Of nations, with the sand.

III.

With knitted brows the king sits gazing through
The melancholy night that thickly blears
Far off the endless phantom retinue
Of fast advancing years.

IV.

The flaming sword that waved o'er Eden's gate
Illumes the farthest verge of his retreat ;
But here the threshold of his dark estate
Lies even at our feet.

V.

A threshold which we may not cross and live ;
A shore fast crumbling in the wave that rides
Impetuous in our path, and soon must give
The body to the tides.

VI.

And now when dark December's gathering storm
With heavy wing o'ershadows many a heart,
Beside us the old year with white robed form
Stands waiting to depart.

VII.

Weighed down as with a ponderous tale of wo,
How dim his eyes, how wan his cheeks appear !
Like Denmark's spectre king, with motion slow
He beckons the young year.

PROGRESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

THE extraordinary spread of the Order throughout our Union, making it one of the most important associations for the dissemination of good or evil, now in our land, makes the demand imperious that its tendencies should in every way be for good — that it should inculcate in its language correct diction and good sense, and in its sentiments the purest spirit of "Friendship, Love and Truth." It has already received its most beautiful features here ; it has been shorn of the evil brought with the Order to this country ; and from its being a mere connexion of convivial clubs — as it appears when we look back to its introduction among us — it has now put on the garb of utility, and we behold it an extending circle of love and kindness, embracing the good in heart, the sober in habits, and the wise in council and rich in experience.

Prune it, then, until it shall be comely in its every look. The tree that bears the choicest fruit should never mar the beauty of the garden, but let it add grace to the ground, that its shadow may be chosen to refresh the toiler, while he partakes its golden fruit.

Let us pluck the stumbling blocks from its paths that its ways may be those of *pleasantness and peace* — that we may challenge for Odd Fellowship, admiration of its symmetry and beauty as an Order, as we would for the dignity of its numbers and the extent of its usefulness. Let its course be onward — upward in all its speed, 'till it shall gather a nation's strength in the folds of benevolence and charity, — a beacon of hope, radiant with love, to illumine the pathway of virtue, and light back the wanderings of the wayward, with a fraternal guidance. Speed the progress of Odd Fellowship ! — *Gavel*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

WITH the present number we finish another volume of the Symbol. We cannot do so, however, without expressing our thanks for the encouragement and kind reception which we have met with. We thank the brothers, one and all, for their patronage, and humbly hope that we have, in some degree, merited it. We think we may say without vanity, that our present volume has greatly improved upon the first. This improvement only augurs what shall be, provided our patronage is sufficiently liberal to warrant new undertakings. We are perfectly well aware that there is yet great room for progress. Any deficiency in the literary matter of the present volume, is not because our standard of excellence is not high, but because we have not the means to come up to that standard. *We pledge ourselves to an increase of literary excellence in proportion to our increase of patronage.*

But promises like this belong rather to the opening of a new volume, and the statements of a prospectus, than to the close of an old one. Let us, then, in the first place, express our thanks to those contributors who have assisted us, mingled with our earnest request that they will continue their attentions. We are also grateful to that portion of the public press that has so kindly noticed our efforts. To contemporary periodicals devoted to the Order, we also accord many thanks. It is a pleasant reflection that we have labored together so harmoniously. We feel that there is room for us all in our several sections of the country, and trust that no occasion of bitterness may spring up between us. To one and all of them we wish abundant success.

It is by no means the least satisfactory of our reminiscences, to reflect upon the position which we have taken in regard to the great Reform movements of our age—the efforts which we have made for the diffusion of benevolence, and the principles that flow from the extensive law of human brotherhood. While we have endeavored scrupulously to abstain from all controverted questions in Religion or Politics, we have felt at liberty to speak upon those great practical exhibitors of Christianity and Republicanism, which we believe to be embodied in all attempts that are made for human welfare—in all efforts that are put forth to relieve our brother man from ignorance, misery, vice and oppression. Indeed, we view this as a legitimate part of the work of genuine Odd Fellowship, based as it assumes to be, upon the

grand foundation of human brotherhood. We hold that Friendship, Love and Truth, are of little worth, when used merely as a motto, or as the abstract themes of eulogy and declamation. They should be carried out into warm and living action—action that bears directly upon the advancement of virtue and upon human melioration. All true and good institutions of our age, are assuming this aspect—are acting upon broader and broader ideas of human brotherhood. Men are hearing as they never heard before the cry of the needy, the oppressed, the suffering—they begin to realize, as never before, the fact that “we are all members one of another;” the veil of selfishness is beginning to be lifted up, to break away, and to show in golden light more and more of the intimate relations of man to man. That veil is dense enough yet—will not be wholly withdrawn until after long, long and strenuous effort; but it is beginning to move, and Odd Fellowship, *practically applied*, carried out in *all* its bearings, may do much towards completing this work. Let not our readers, then, complain, or feel disappointed, when instead of direct eulogy or defence of the Order, they may find from time to time, an article devoted to reform, to benevolence, and to justice. We believe that our course in this respect, in the past has met with their approbation. We trust that it may for the future.

And now to patrons, contributors, critics, contemporary and congenial journals, we bid, for this volume, an affectionate and grateful adieu, hoping soon to meet them upon the threshold of a new volume. We hope that theirs may be prosperity and peace, and all needed good, and that whatever we do may receive their approbation, and repay their deeds and sentiments of good will, by discharging in some degree, an office of reciprocal benefit.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

FRIENDS and Brethren; we trust that in giving, as we have above, our valedictory for the present volume, we are not, in any instance breaking the links of our present relation. We hope that no subscriber for the past year will resolve himself into a non-subscriber for the next volume. At least, if any one proposes to do so, let him reflect twice before he takes final action. If, however, any, from circumstances which to them seem sufficiently reasonable and strong, conclude to separate from us, we give them our best wishes, and trust the communion which we have already had, may be pleasant and profitable to them.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN MICHIGAN AND CANADA.

WE hear that Rev. Bro. Albert Case, P. G. M. of South Carolina, has just returned from a tour to Michigan, in fulfilment of his office

as *special deputy* from the G. L. U. S. We learn that he instituted the Grand Lodge of Michigan at Detroit, on Monday evening, Nov. 4th. The Past Grands of five Lodges were present. The officers are as follows: Wm. Duane Wilson, G. M., Wm. N. Choate, D. G. M., Benj. F. Hall, G. W., Adrian R. Terry, M. D., G. Secretary, John Robinson, Jr., G. Treasurer, Joshua H. Smith, G. Chaplain, J. Wright Gordon, G. Marshall, Hartford Joy, G. C., John Bacon, G. G. On Thursday Bro. Case went to Marshall, in the interior of the State, and assisted by D. D. G. S. Samuel Yorke Atlee, organized Marshall Encampment, No. 2. The officers for the present term, are Ex. Gov. J. Wright Gordon, C. P., Benj. Vernor, H. P., Abram G. Burton, S. W., Augustus O. Hyde, J. W., Sydney S. Alcott, Scribe, Peter D. Hudson, Treasurer, George Cogswell, Sentinel. He represents the Order in that State as being in a very prosperous condition, says that the members are *all Odd Fellows*. He delivered an address before the fraternity in Detroit, while there.

From Michigan he went to Montreal, Canada, and called together the Past Grands of Prince of Wales Lodge No. 1, Queen's Lodge No. 2, and Prince Albert's Lodge No 3; and on the 16th, instituted the Grand Lodge of the Province of Canada. The officers are as follows, viz: Wm. M. B. Hartley, G. M., George Matthews, D. G. M., Thomas Hardie, G. W., Wm. A. Selden, G. Secretary, Stephen Charles Sewell, M. D., G. Treasurer, Wm. Rodden, G. Marshall, John H. Taaffe, G. G.

He assures us that our Order in Canada is composed of men of worth and respectability, such as will gain for it the good will of the intelligent and wise. The Chaplain to his Excellency, the Governor General, Rev. Dr. W. Agar Adamson, is also Chaplain to Queen's Lodge, and a very active Odd Fellow. There are many gentlemen of distinction already in the Lodges, and many more will come. — There are no members that the *best* would wish to have stricken from the roll. Bro. C. replied to addresses of welcome, and delivered one public address at a Hall in St. James street. There was a large assemblage of persons of both sexes present. The Rev. Bro. Adamson officiated as Chaplain.

The Grand Lodge U. S. must be gratified with the respectful attention shown its representative. The brethren of Montreal gave him a complimentary dinner at the Exchange, on Monday, on *strict temperance principles*. The first public dinner ever given in that city, on the cold water system — and that was given by Odd Fellows.

On Wednesday evening, at the close of the exercises at the Hall, they sat down to a supper, provided at Orr's, by order of between one and two hundred of the brothers. Many were the speeches and sentiments on the occasion, and all tended to union, harmony and peace. He felt perfectly at home, and among brothers — and we have no doubt but the visit of this experienced officer will do much for pure Odd Fellowship in Canada, and strengthen the fraternal bond which unites the brethren under both governments. We would be obliged to Bro. Case if he could send us a paper containing any report of the proceedings at the dinner, or supper, above mentioned.

POVERTY AND DESTITUTION.

THE terms which we have placed at the head of this article, are by no means uncommon; and at this season of the year they are apt to be fearfully prevalent. To how many does the winter come with horror, shutting up not only the genial springs of outward nature, but closing those scanty resources which in the warm sunshine and the balmy air were but just sufficient to sustain the wants of the body! But now cold, lack of clothing, meanness of shelter, all contribute to the sufferings of the abject poor. Reader, let them not suffer — our brothers, our kindred, members of the common heart, let them not be left to moan in helpless agony, to crouch painfully over a fire flickering upon the last embers of fuel that has been raked together with lean and frozen hands, to die of cold and starvation! We are all brethren! Stewards of God! The cold wind pierces nerves and bones sensitive as yours or mine. The human heart wounded at sight of the objects of its affections, hungry, ragged, shivering, bleeds with agony, as sharp as you or I would feel in like circumstances. It is winter — icy, barren, rigorous winter — remember, then, the poor and the destitute. Odd Fellows consider the spirit of our Order, and remember them!

We were much affected by reading in a recent number of the Boston Courier, an account of several cases of destitution, starvation, and death, in England. The details were heart-sickening and horrible. — We have not arrived at such results yet in this country — we pray that we never may. But why have they arrived at such results there? Because of an over-crowded population? Because of the scarcity of work? The scantiness of wages? Doubtless, these are the immediate causes of that destitution and misery, but back of this lies SELFISHNESS — selfishness, the great sin of society, fruitful with a thousand sins and evils. Let us beware of its operation here. Let us avoid its hardening and oppressing influences! Let us consider the poor, and live out the great and beautiful law of human brotherhood!

COLD WATER CELEBRATIONS.

OUR readers will observe, in the notice of Bro. Case's operations in Canada, that he partook of a dinner tendered him by the Odd Fellows of that Province, which was carried out on strict *Temperance Principles*. This is as it should be. It delights us. We trust that it will be the case, wherever Odd Fellows assemble for social entertainment. Let Odd Fellowship and Temperance go hand in hand. Thus shall we win the esteem of the best portion of the community — thus shall we best serve the true interests of the Order. Let our festivals be attended by cold water — healthful as genuine *Friendship*, copious and all-blessing as *Love*, and pure as *Truth*. Intoxicating drinks mar and pervert, and prevent them all.

UNION DEGREE LODGE.—SOUTH BOSTON.

A UNION Degree Lodge was organized at Brook's Hall on the evening of the 30th of November, composed of the Brothers of Bethesda and Hobah Lodges, for the purpose of conferring degrees, and to be called the United Brothers' Degree Lodge, the regular meetings of which will be on the 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month.

Brothers residing in that section of the city, not connected with either of the above Lodges, can have their degrees conferred by payment of the usual fee.

From the Reports of the several subordinate Lodges of the I. O. O. F. of this State, we learn there were initiated during the quarter ending September 30th, 496; rejected, 57; suspended, 3; expelled, 1; reinstated, 4; deaths, 1; amount of receipts, \$12,013 39. Whole number of contributing members, 4779; number of P. G's, 195.

Correction. — It will be seen by reference to the Symbol, page 471, wherein the proceedings of the committee on Library were published, that a note was inserted stating that one of the Lodges which was represented at the meeting, had afterwards voted to establish a Library from subscriptions of its members for the use of the *Lodges*. Reference was had to Shawmut Lodge, though through inadvertence, no mark of reference was placed against the name of that Lodge. Now, though the members of Shawmut Lodge, one and all, (our own self included,) are whole-souled, generous fellows, it will not we think be presumed their generosity is so extensive as to establish a Library for the use of other Lodges. For Lodges, the reader will please read *Lodge*. We are happy to state that the number of books already contributed are sufficient to warrant the belief that the Library will be well sustained. It is hoped that all members of Shawmut Lodge who are in favor of this movement, will contribute liberally for its support. The Library is now open at Winthrop Hall. P.

TO AGENTS.

AGENTS are requested to ascertain as near as possible the number of copies of the Symbol for the ensuing year, and inform us as soon as practicable, in order that we may know how large an edition to print of the first number. We hope our agents will exert themselves as much as possible to extend the circulation of our magazine. They have done well the last year, for which one and all will please accept our hearty thanks. Those who are in arrears, we would earnestly request to forward the amount due us before the close of the year. We should consider it a great favor if they would comply with this request.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WE wish our work in this department to be distinctly understood. We do not give a formal review of every new work, and do not pretend to read all that are sent us—not from intentional neglect, but because we have other matters to read and to do. When we *do* give a full review, we shall insert it in the body of the work, and *then* we shall read the work before we review it—a practice which is not so much a matter of course as some readers may suppose. But in all works that we recommend, we shall not do so without seeing some reasons in those works for recommending them.

The Sacred Flora; or, Flowers from the Grave of a Child. By HENRY BACON. Boston: A. Tompkins, and B. B. Mussey, 1845.

This is one of those elegant little miniature gift books, of the style of the Flower Vase, which are just now so popular. The Sacred Flora is the production of an esteemed personal friend, and an estimable and talented clergyman. It is what it purports to be—"Flowers from the grave of a child." It has been written from the promptings of a heart afflicted by the death of a lovely daughter. We have not yet read it, but we are assured that it will fulfil a mission of sympathy and of consolation to those who have given up any of the flowers of their family circle to "the reaper Death." This little book is full of the sunshine of faith shining out from the spirit through tears of sorrow. May the afflicted heart, of which it is the burden, in comforting others, find comfort. To be purchased of A. Tompkins, No. 38, Cornhill.

The Odd Fellow's Offering for 1845. New York: McGowan & Treadwell.

This is the third volume of this annual, and we are glad to infer from this that it is a popular work. We have not read the present volume, and are not capable, therefore, of judging of its literary character. "We think it," says the editor, Bro. Paschal Donaldson, "the best of all." It is well printed, well bound, and contains nine original engravings, including the vignette, from the burin of an American and an Odd Fellow. The articles are also all original, from the pens of Odd Fellows and their ladies. Certainly, then, in spirit and in execution, it is thoroughly an Odd Fellow's Offering, and we hope it will be extensively patronized by members of the Order. The subjects of the engravings are as follows:—David and Jonathan at the stone Ezel, Vignette, Friendship, Love and Truth, The Odd Fellow's Widow, The Odd Fellow's Daughter, The Odd Fellow's Choice, An Adventure in the Beech Woods, The Odd Fellow's Orphans, The Odd Fellow's Family. Articles by the editor, Rev. I. D. Williamson, Rev. B. B. Hallock, J. P. Mayo, T. P. Shaffner, Mrs. M. L. Gardiner, Miss Hurley, &c. &c. Our thanks are hereby presented to the publishers for the copy before us. Bro. ALBERT GUILD, of this city, has the agency of the Offering, for the New England States.

The Old Fellow's Gem, containing sentiments of Friendship, Love and Truth. — Springfield, Benjamin F. Brown; Boston, R. H. Sherburne, Cornhill.

This is another miniature volume, similar in form to the Sacred Flora. It is edited by a lady, and contains poetical sentiments selected from various authors, written in the spirit of those principles which form the motto of Odd Fellowship. It is really a beautiful little gift-book. "The selections," says the editor, "are made from the writings of eminent authors, and prove that the spirit of Odd Fellowship has been and still is, cherished by many a gifted mind unacquainted with emblem or degree." To be obtained of the Boston publisher, R. H. Sherburne, Cornhill.

The Gavel.

We have received the fourth number of this periodical, devoted to Odd Fellowship. Published at Albany by Bro. John Tanner, edited by Rev. Bro. C. C. Burr, talented, and as this number shows, an industrious editor.

The Covenant.

Our readers are probably aware that the publication of this valuable periodical, by the G. L. U. S., closes with the last number of the present volume, which is now before us. It passes, we are glad to hear, into the hands of its original proprietor, our esteemed brother P. D. G. Sire Robert Neilson, who issues his prospectus upon the cover. We hope that he will be sustained in his undertaking. The existence of such a work as the Covenant, from its central position, is very desirable, and we doubt not Br. Neilson will make the new series all he promises it shall be. We hope that we are not to part here with Br. Ridgley as an editor, but that he will have an important part in the editorial conduct of the new volume.

The Ark.

The December number of this periodical closes the first volume. It is the only publication of the kind, west of the mountains, and it is proposed to enlarge the next volume, by increasing each number to twenty-four pages, provided the work has sufficient patronage. We should think that this would be the case, and wish the publishers success. It is published at Columbus, Ohio. Bros. John P. Blair and Alexander E. Glenn, editors and publishers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, December 5th, 1844.

BRO. PRINCE:

IN accordance with a notice sent to the R. W. Grand Lodge, by six brothers of the Order, four of whom were residents of Plymouth, and two residing in Kingston, about three and a half miles from the former place, that, having a charter granted them at the last meeting of the R. W. Grand Lodge, for the establishment of a Lodge in Plymouth, to be known and hailed as the May Flower Lodge No. 54, I. O. of O. F., they would be ready for institution and installation of officers on Tuesday evening, Dec. 3d. D. G. M., Newell A. Thompson, and a further delegation from the R. W. Grand Lodge, left this city on Tuesday at 11 o'clock A. M., and arrived at Plymouth at 5 1-2 P. M. After partaking of a supper, we convened at Turner's Hall, (where the masonic fraternity of Plymouth, now extinct, formerly held their meetings) and in the usual manner, proceeded to Institution; after which twelve gentlemen presented themselves for initiation, the Grand Officers in the chairs; then came the election of officers, and the following brothers were duly installed into their respective chairs, viz: Joseph Cushman, N. G.; Samuel H. Doten, V. G.; George Gooding, Secretary; Joseph P. Brown, Treasurer.

Previous to leaving the Hall, the newly initiated brothers expressed their purest gratification on being admitted into a body of Odd Fellows, and to mingle hereafter in their associations, and cultivate the affections of the Order, and enhance the principles of brotherly love, combined with the motto of our Order, Friendship, Love and Truth.

The zeal and ambition which they manifested for the present and future affairs of the Lodge, told too plainly their heartfelt interest, which words cannot describe, or imagination picture. Truly, their

appearance, actions and words, indicated they would make "Odd Fellows" indeed.

We have planted the first fruits of Odd Fellowship in the place where our "Pilgrim Fathers" first landed, and when upon the "Rock" they were greeted by an Indian, who, in broken accents, thrice exclaimed, "Welcome Englishmen," to the surprise and joy of all. — May those who have connected themselves with this Lodge never have cause to repent of having united themselves together for so noble a purpose. Very much depends upon the manner in which they commence. Those who are now members we have reason to believe are "good men and true," and we feel assured that in such hands the Order will be ably and faithfully represented.

Yours, in F. L. & T.,

C. H.

ATLANTIC LODGE, NO. 55.

Boston, December 11th, 1844.

BRO. PRINCE :

It would require "the pen of a ready writer" to keep pace with the progress of the order in the Old Bay State ; and were he to attempt it, there would be reasonable fear it might encroach upon your well furnished "Editor's Table," whose racy viands your readers can ill afford to spare. However, the Atlantic Lodge, No. 55, at Marblehead, requires something more than a passing notice. This Lodge was instituted on the 22d of November, D. G. M. Newell A. Thompson presiding, and Twenty-one members were initiated the same evening. Number of petitioning members, five. Names of officers elected and installed : Joseph B. Frost, (P. G. of Oriental Lodge,) N. G., Emerson Ames V. G., James B. Batchelder, Secretary, William B. Brown, Treasurer.

The Lodge meets at present, on Wednesday evenings, in the Hall of the Essex Lodge, at Salem ; but they have *purchased a building* in Marblehead, which they are fitting up in a manner becoming the prosperous breeze that attended their embarkation on their mission of Friendship, Love and Truth. Prosperous they may well be called, for their first evening's receipts were \$216.00 !

You will perceive by the names of the officers that the old Oriental has lost one of her brightest jewels ; but we trust it is but for a time ; and the choice of the Atlantic brothers is alike honorable to themselves and complimentary to the brother, whose devotion to the best interests of the Order, is not only well known to the brothers of Boston, but long ago procured for him from the Tompkins Lodge, New York, substantial tokens of respect.

SHAWMUT.

PROSPECTUS
OF A NEW VOLUME OF THE
SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE, FOR 1845.

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In offering to the members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and to the public, a new volume of the "Symbol," the publisher would express his thanks for the support which he has received, and his hope for a continuation and an increase of that patronage. In order to secure this, he promises that no practicable effort on his part, shall be neglected. The work will continue under the editorial management of the Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, and will be published in its present monthly form. A new font of type has been purchased, and a new design engraved for the cover, which will appear with the first number. In typographical appearance, the subscriber hopes to make it worthy of its object, and accordant to the taste of the age. As to its contents, let the past be a promise for the future—a promise not merely of the same but of increased excellence. The publisher pledges himself that in all matters pertaining to the history or the interests of Odd Fellowship, it shall rank among the first. All important movements and intelligence relative to the order, shall find a due and early admission. But besides articles specifically belonging to the institution of Odd Fellowship, the work will be devoted to those great interests that flow from the principles and are of the spirit of Odd Fellowship—the interests of virtue and of our brother man. In this respect, our work shall be a *Symbol* of the age: not a dead *form*, we trust, but a living agent full of Friendship, Love and Truth—speaking for God and for humanity—for justice and for mercy. As to the literary matter of the Symbol, the publisher promises that it shall not deteriorate; and with increase of patronage shall steadily improve in kind. He does not wish to make any promises that he cannot fulfil. The first literary talent of the country cannot be secured without means, but in proportion to his means the publisher intends to secure a share of contributions which will at least place the Symbol on a respectable footing as a literary journal. He hopes to make arrangements with several good writers for regular contributions from their pens, both in relation to the Order, and upon subjects of general interest, essays, tales, poetry, &c. The publisher intends also, in the course of the forthcoming volume of the Symbol, to present its readers from time to time, with an engraving, and among others, with AN ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR, which he hopes will be acceptable. With these claims he submits the work to public patronage, stating the terms below.

*Terms.*—The Symbol will be published on the first of every month, each number to contain forty-eight large octavo pages, at *two dollars a year*. Ten copies and upwards sent to one address, for *one dollar and fifty cents* per copy, for one year, payable in advance.



## I. O. O. F. Directory.

## NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &amp;c.

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## LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Grand Encampment, semi-annually, Boston, on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.

Mount Washington Encampment, No. 6, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.

Menotomy Encampment, No. 3, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Monomake Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Winthrop Hall, Monday.

Shawmut, No. 37, do. do. Tuesday.

Montezuma, No. 33, do. do. Wednesday.

Pacific, 42, do. do. Thursday.

Franklin, 23, do. do. Friday.

Tremont No. 15, Encampment Hall, Wednesday.

Ancient Landmark, 32, do. do. Monday.

Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex, Tuesday.

Covenant, No. 16, do. do. Monday.

Siloam, No. 2, do. do. Thursday.

Oriental, No. 10, do. do. Wednesday.

Boston, 25, do. do. Friday.

Union Degree, 1, do. do. Saturday.

New England, 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts., Monday.

Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.

Merrimac, 7, Lowell, Monday.

Mechanics, 11, " " Friday.

Oberlin, 23, " " Tuesday.

Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.

Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.

Warren Deg. Lodge, do. " semi-monthly, 2d & 4th Fridays.

Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.

Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.

Fidelity, 21, Andover, Bank Hall, Thursday.

Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.

Mystic, 51, " " " " Monday.

Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.

Hampden, 27, Springfield, Thursday.

Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.

Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.

Hobah, 53, " " " " Friday.

United Brothers' Degree, " " " " 1st and 3d Tues.

Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.

Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday,

Maverick Degree, do do do do Thursday.

Hope, 34, Methuen, Eagle Hall, Wednesday.

Prospect, 35, Waltham, Thursday.

Souhegan, 33, South Reading, Monday.

Quasacacunquen, 39, Newburyport, Friendship Hall, Thursday.

Bay State, 40, Lynn, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.

Acushnet, 41, New Bedford, Wednesday.

Quinsigamond, 43, Worcester, Monday.

King Philip Lodge, 44, Taunton, Tuesday.

Framingham, 45, Saxonville, Wednesday.

Tisquantum, 46, Milford.

Macedonian, 47, Bedford.

Norfolk, 48, Dorchester.

Agawam, 52, Ipswich.

May Flower, 54, Plymouth, Tuesday.

*Maine.*

Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

Eastern Star Encampment, 2, Portland, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Sagamore Encampment, 2, Augusta, 1st and 3d Thursdays of each month.

Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland, quarterly.

Union Degree, 1, do. Union st., Tuesday.

Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.  
 Ancient Brothers 4, do. " " Thursday.  
 Ligonis, 5, do. " " Saturday.  
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.  
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.  
 Sabbattis, 6, Augusta.  
 Cushnoc, 14, "  
 Penobscot, 7, Bangor, Wednesday.  
 Kenduskeag, 12, " Monday.  
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.  
 Natahnis, 9, Gardiner.  
 Lincoln, 10, Bath, Monday.  
 Pejepscot, 13, Brunswick, Thursday.  
 Cnshnoc, 14, Augusta  
 Passagassawakeag, 15, Belfast, Wednesday.  
 Hobomok, 16, Bath.  
 Orono, 18, O.ons, Odd Fellow's Hall, Mill st., Saturday.  
 Harrison, 20, Harrison, Friday.

*Rhode Island.*

Narraganset Encampment, 1, Providence, 25 Market st, 2d and 4th Fird  
 Grand Lodge, " quarterly.  
 Friendly Union, 1, Providence, 25 Market st. Thursday.  
 Eagle, 2, do., cor. Broad and Pawtuxet sts. Wednesday  
 Hope, 4, do., " " " " Monday.  
 Roger Williams, 3, North Main street, Tuesday.  
 Ocean, 5, Newport, Ocean Hall, 128 Thames st., Friday.

*Connecticut.*

Grand Encampment, New Haven, semi-annually.  
 Grand Lodge, New Haven, semi-annually; 2d Wednes July and Jan'y.  
 Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.  
 Oriental Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam, 2d and 4th Fridays.  
 Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich, 1st and 3d Fridays.  
 Unity Encampment, No. 4, New London, 2d and 4th Fridays.  
 Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.  
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.  
 Grand Lodge, New Haven, quarterly.  
 Middlesex, 8, East Haddam, Wednesday.  
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.  
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.  
 Ousatonie, 6, Derby, Monday.  
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.  
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Saturday.  
 Thames, 9, New London, Monday.  
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk, "  
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.  
 Central, 12, Middletown, Tuesday.  
 Charity, 13, Lower Mystic.

*New Hampshire.*

Grand Lodge, Concord, semi annually.  
 Nashoonon Encampment, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, every other Friday.  
 Penacook, Encampment, 3, Concord.  
 Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tuesday.  
 Hillsboro, 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall, Tuesday.  
 Wecohamiet, 3, Dover, Thursday,  
 Washington, 4, Great Falls, Friday.  
 White Mountain, 5, Concord, Athenean Hall, Friday.  
 Piscataqua, 6, Portsmouth, Monday.  
 Winnipissiogee, 7, Merideth Bridge, Tues

☞ We should esteem it a favor if some one of the brothers of each Lodge in New England, would send us a list of the names of their officers as soon as convenient after their next election of officers. And we would most respectfully solicit of the Grand Secretaries of the several Grand Lodges, the names of the various Lodges under their jurisdiction, and where such Lodges are located — the names of the Grand Lodge officers, together with such other information relative to the Order as they may be pleased to communicate.

☞ Editors with whom we exchange, are respectfully requested to insert or notice our Prospectus for a new volume in their several publications. We shall at any time be pleased to reciprocate the favor.

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#### MARRIED.

In Weymouth, Nov. 28th, by Rev. J. Emery, Bro. Charles D. Cushman, of Accushnet Lodge, New Bedford, to Miss Sarah L. Blanchard of Weymouth.

In this city on Sunday the 24th, of November, at the Fifth Universalist Church, by Rev. Bro. Otis A. Skinner, Bro. Daniel L. Parkins, of Boston Lodge, to Miss Frances G. Nourse, both of this city.

In Methuen, Nov. 24th, Bro. Isaac Cross, of Hope Lodge, to Miss Maria Low, both of Methuen.

In Billerica, by Rev. Mr. Thurston, Bro. Wm. G. Alley, of Crystal Fount Lodge, to Miss Mary H. Bacon, eldest daughter of George Bacon, Esq.

To the four happy couple who are above chronicled in the list of Hymen — for happy they must be presumed to be, the assertions of cynical old bachelors to the contrary notwithstanding — we tender our thanks for the well sugared mementos which they have sent us of their nuptials; may their days be long and joyful, and as the Arabian blessing has it, "May their shadows never be less."

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#### DIED.

In East Boston, on the 3d, instant, Mrs. Sarah T. Holmes, aged 25, wife of Bro. Alfred Holmes, of Maverick Lodge.

On the West Coast of Africa, August 30th, Capt. Edward Harrington, of Beverly, 32, late master of Barque Seamew, of Salem. His remains were brought home in the sch'r H. H. Cole, which arrived at Salem a week or two since. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends, together with his brethren of Essex Lodge, of Salem.

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#### AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—T. R. B. Edmands, Charlestown; A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell; Duncan Macfarlane, W. Cambridge; John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge; Rev. Wm. Tozer, Malden; Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village; E. H. Smith, Woburn; Albert W. Bryant, East Lexington; Wm. Monroe, Chelsea; Adrian Low, Salem; R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport; J. M. Southwick & Co., Roxbury; A. Langley, Stoneham; H. T. Crofoot, Newburyport; F. S. Monroe, Taunton; John J. Brown, Andover, for Andover and Methuen; E. R. Fiske, Worcester.

**MAINE.**—David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland; George Prince, Thomaston; John E. Brown, Bath; Wm. P. Nutin, Gardiner; Moses Quinby, 2d, Sacapappa; B. Plummer, Jr., D. B. Roberts, Bangor; N. Gunnison, Hallowell; E P Butler, Orono; A. Jordan, Belfast.

**RHODE ISLAND.**—J. W. Root, 41 Market st., Providence; C. C. Shute, No. 63 Westminster st., Providence.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—Wm. Walker, Jr., Concord; T. Q. Lord, Portsmouth.

**CONNECTICUT.**—Safford & Park, Norwich; Charles Ball, New Haven; Orrin F. Smith, New London.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—G. G. Stambach, Philadelphia, No. 400 North Second street.

**KENTUCKY.**—D. P. Watson, P. M., Nicholasville.

**GENERAL AGENT.**—J. G. MORSE.

**JOS. B. FROST, Jr.**, of this city, is authorised to act as our Agent.

**JOHN G. CALROW**, for East Boston.

**DAVID ROBINSON, Jr.**, Portland, General Agent for Maine.

**TRAVELLING AGENTS.**—H. B. Odiorne, Homer J. Doucet, S. Thornton.















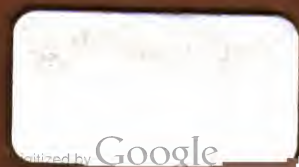












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